The Roundup

1944

Tamara last evening:
Can I sell you a
subscription?"
Good luck to
salesmanship!
Marjorie
Rudd Allen

Atelier Salon
Louis Ralph
Jack McCauley

Good Luck Dad,
Love
Grace

Hyllus Sutherin Explains
Betty Marsden

Barbara
Dixon

Hughes

David

Property of -
Ward R. Crowley

Who are you going to talk to in 4788?
Lots of Luck with your Cigs-especially Candy"
Sonny Johnson

To one of the finest fellows in our class!
Harlan Hockenberg

Best of luck fellow
Ray Katzenmeyer

To one swell fella
Good Luck
Joe "Jess" Tusant

Εοί ναζό ραδί
Νώφγιας Νουρές

I hope you have a happy life
(wife)
Walter Steinbrenner

Walt Johnson

Gordon Risher

Ed Patera

"OWN '44

THE

Roosevelt Roundup

ANNUAL

May, 1944

11

From One Swell
Fella to Another!"

Monte "Diz" Brown

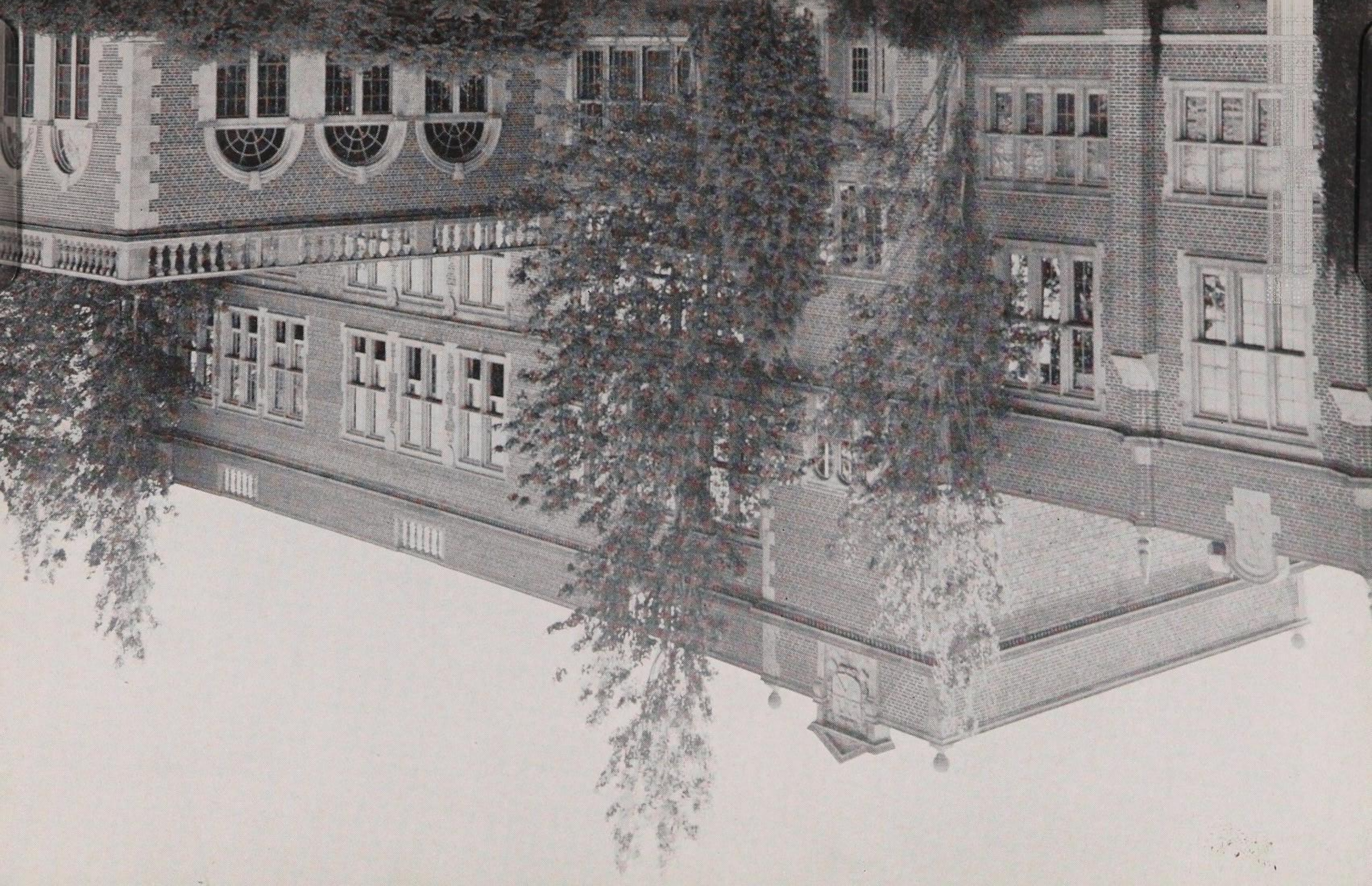
DES MOINES IOWA

THEODORE · ROOSEVELT · HIGH · SCHOOL

ANNUAL STAFF

First Row—Barbara Manning, Joan Hollenbeck, Jean Cram, Nancy Trammell. **Second Row**—Janet Pease, Claire Ferguson. **Third Row**—Dick Zirbel, Jerry Engman, Maynard Hurwitz, Jim Hill.

Co-editors	Barbara Manning Claire Ferguson
Seniors	Janet Pease Nancy Trammell
Organizations	Audrey Griffith Gloria Jean Boyd
Humor	Jean Cram
Circulation	Jim Hill Joan Hollenbeck
Advertising	Maynard Hurwitz Jerry Engman



Foreword

Another school year is almost past; another senior class will have been graduated; another annual has been published. Along with the achievements of the students this book shows the progress made through the last year. The staff hopes it will live up to the fine traditions set by past annuals. If it does, it will be because of the fine cooperation of our advertisers, the faculty and the students.

We fight and die; but our hopes beat high,
In spite of the toil and tears.
For we catch the gleam of our vanished dream
Down the path of the untrod years.

—Wilma Kate McFarland

Rooseveltians

☆ *in* ☆

Service

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; in feelings; not in figures on the dial; we should count time by heart throbs. He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

—Bailey

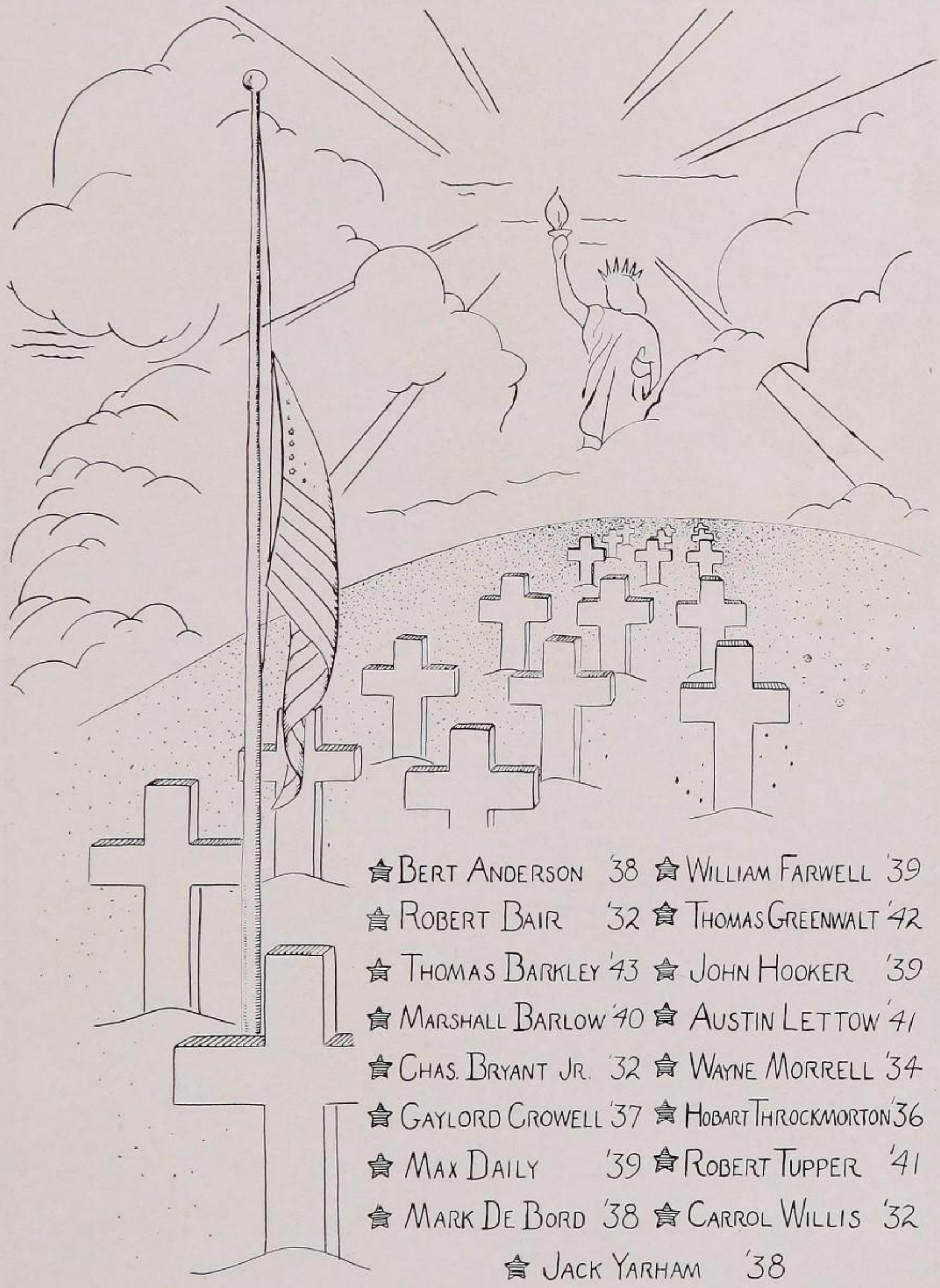
☆

In An Old Church Yard

In an old church yard there stands a cross,
Chipped, crumbled and covered with moss,
The name is gone, the date's not clear,
The thought long dry that felt a tear.
This mortal's gone . . . his deeds are done,
His day long past since he saw the sun.
He lived like us, only in days before
There were such thoughts as a world at war.
He lived in peace; but just the same,
He died. He's gone. None knew his name.

We all will die, to mortal sense,
In peace, in war no difference.
Yet all shall see the glorious light,
The shining star of truth and right.
Unknown to mortals we may die,
In unknown spots our bones might lie.
They shall stay beneath the sod,
But our soul's alive, our life's in God.

—Deborah Stark.



★ Bert Anderson '38
★ Robert Bair '32
★ Thomas Barkley '43
★ Marshall Barlow '40
★ Chas. Bryant Jr. '32
★ Gaylord Crowell '37
★ Max Daily '39
★ Mark De Bord '38
★ William Farwell '39
★ Thomas Greenwalt '42
★ John Hooker '39
★ Austin Lettow '41
★ Wayne Morrell '34
★ Hobart Throckmorton '36
★ Robert Tupper '41
★ Carrol Willis '32
★ Jack Yarham '38

A coward dies a thousand deaths, a hero dies but one.

Teachers in Service

Iris C. Anderson
Robert W. Bagley
Melvin J. Bowen
Mary Breese
Arden Cole
Glenn A. Cole
Don R. Emanuel
J. Edwin Gray
Howard A. Johnson
Vern F. Horty
Betty Melson
Warren W. Nixen
Ruby Patterson
Verl F. Ploghoft
Harold S. Williams

Pearl Harbor

Red, red, the flame, and blood
That filled a sunlit sky,
Red as fire, hot as fire,
The courage of men who die.

White, white, his face, and form,
The banner of the dead;
White as snow, cold as snow,
Pure as the men he led.

Blue, blue, the sky, and sea
That held the blood of pain.
Blue of lips, blue of eye;
This boy whom they have slain.

Black, black of heart, the race,
That bred this curse of war, but
Black revenge, God's revenge,
Will stalk them—evermore.

—Pat Gorman

Rooseveltians in Service

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The Poppy Bloom

☆

The poppy bloom sways in the soft breeze.
The poppy bloom casts its shadow o'er the countless graves;
Casts its shadow over mounds of earth,
In which men lie and slowly return whence they came;
Over mounds of earth in which are those
Who gave their lives that we might not be slaves.

The poppy bloom is as red as the reddest blood
Of men who lie in mounds of earth,
Of men who died in agony and pain,
Of men who died in the desert sands
And lost their lives in trenches full of rain.

Why should the shadow of such a humble flower
Be thrown upon this sacred spot
Where lie the men who died in desert sands
And lost their lives in trenches full of rain?

Because its beauty is like the beauty of a mother's smile—
A mother who gave her son from her tender arms
To fight in this great struggle of mankind.
Because its color is as red as the blood
He shed in the desert sands and rain filled trench
To keep forever on the earth all things worthwhile.

Because this flower is a sacred bloom
Made by God to cast its shadow over mounds of earth—
Over mounds of earth in which men lie
Who gave their lives in the desert sands
And lost their lives in trenches full of rain.

The poppy bloom sways in the soft breeze.
The poppy bloom casts its shadow o'er the countless graves;
Casts its shadow over mounds of earth,
In which men lie and slowly return from whence they came;
Over mounds of earth in which are those
Who gave their lives that we might not be slaves.

—Charles Dickson

Prisoner of War

☆

Yes, a prisoner of war I stand.
A captive in some foreign land.
I dream of death,
My last drawn breath
Shall release me from Hell on Earth.

I look with dim unseeing eyes
Across the world to Paradise.
I see my life
So free from strife,
A world where I had real worth.

The picture finally fades from view.
A return to reality, only too true,
Can only give thought
Too wretchedly wrought
From mind maddened slowly with hate.

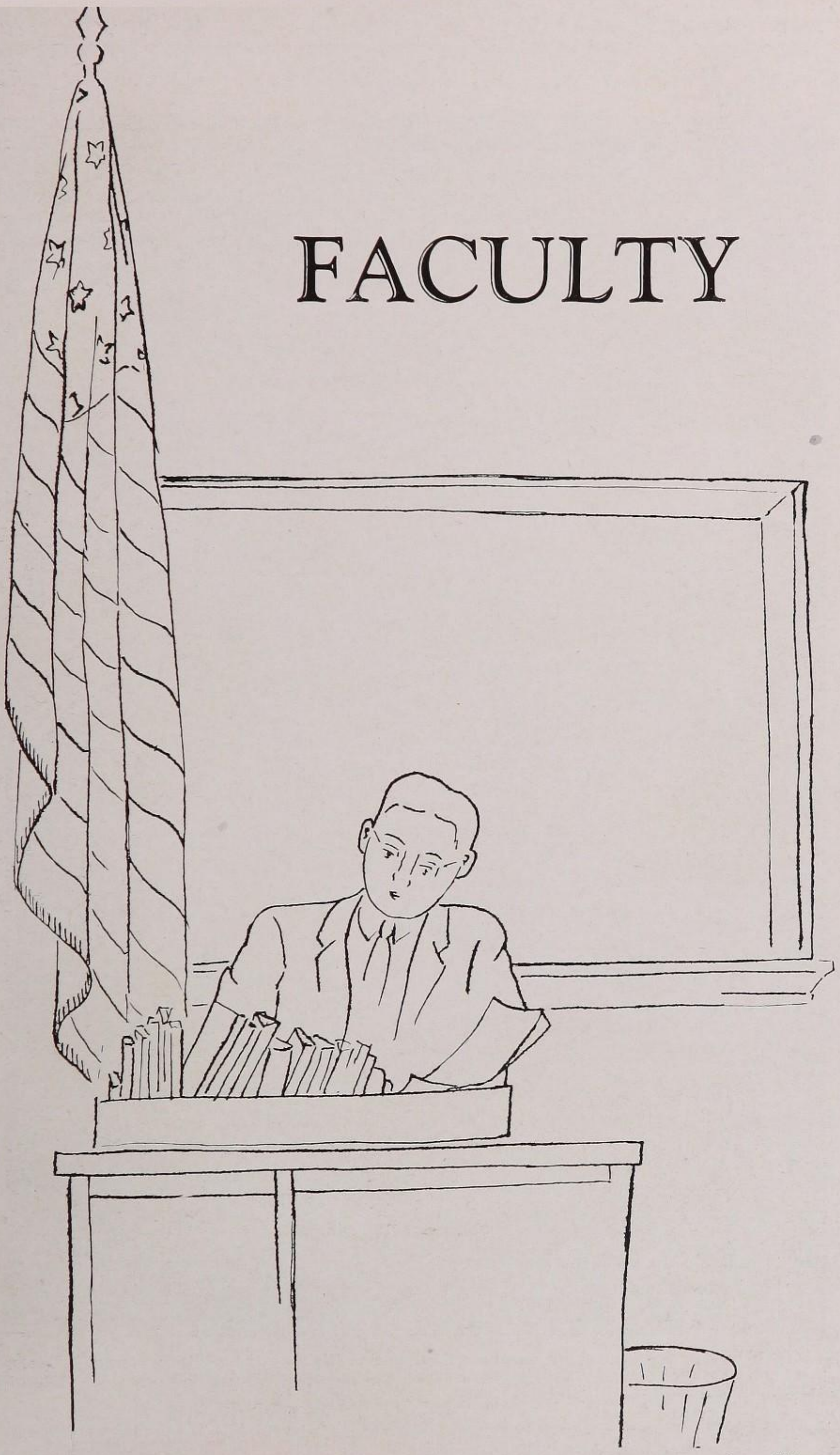
This barbed wire prison which harbors me
Keeps me only from wandering bodily,
For my soul must roam
To scenes at home,
So calming to one with my fate.

This life of death will end some day.
From this torture I shall go away
To a better land,
To join the band
Of men thus set free before.

Falling to the earth from which I came
I die with heroes feeling the same
Spirit felt by all
Who must heed the call
And die as a prisoner.

—Ann Delavan

FACULTY



First Row—Merle Schlampp, vice principal; Gretta L. Wolfe, girls' adviser; Emmet J. Hasty, principal. **Second Row**—Beverly Howard, stenographer, clerk; Sara Grace Stivers, registrar; Edith Johnson, nurse.

First Row—C. W. Bootman, woodwork; Laura Duncan, music; Guy Neff, English. **Second Row**—Beulah Newton, arithmetic, social studies; Ruth Baumgartner, home economics; Mary Louise Gephart, home economics; Sara M. Nollen, social studies.

First Row—Marguerite C. Baridon, Spanish; Grace D. Maynard, mathematics; Mary B. Kasson, history; G. Eunice Meers, journalism, English; Hildegarde Marousek, Latin. **Second Row**—Richard R. Kyl, mechanical drawing; Clark Munger, physical education, hygiene; Guy L. Michener, science.

Mary Bradford Kasson

First Row—Wilma Dick, English; Julia Keeler, art; Ida T. Jacobs, English; Marie Brewer, art, English. **Second Row**—Violet Spoor, English, French; Earl Kalp, history; Dorothy Gregg, science; D. Alice Hicks, English; Marshall D. Eastman, science, arithmetic; Ethel R. Ballard, mathematics.

First Row—Beulah Brown, physical education; Florence Augustine, Latin; Rosalind Lefferdink, band, orchestra. **Second Row**—Archie Johnson, Spanish, coaching; Florence L. Bruce, shorthand, typing; August Rump, physical education; Leila H. Hughes, speech and dramatics; R. C. Blattenburg, bookkeeping, salesmanship.

First Row—Jennie M. McCall, mathematics; Marcus L. Moore, history; Charlene E. Sperry, English. **Second Row**—Harvey L. Hill, bookkeeping, commercial arithmetic; Nellie Behm, librarian; Orville F. Barnes, commercial geography, commercial law. **Third Row**—Frank L. Hildreth, English; Elsie Johnson, history; William Koch, science.

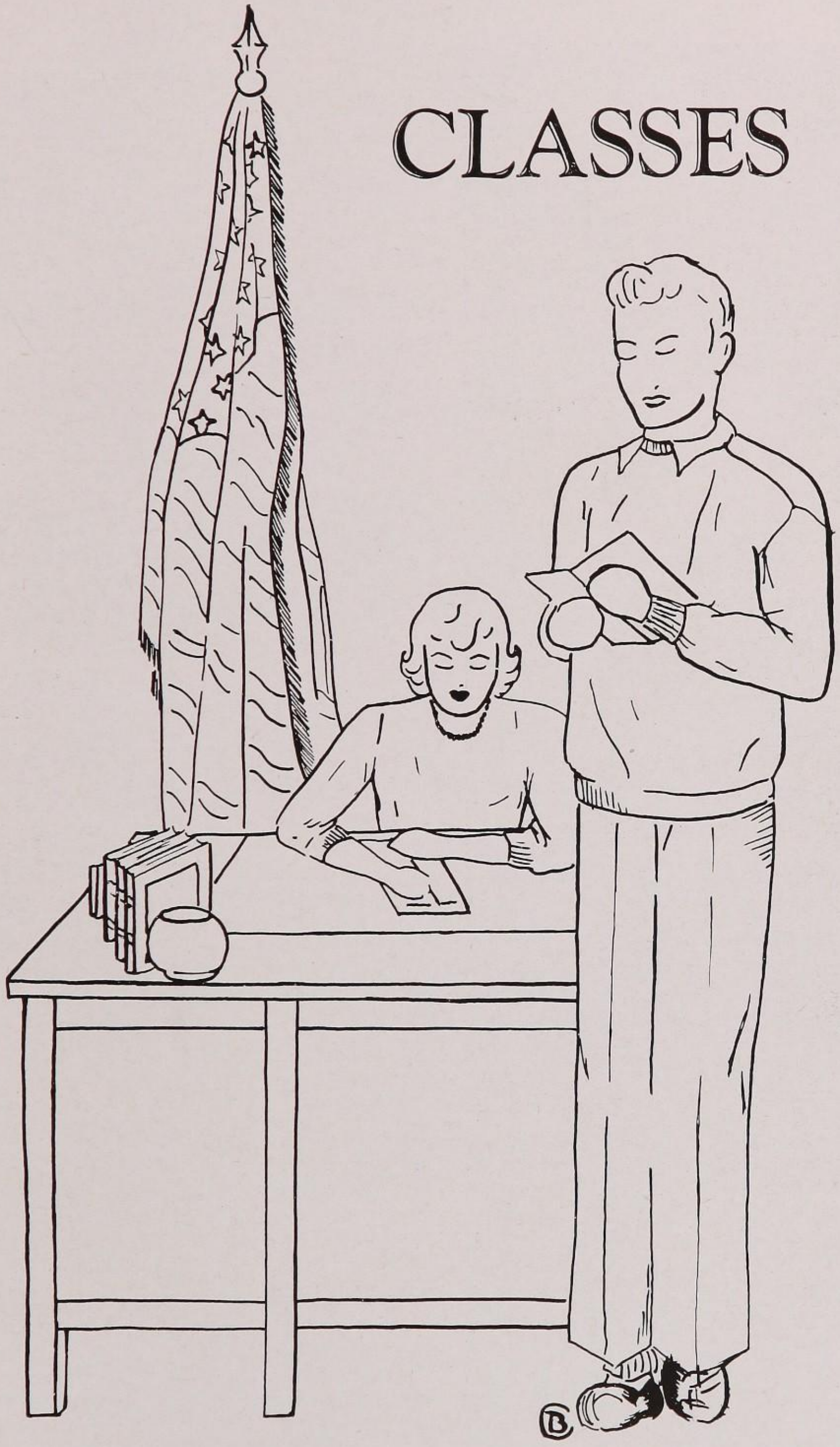
CUSTODIANS

First Row—Ralph Fairman, Eustace Bentall, Patrick Lynch. **Second Row**—William Pepmeier, Floyd Folowell, Edythe Martin, Lean Short, Arthur Jacobson.

CAFETERIA WORKERS

First Row—Verna Robinson, Annie Brand, Dolly Berry. **Second Row**—Lela Lockard, Leah Logan, Annabelle Stonebreaker. **Third Row**—Beatrice Colddeck, Ima Fuller, Edith Timmous.

CLASSES



Row One

AINSWORTH, JANE "Hank"
A sharp shooter with artistic talents to boot.

BEVERLY, DOROTHY "Skipper"
Intelligence in the highest degree.

BROM, COLENE "Vonnie"
Her temperament is as fair as her hair.

Row Two

BROWN, KENNETH "Kenny"
Strong, silent with a quiet humor. He knows his math. and chem.

BROWN, DE WAYNE "Bud"
A gentleman, and a lot of fun.

BROM, DICK "Major"
He led the band.

Row Three

BURSON, GEORGIA "George"
Always jolly and full of life.

CRANDALL, WARREN "Bud"
Tall, blond and easy to get along with, a really swell guy.

CUMMINGS, BARBARA "Babs"
A true worker, a real friend.

Row Four

DICKSON, CHARLES "Bud"
A swell little president, and a friend of all.

DAHL, MARY ANN "Kita"
Warbler in blues, looks good in red.

DE WITT, ELIZABETH "Betsy"
A small, attractive, musical, likable little girl.

Row Five

FERRIS, ESMOND "Ezzie"
Quiet but resourceful.

DURAND, DARLENE "Darl"
Four feet ten inches of ambition, beauty, and oomph.

FORD, RICHARD "Dick"
An all right guy.

Row Six

FORTNER, JACK "Knife"
Straight "1" student.

GOSSMAN, BETH "Red"
Girl with a winning smile.

HALL, MARTHA "Marti"
Musically talented. She's always willing to do her bit.

Row Seven

HOYT, CHARLOTTE "Charl"
A very ladylike lady who plans to attend the University of Michigan.

IKERD, MARY JANE "Ike"
Although she wasn't here, our thoughts were with her still.

HOBT, BARBARA "Barb"
Personality, musically inclined, and a smile for everyone.

Row One

JACOBSEN, SHIRLEY
An actress of great ability and a pleasing personality.

KUBEC, WILLIAM **"Bill"**
Hard working and very studious; a navy boy in the V-12 program.

JENSEN, ROBERT **"Jenny"**
Athletic, tall, dark, and handsome.

Row Two

LASTER, RICHARD **"Nose"**
A man full of manliness.

LEWIS, GLORIA **"Gitzie"**
A bundle of dynamite. Sincere in all her actions.

LEACHMAN, CLORIS **"Leach"**
Class dramatic and music star.

Row Three

LONG, FRANCES **"Franny"**
When she makes her mind up, the thing gets done.

LOVE, PHYLLIS ANN **"P.A."**
Corny, but cute, one who was the friend of all, especially "Gitzie".

MAY, MARGARET **"Peg"**
Musical and cheerful.

Row Four

McMAHILL, ALICE **"Mac"**
A crazy loon, who kept us all laughing.

MALLGREN, BETTY **"Mouse"**
An interest in everyone makes an interesting gal.

MAIN, MARY FRANCES **"M.F."**
Our buddy, Main, with a funny vein.

Row Five

MILLER, ETTABELLA **"Ettie"**
Girl with a pleasing voice.

MILLER, DOROTHY **"Mill"**
The girl with tall and starely dignity.

MILLER, SCOTT **"Scooter"**
Leader extraordinary.

Row Six

MOECKLEY, VIRGINIA **"Virgie"**
A grand person.

MOORE, HELEN **"Helen"**
A model high school student.

MILLER, MARTHA VIRGINIA **"Ginny"**
A-1 student. Also musically inclined.

Row Seven

PETERSON, MERIVILLE **"Pete"**
Silent, steady, and a good guy.

PUGSLEY, BEVERLY **"Pug"**
A sense of humor to be treasured.

RAY, NOVALENE **"Novie"**
Two pounds of work for an ounce of praise.

Row One

ROBERTS, DAVID "Dave"
Always with his satchel filled with knowledge.

RUNDBERG, JOHN "Curly"
Singer extraordinary in navy blues.

ROYAL, JOAN "Joanie"
Blond and of unusual artistic ability.

Row Two

SPRY, BETTY "Bee"
Beauty and intelligence combined is a wonderful characteristic.

RYDEN, JANET "Ryd"
An all around good sport.

SONES, JEAN "Jeannie"
An athlete, a scholar, and one grand gal.

Row Three

SHULTZ, RICHARD L. "Dick"
A fellow that is always in a gay and glorious mood, spreading happiness around him.

SMITH, SHIRLEY "Smitty"
The brown eyed girl with a friendly smile.

SHORT, RICHARD "Dick"
A jovial guy who's always ready to help.

Row Four

SHAW, STANLEY "Stan"
A basketball player and a good student, when he attends class.

SELBY, DOROTHEA "Puz"
Gentle in speech, manner, habits. Exceptionally bright in studies.

SUTTON, SARA "Sally"
Quiet and shy, but the knowledge she possesses is astounding.

Row Five

TAYLOR, PEGGY "Peg"
The girl with the voice.

TODD, TESH "Bub"
Girl with a heart of gold.

THOMPSON, WILLIAM "Bill"
A gay lady killer.

Row Six

WARD, HUBERT "Bert"
A little imp they call a simp.

WEISSER, MARY ANN "Marz"
Always cheerful and willing to help, short and mighty.

WARE HELEN "Len"
She's quiet and shy, but oh, so resourceful.

Row Seven

WILLIS, JO ANN "Joey"
Blond beauty with dancing feet.

WHISTLER, PHYLLIS "Phyl"
A conversationalist deluxe, with a merry chuckle.

WHITING, LOIS ANN
At the piano she is an artist.

Row One

ZELLIOT, ELEANOR "El"
A friendly gal we all liked and truly a brain.

WIGG, ALICE "Wiggy"
Strictly on the beam.

WINNICK, GOLDYE "Star Eyes"
Oh, that laugh again.

JUNE

Row Two

AKEY, VIRGINIA "Ginny"
Ambition: To marry my red-headed soldier.
She splashes around hospitality with a deep good-heartedness.

AGNEW, NANCY "Ace"
Ambition: To be a good chemist.
She who continually works on her physics and English.

ANDERSON, JEAN "Andy"
Ambition: To graduate.
As busy as a bee and always laughing at a joke.

Row Three

ANGELL, THELMA "Thel"
Ambition: To be a private secretary.
Nothing is more infectious than her laugh.

ANDERSON, JO AN "Roger"
Ambition: To meet Sterling Hayden.
I'm not well, it's my nerves.

ANDERSON, MARY "Andy"
Ambition: To be a second Florence Nightingale.
With her personality and brain, she will go far.

Row Four

BAKER, DELORIS "Dee"
Ambition: To stay on the senior list.
Only to see, but to admire, only to hear but to respect.

ALLEN, BARBARA "Bobby"
Ambition: To become a designer.
Intelligence is the gem of life.

BAILIE, NANCY "Nan"
Ambition: To be near a certain sailor.
We accomplish much when we work quietly.

Row Five

BARGER, BOB "Speed"
Ambition: To run a 50 quarter.
School is all right, if one takes it in small doses.

BALDWIN, PATTY "Pat"
Ambition: To live my life successfully.
Life to her is but a continual strain of sweet music.

ROBERT BARK "Bow-wow"
Ambition: To be a minister.
The strong, silent type—he's new but well-liked.

Row Six

BEARD, JOAN "Hon"
Ambition: To be successful.
Character is higher than intellect.

BEACON, PRISCILLA "Pris"
Ambition: To keep up the quadrangle.
She sauntered, and gently studied.

BENNET, BRYCE "Legs"
Ambition:
Our tall, capable president of the Student Congress.
He swims, dives, and runs.

Row Seven

BJORAKER, BOB "Bobby"
Ambition: Be a prominent man.
To be, rather than to be seen.

BORN, GERTRUDE "Trudie"
Ambition: To always have a lot of fun.
Oh learning what a boon it is to mankind.

BLEAKLY, SUE "Butch"
Ambition: To marry a millionaire.
A girl with a combination of beauty, brains, and talent.

Row One

BOYD, GLORIA JEAN "Jeanie"
Ambition: To throw an egg in an electric fan.
Her gaiety and life find a way into every heart.

BOYT, DICK "Pogo Stick"
Ambition: To build a super stage set.
His skill and ability fit him for a mechanical career.

BOYT, SHIRLEY "Slufoot"
Ambition: To travel in unknown parts of the world and then settle down somewhere in the U.S.A.
Lively, and full of pep and vitality always.

Row Two

BROWN, JOSEPH "Joe"
Ambition: To be a commercial artist.
It can never be said of him, that there was never a brain in his head.

BRICKLEY, MARJORIE "Brick"
Ambition: Lead a choir of 300 voices.
"And she shall make music wherever she goes."

BROBST, PAT "PB"
Ambition: To continue getting letters from the Navy. Every day.
I want a hero—an uncommon one.

Row Three

BUNTEN, DORIS "Dorie"
Ambition: To travel.
Strive, for the day is short.

BYERS, JEAN "Glen"
Ambition: To be a navy nurse.
She has a heart as big as all outdoors.

BYERS, KAY "Katy"
Ambition: To get a million dollars.
The only way to have friends, is to be a friend.

Row Four

CARLSON, CONSTANCE "Connie"
Ambition: To learn to do the crawl stroke.
Friendships are only gained by true work and thought.

CAMPBELL, BILL "Soapie"
Ambition: To be a naval officer.
A man in earnest knows what he's about.

CARTER, FRANCES "Fran"
Ambition: To live through one jitterbug session.
A friend in need is a friend in deed.

Row Five

CHRISTIAN, TED "Chris"
Ambition: Let my hair grow curly.
The world delights in a man who plays his own part.

CHAPMAN, BONNIE "Bonn"
Ambition: To own a beautiful country estate.
Silence has many advantages.

CASS, RICHARD "Jack"
Ambition: To have everything happen to me for a change.
A man among men—his magnetism draws friends innumerable.

Row Six

COFFMAN, JIM "Coff"
Ambition: To get healthy.
A mighty fine swimmer, a mighty fine fellow.

CLARK, JOAN "Joanie"
Ambition: To be ambitious.
If life is but a game, let us play it as such.

CLARK, BOB "Pony"
Ambition: To be an All-American football player.
Little Bobby, the mighty mite of the football field. You couldn't see him for the dust.

Row Seven

COLLINS, MARY JO "Jody"
Ambition: To make up my own mind.
She's liable to become an actress.

COONAN, DON "Donald"
Ambition: Science and Math, by line.
His heart ran away with his head.

COOPER, PAT "P.C."
Ambition: To be tall, dark and handsome.
A beautiful hunk of man.

Row One

CRAIG, FRANCES "Frannie"
Ambition: To learn to type.
So full of sweetness and vim, she wins praise from all.

COYLE, CAROL "Carrie"
Ambition: To fry a yegg.
She's a "little Dodger" but she likes Roosevelt too.

CRAM, JEAN "Gunner"
Ambition: To own a newspaper.
She's witty, she's vivacious, she's the life of the party.

Row Two

CRAMER, BILL "Doc"
Ambition: To marry Hedy again.
He's good at chess, and that's not all!

CRUSINBERRY, CHIC "Chandler"
Ambition: To get a car.
Reasoning is the path of all learning.

CRUSINBERRY, AUDREY "None"
Ambition: To graduate this June.
A pleasantness and grace which no other can lay claim to.

Row Three

DAILEY, GERALDINE "Gerry"
Ambition: To be a radio operator at an airfield.
Sincere and enthusiastic in all her gentleness.

DAVIS, DIXIE "Dix"
Ambition: To be successful in whatever I do.
She's always good for a laugh.

DA SHIEL, NOBLE "Andy"
Ambition: To serve humanity through the field of Psychology.
Even the highest goal one sets may be obtained.

Row Four

DICKERSON, JIM "Red Dog"
Ambition: To replace F. D. R.
I darst not smile upon the damsels; 'twould break too many hearts.

DEUTSCHE, MARILYN "Lynn"
Ambition: To own a red convertible complete with red plaid seats and a man.
Efficiency is an essential quality of the good artist.

DAWSON, PEGGY "Peg"
Ambition: Bigger and better hag stags.
They say, the less one sleeps, the longer one lives. Is that the truth?

Row Five

DONOVAN, PAT "Gash"
Ambition: To have a good time always.
Where there's a will, there's always a way.

DOGGETT, DOROTHY "Dottie"
Ambition: To specialize in a field of nursing.
Those about her shall learn the perfect ways of honor from her.

DIXSON, FRED "Turkey"
Ambition: To get those silver wings.
His feet are on the ground but his head is in the clouds.

Row Six

DOUGHER, KATHRYN "Kay"
Ambition: To travel around the world constantly.
She's the "pilgrimage girl" of R. H., and we're proud of her.

DUNN, MARY RUTH "Bridget"
Ambition: Six foot two, eyes of blue.
Happy am I, from care I'm free. Why can't they all be contented like me?

EARHART, MARIAN "Tangerine"
Ambition: To graduate.
Quiet, capable, and sincere in her purpose.

Row Seven

ELLSWORTH, MARGARET "Elly"
Ambition: To live in Adel.
Where there's a will, there's a way.

EGELAND, CONNIE "Egeland"
Ambition: To enter the University of Chicago in the fall.
She is little and blond with a low voice.

ENGMAN, JERRY "Sammy, Jr."
Ambition: To have a big auto parts store.
Always ready with ample humor—the mighty man of advertising.

Row One

EVELETH, LEO "Gruesome"
Ambition: To replace Henry Wallace?
The answer to a maiden's prayer.

EWALD, MARY ELLEN "Mu"
Ambition: To be a good nurse.
A girl who likes people, and is liked by them.

ERICSON, JEAN "Eric"
Ambition: Live a life of my own.
Nothing is more pleasant than to see her smile.

Row Two

FENLON, PAT "Pat"
Ambition: To be John Power's secretary.
Nothing is nicer than a glamorous girl.

FEARING, BETTY "Bet"
Ambition: Go to California.
Her kind is hard to find.

FERGUSON, CLAIRE "Ferg"
Ambition: Bigger and better hag-stags.
Life is full of many opportunities.

Row Three

FINLEY, PATRICIA "Patty"
Ambition: Join the Waves.
As you make life, so you must live it.

FIELD, MARGARET "Mouse"
Ambition: To be a laboratory technician.
Her favorite recipe for breakfast—Giggle water. (Always laughing.)

FLAHERTY, DORIS "Dorey"
Ambition: To be able to fly.
Her only watchword—Perseverance will win—from this I'll never budge.

Row Four

FISHER, EVA FAYE "Fishy"
Ambition: To go to California.
Quote—"But why aren't the lockers any bigger?" —unquote.

FLANDERS, CHARLES "Chuck"
Ambition: Bubbles.
Now here's a study.

GARDNER, CHERIE "Chee"
Ambition: To lead a band.
Not for the admiration of all, but the pleaser of one.

Row Five

GELATT, ROD "Geronimo"
Ambition: To break the Hearst Syndicate.
Editor of the paper, chairman of Boosters, Scribblers, etc.

GORMON, PATRICIA "Pat"
Ambition: Be a nurse.
Just give me a pen and a piece of paper and I'll do the rest.

GERBER, JEAN "Gerbie"
Ambition: To continue to be happy and gay.
Petite, cute and pleasant to be with.

Row Six

GOOD, MARGARET "Peggy"
Ambition: Singer and actress.
When I have a thing to do, I do it.

GIBSON, CLIFFORD "Chopper"
Ambition: To be a Philadelphia lawyer.
Honest value is not determined by extent of speech.

GORDON, NORMA JEAN "Flash"
Ambition: To be a career girl with plenty of excitement.
She of the light heart and twinkling toes.

Row Seven

GOUGH, DON "Gooch"
Ambition: To be a garbageman.
Of their own merits, modest men are dumb.

GRIFFITH, AUDREY "Griff"
Ambition: To get in an argument with Monty Wooley.
Nothing is better than irony.

GREEN, DORE LOU "D. L. G."
Ambition: To keep up.
Beauty and brains—an unusual combination.

Row One

GROTHE, DON "Gruie"
Ambition: To see the world.
He's the backbone of the Student Center committee.

GUGGEDAHL, RUTH "Ruthie"
Ambition: To fly and live in South America.
She's the type you like at first glance and look at again.

GUSTAFSON, JEAN "Gussie"
Ambition: To keep up with everything.
Her favorite saying, "We're all friends."

Row Two

HAGERMAN, CHARLES "Chuck"
Ambition: To get in the Marines.
I never trouble trouble, until trouble troubles me.

HACKETT, RUTH "Hack"
Ambition: To do something worth while.
Honest endeavor is rewarded with true success.

HAGLUND, DON "Ed"
Ambition: To be a big shot in Latin America.
Unquote—"Has anyone heard from Gordon lately?"

Row Three

HALL, MILDRED "Mil"
Ambition: To learn how to whistle.
Cute, nice and pleasant to talk with.

HARMON, VIRGINIA "Ginia"
Ambition: To be successful.
Kindness and graciousness are eternally remembered.

HANGER, WARNER "Curfew Kid"
Ambition: To understand women.
His effervescent merriment is a joy to hear.

Row Four

HANRAHAN, VIRGINIA "Ginny"
Ambition: To get married and go to Europe.
This bonnie Irish lass with the smiling personality.

HARTLEY, MARY "P. C."
Ambition: To travel around the world and to win a sailboat race.
Our very capable president of Girls' Club—liked by all.

HANSEN, RICHARD "Bogy"
Ambition: To wrestle Ray Steele.
Don't tangle with me.

Row Five

HATCH, CAROLYN "Kay"
Ambition: Learn how to ride a horse.
The inside of her head is as bright as the outside.

HASKELL, SALLY LU "Pink Shells"
Ambition: To always enjoy life and have a lot of friends.
With her ears and her feet, she'll go far.

HAY, GLENDORA "Glen"
Ambition: To own a hot tamale stand in Mexico City.
Demure and not to be forgotten in the future.

Row Six

HAWKS, BARBARA "Barb"
Ambition: To sing and fly.
Why worry about tomorrow, for it will never come.

HAWKINSON, JOAN "Hawky"
Ambition: To be a member of the diplomatic corps.
No one but she could have been so capable as Senior Secretary.

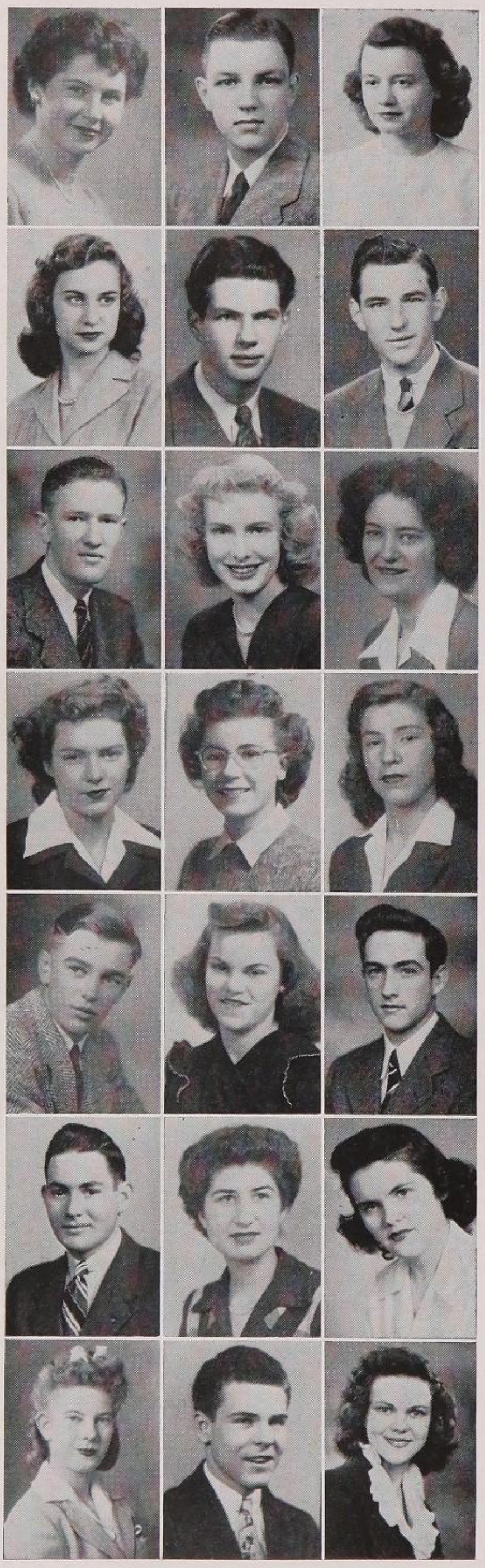
HAYS, DON "Cupcake"
Ambition: To be able to play basketball.
His height is the measurement of his character.

Row Seven

HELGELAND, ODDFRID "Freddie"
Ambition: To learn to swim.
Wit and wisdom is the spice of life.

HESTBECK, CHARLETTE "Charlie"
Ambition: To own a defense plant.
The secret of success is constancy of purpose.

HENNESSEY, WILLIAM "3 Star"
Ambition: To own a field house.
He who is distinguished in his field gains success in life.



Row One

HEWITT, MARIAN **"Peeps"**
Ambition: To have bigger and better parties.
The live-wire in her gang—she's always full of the old nick.

HICKERSON, CLARE **"Hick"**
Ambition: To replace Jim Dickerson after he's replaced F. D. R.
If you had as much in your head as I have in mine, you wouldn't sleep nights.

HIGGINS, PRISCILLA **"Pris"**
Ambition: To have success in any field I follow.
She's neat, petite, and all-reet.

Row Two

HILL, BEVERLY **"Bev."**
Ambition: My ambition is taken care of.
Someone has to be quiet around here.

HILL, JIM **"Frankie"**
Ambition: To play in Les Brown's band.
And his music shall ring out as Gabriel's trumpet.

HILL, WAYNE **"None"**
Ambition: To skip.
Quiet, but he accomplishes great deeds.

Row Three

HITCHEN, WALTER **"Hitch"**
Ambition: To get into the air corps.
A nice man keeps his own counsel.

HOLLENBECK, JOE ANN **"Joe"**
Ambition: To be Frank Sinatra's private secretary.
Darnit, the roots are blonde, too!

HISERODT, DONNA **"Donnie"**
Ambition: To preserve the quadrangle.
Let me be what I am, and seek not to alter me.

Row Four

HOOD, JOAN **"Jo"**
Ambition: To fly a commercial airliner.
A gay lovely red-headed lass with no temper to go with it.

HOLSTED, BARBARA **"Sleepy"**
Ambition: Ain't got much.
Heard on the sly—"Just let me sleep—that's all I need."

HORNADAY, NANCY **"Joker"**
Ambition: To be different.
I manage to enjoy myself.

Row Five

HOWLAND, RICHARD **"Dag"**
Ambition: To make a million dollars.
Books and learning are man's best companions.

HOWELL, BETTY JEAN **"Jimmy"**
Ambition: To have my sailor come home.
Her smile doth shine, her wit doth sparkle.

HOWARD, RICHARD **"Howie"**
Ambition: Meet my dream girl.
There is majesty in simplicity.

Row Six

HURWITZ, MAYNARD **"May"**
Ambition: Join the Navy.
What a man for advertising!

HUNTER, DOROTHY **"Squeegie"**
Ambition: To lead a life without strife—or hardships.
Those about her shall learn the perfect ways of honor from her.

HUNTZINGER, SALLY **"Sal"**
Ambition: To live a very long, happy life.
Little to be forgiven, much to be praised.

Row Seven

JANSKY, MARJORIE **"Marge"**
Ambition: To be a pilot.
But teacher, the alarm clock didn't go off till 8:45.

JEFFERSON, CHAD **"C. K."**
Ambition: To be a garbage man.
Don't do today what you can put off 'til tomorrow.

JACOBSON, WILLETTE **"Billie"**
Ambition: Always to be successful.
Charm of manner with an old-fashioned gentleness.

Row One

JOHNSON, ERNIE "Shortie"
Ambition: To have four hundred people at Hi-Jinks.
Great men are oftentimes measured in terms of height.

JONES, BETTY "Kitsey"
Ambition: For my sailor to come back from the war.
She with the happy, smiling countenance and humor.

JONES, BOB "Jonesy"
Ambition: To play football (Touch).
Good old rough and ready.

Row Two

JOSEPH, MADALINE "Jo"
Ambition: To become a physician.
Everybody who knows her likes her.

JORDAN, MARI-ANNE "Mari"
Ambition: I've lost it.
But teacher, the alarm clock didn't go off till 8:45!

KAMBER, BOB "Bob"
Ambition: To be an engineer.
Never a dull moment when this witty fellow is around.

Row Three

KATZ, RALPH "Kat"
Ambition: To be a coach in athletics.
He of the mighty stature and one of the stars of our great stars on our swimming team.

KELLY, WILLIAM "Bill"
Ambition: To be a radio engineer.
For he's the sound effects man.

KELLEY, PAT "Patsy"
Ambition: To learn to fly.
"Three cheers for the Irish!"

Row Four

KERN, RICHARD "Sawdust"
Ambition: To become a famous archaeologist.
Sincere hospitality is an invitation to friendship.

KIMBERLEY, HOWARD "Chub"
Ambition: To be in aviation.
This jolly fellow is always ready with a pun.

KETCHEM, DORTHEY "Ketch"
Ambition: To have a man in every port.
I'll attain my goal, I'll stay at school the full day.

Row Five

KINSEY, PAUL "Fritz"
Ambition: To get my Navy wings of gold.
Always ready to have some fun.

KINGSLEY, PAUL "Stud"
Ambition: To be a professional football player.
A mighty man on the football field and a mighty man.

KING, HOLLIS "Pappy"
Ambition: To live to be one hundred.
He leads a varied life of many activities.

Row Six

KLOCKENTOGER, JOHN "Klockie"
Ambition: To be a Marine.
"If a thing is worth doing, it's worth doing well."

KNUDSEN, PAT "Peroxide"
Ambition: To travel in Europe.
Her favorite saying—"But I don't like the natural color of my hair."

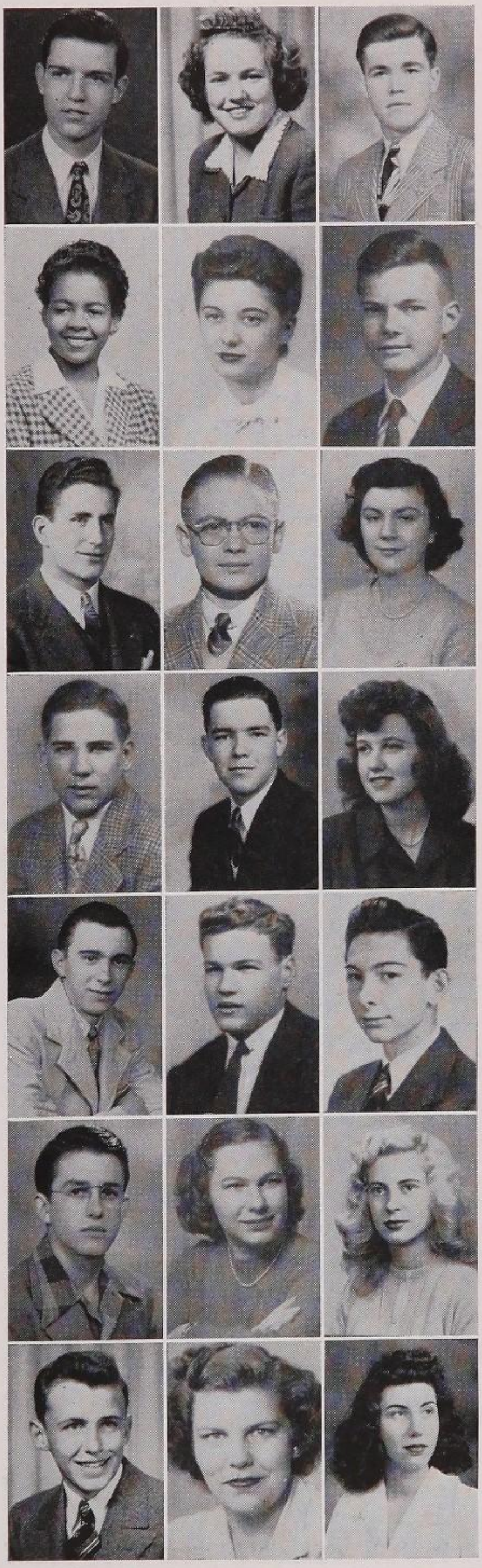
KIRK, MARION "Kirkie"
Ambition: To live where the sun shines night and day.
True beauty is as priceless as gold.

Row Seven

KOSIELAK, GEORGE "Geo."
Ambition: Join the armed forces.
"He's a good man for a' that."

KUCHARO, RUTH "Ruthie"
Ambition: To learn how to drive—any volunteers?
She says—"See that blond hair? The sun did it."

KUDRLE, DOROTHY "Fley"
Ambition: To join my head-hunting relatives in Borneo.
The future is hers to gain for her best efforts.



Row One

LE COQ, JOHN **"Pierre"**
Ambition: I want to live, that's all.
No one is quite as happy (go-lucky) as he.

LAW, JOAN **"Mable"**
Ambition: Oh, what an ambition!
Just like the stars; out every night.

LEIBOLD, JERRY **"Chick"**
Ambition: To survive.
He walks through life in school with calm and complacency.

Row Two

LINDERMAN, JACK **"Jackson"**
Ambition: To be able to fly without a halo.
Well known for his humor and sparkling wit.

LEIGH, JANET **"Punch"**
Ambition: To be a second Joan Davis.
She already is.

LINDGREN, LARRY **"The Sandlot King"**
Ambition: Meet Bronco Nagurski face to face.
He's our president.

Row Three

LOUNSBURY, JEANNE **"Jeannie"**
Ambition: I don't want to be a buddy any more.
My mind wanders because of the gypsy in me.

LYON, JOAN **"Jo"**
Ambition: To be a woman doctor.
High characters are formed by high aims.

LUDWIG, G. ROBERT **"R. H. S.'s own Von Stroheim"**
Ambition: To be a gentleman vagrant and professional guest.
"Please let's have some humor!" Accent on the genius.

Row Four

MAC EACHRON, JOHN **"Johnny"**
Ambition: To sail around the world.
His earnestness and ambition are keys to his character.

MANN, RUTH **"Ruthie"**
Ambition: To be a successful humorist and marry a tall man with a complete Thorne Smith collection.
A peppy lass with unconscious humor all her own.

MAHFFA, ROY **"Haff"**
Ambition: Sorry.
Always a cheerful grin.

Row Five

MARRIOTT, DICK **"Satchemo"**
Ambition: To get through chemistry without an explosion.
He's always on the job working for the students.

MARK, BETTY LU **"Betts"**
Ambition: To have success in anything I do.
She goes about her work quietly, but she gets it done.

MANNING, BARBARA **"Bunny"**
Ambition: To learn to type.
Small, sweet with a merry laugh as her passport to friendship.

Row Six

MARTIN, BOB **"Boob"**
Ambition: To grow a little taller.
What he missed in height, he gained in personality.

McCANN, ROSEMARY **"Rosie"**
Ambition: To attend all Wednesday meetings.
She hath a fire that never fades.

MARTIN, JOHN **"John"**
Ambition: I've lost it!
Never was I afraid of women. Catch me, vampire, if you can.

Row Seven

MEARS, JOAN **"Jo"**
Ambition: To move away from Des Moines.
She's so small she needn't open a door to get through it.

McPHERSON, NORMA JEAN **"Jeannie"**
Ambition: To let my highest achievement of today be the starting point to tomorrow.
She does her duty well, and says nothing.

McGLOTHLEN, ALLON **"Al"**
Ambition: To be a speaker in the house of representatives.
There seems to be no limit to his mental capacity.

Row One

MILLS, MILES "Moe"
Ambition: To be successful.
"I do my exercises every morning at 7:00 A.M. promptly."

MESSERSCHMIDT, ROY "Messch"
Ambition: To start a "Dippy Diaper" service.
"But no that's not the way to spell it. It's Messersch——."

MOORE, DAVID "Dave"
Ambition: To organize the David Moore Club of America.
"I study three hours every night. Really, I do."

Row Two

MULLEN, TOM "T. J."
Ambition: To graduate.
"To know him well, is to appreciate his value."

MURPHY, LEONE "Murph"
Ambition: To sleep for ten days after school is out.
A gay and mischievous twinkle in her Irish eyes.

MORRISON, ROBERT "Morey"
Ambition: To be an Admiral in the Navy.
Honest, straight-forward and a thoroughly good fellow.

Row Three

MURRAY, TOM "Jobber"
Ambition: To beat Tebo in a game of pool.
Some men are slaves of habit, others slaves of beauty.

NEUMANN, JANET "Neumo"
Ambition: To marry a millionaire and own a yacht.
"Action is its own reward"—unquote.

NEUMANN, DETRIECH "Deter"
Ambition: To be a model.
I'd rather be short than not "a'tall," yak, yak.

Row Four

NUTTER, PENELOPE "Penny"
Ambition: Just let me at 'im.
Hurry leads to worry.

O'BRIEN, JIM
Ambition: Be a Marine by July.
"Memory is the warner of the brain."

ORE, ROGER "Gunshy"
Ambition: To pick up a couple of bucks.
He's the one with the hat cocked over one eye.

Row Five

ORTH, MARGARET "Maggie"
Ambition: To become a radio singer.
Her wonderful disposition comes from her heart of gold.

OPDYCKE, BETTY LOU "Uppie"
Ambition: To be a good housewife.
The Broadway stage her goal—fame and fortune within her reach.

PARTRIDGE, PEGGY "Peg"
Ambition: Preserve the quadrangle.
Oh, am I here, I didn't hear me.

Row Six

PATTERSON, MARY HELEN "M. H."
Ambition: To become a nurse.
She's small and has a quiet way about her.

PEASE, JANET "Stinky"
Ambition: To be able to write (take it either way).
"Until I came the world was incomplete." You said it.

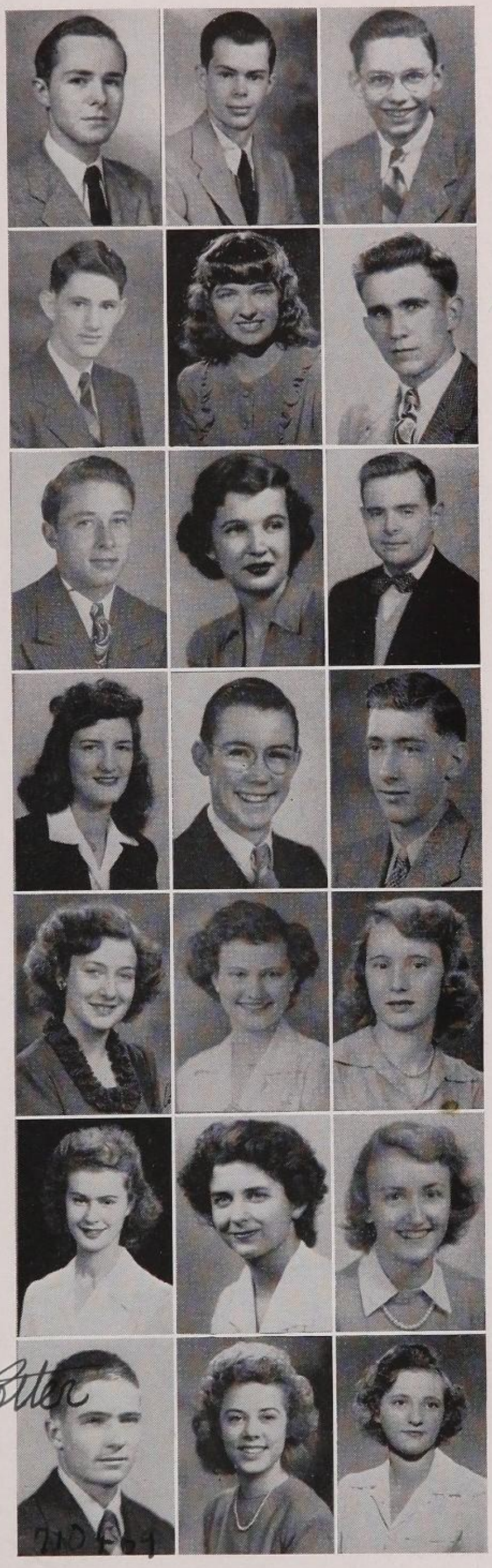
PEASE, MARGERY "Pz"
Ambition: To get thirty-five hours of flying time so I can join the Wasps.
Ambitious, dignified and efficient in all her efforts.

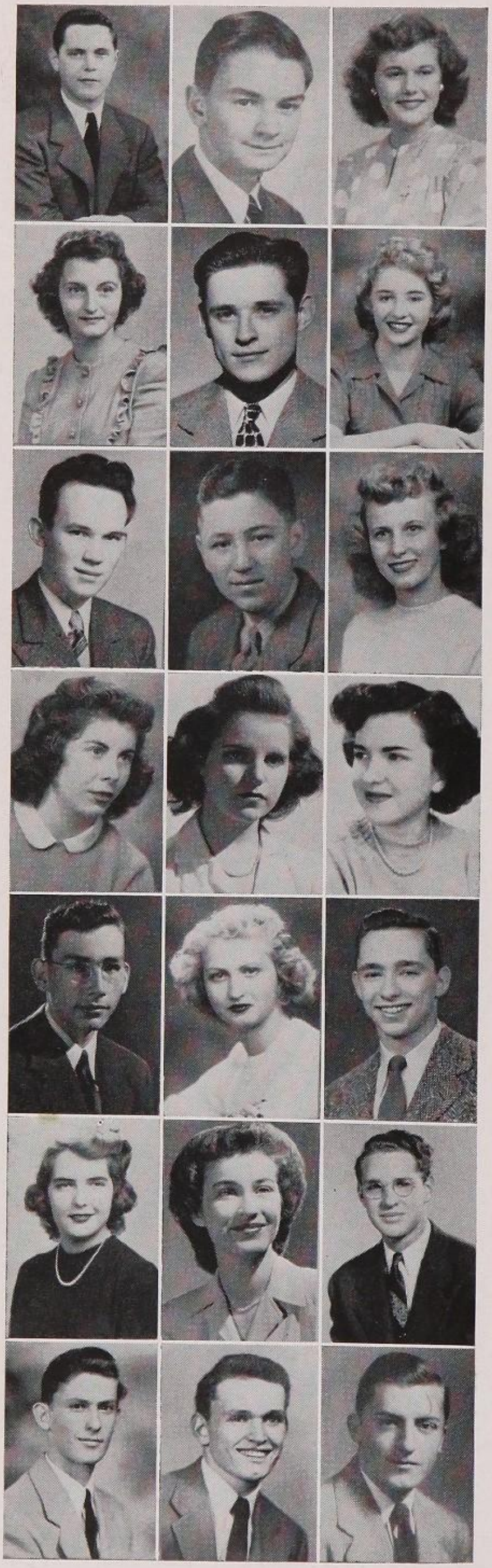
Row Seven

POTTER, EUGENE "Gene"
Ambition: To be a lazy hobo.
This long, lazy, happy fellow is liked by all.

PHIEL, SHIRLEY "Shirl"
Ambition: To work in a nice office and take a trip to California.
A pleasant spirited girl, and she likes SAE's.

POLSKY, DOROTHY "Dot"
Ambition: Oh, Frankie!
The only way to have friends, is to be a friend.





Row One

PROCTOR, MORREY
Ambition: To play football (tackle).
I'd rather address a thousand men than one woman.

RESSLER, LELAND **"Rusty"**
Ambition: To be a photography technician.
He doesn't have the temper that usually goes with red hair.

REYNOLDS, JANE **"Ren"**
Ambition: To cry in my own beer.
Why do people always go into hysterics when I talk?

Row Two

RIDNOUR, MARILYN **"Riddy"**
Ambition: To join the Navy and I don't mean the Waves.
Ever modest and unassuming and gracious to all.

ROBEL, JOHN **"Queer"**
Ambition: To be an engineer.
He does nothing, but does it well.

ROBINS, DELORES JEAN **"Peaches"**
Ambition: To spend my time where there are wine, men and song.
Short, curvacious, saucy and cute.

Row Three

RUE, TRUMAN **"True"**
Ambition: Join the Army.
"His many friends will recommend him."

ROSSENFELD, MORRIS **"Rosey"**
Ambition: To get better marks.
Live and learn—his steadfast motto.

ROBINSON, NANCY **"Nanie"**
Ambition: To graduate, get a good job, and live in a mansion some day.
Humor and vivacity go well together.

Row Four

SHAW, DORIS LEE **"Cutie"**
Ambition: To go to Reno.
Pleasure, then duty, if you please.

SHERMAN, RUTH **"R. S."**
Ambition: Oh, Frankie!
Well, anyway, I think my jokes are good.

SHERLOCK, SUSAN **"Susie"**
Ambition: To learn how to wink.
"Laugh, and the world laughs with you."

Row Five

SHILLITO, HAROLD **"Bud"**
Ambition: To own a chain of feed stores.
He goes skipping through life with a happy abandon.

SCHLICK, JANET **"Jann"**
Ambition: To stay on being a blonde.
I may be dumb, but please explain that again.

SCHWARTZ, JOHN
Ambition: To sign up Dorsey for Hi-Jinks.
A man with a number of "letters," and a number of offices.

Row Six

SPEICHER, LILLIAN **"Spike"**
Ambition: To win success—Stipp by Stipp.
Ever jolly, sweet and full of fun.

SPIKER, FRANCES **"Spike"**
Ambition: To learn a snappy game of bridge.
A charming girl who is always neat.

SIMPSON, GEORGE **"Simp"**
Ambition: You want to know?
He who knows, and knows that he knows.

Row Seven

SPITZ, RUSSELL **"Russ"**
Ambition: To make a fortune and retire young.
The true gentleman of ease and leisure.

SONES, DICK **"Curly"**
Ambition: To help run a "grown-up" Hi-Jinks.
His charming personality and friendliness make him well liked by everyone.

STANLEY, REG E. **"Stan"**
Ambition: To have an M.D. after my name.
The intelligent funnyman of the classroom.

Row One

STANZEL, MARTHA **"Martha"**
Ambition: To work behind the scenes in radio.
To know her well, is to like her a lc..

STARZINGER, HARRIET ANN
Ambition: To travel the length of the Pan-American Highway.
A brilliant student, and an interesting girl.

STEARNS, WADE **"Wicked Wade"**
Ambition: To have a date.
"Studying? What's that? Never heard of it."

Row Two

STIPP, RAY **"Stamin Rip"**
Ambition: No ambition.
"I'm never tired. I never wear out. I'm not lazy."

STILL, JOANNE **"Jody"**
Ambition: To make up my mind.
With an old-fashioned charm and graciousness all her own.

STEPHENS, SUSAN **"Sue"**
Ambition: To travel round the world.
There's rhythm in her walk and music in her talk.

Row Three

STOLEN, JOHN, JR. **"Buddy"**
Ambition: To have a voice like Laurence Tibbett.
Climb through the rocks, be rugged.

STIVERS, TOM **"Gunner"**
Ambition: To run a fine Hi-Jinks.
His mighty mind has too much wisdom for one man.

STOVER, NANCY **"Smoky"**
Ambition: To play golf with Bob Hope and Bing Crosby.
Oh, sweet mystery of life.

Row Four

STUART, ELIZABETH **"Ibby"**
Ambition: Go to Connecticut College.
The mirror of true beauty and fashion.

STREAM, BETTE **"B. J."**
Ambition: To always remain a blonde.
I fear no woman, yea, no man, either.

SWANSON, JOANNA **"Buttercup"**
Ambition: To live my life so that every moment will be filled to the brim with happiness, and I will be capable of great love and understanding.
She is not only good, but good for something.

Row Five

SUGDEN, FRANCES **"Suggie"**
Ambition: Have fun.
Strength of mind, not of body.

TIMMERWILKE, MARY **"Timmy"**
Ambition: To be a concert singer.
A song is worth a thousand times more than words.

TAYLOR, BILL
Ambition: To join the Air Corps.
Always willing to lend a helping hand to his friends.

Row Six

TURNBULL, JOHN **"Brains"**
Ambition: To live in England.
From such good men, do presidents grow.

TEBO, LEE **"Zoot"**
Ambition: To own a hundred zoot suits.
Slappy days are here again. We all know this slap-happy fellow.

TRAMMEL, NANCY **"Little Joe"**
Ambition: To be a wireless operator on the Pan-American Airlines in South America.
Short, neat and just slightly all-reet.

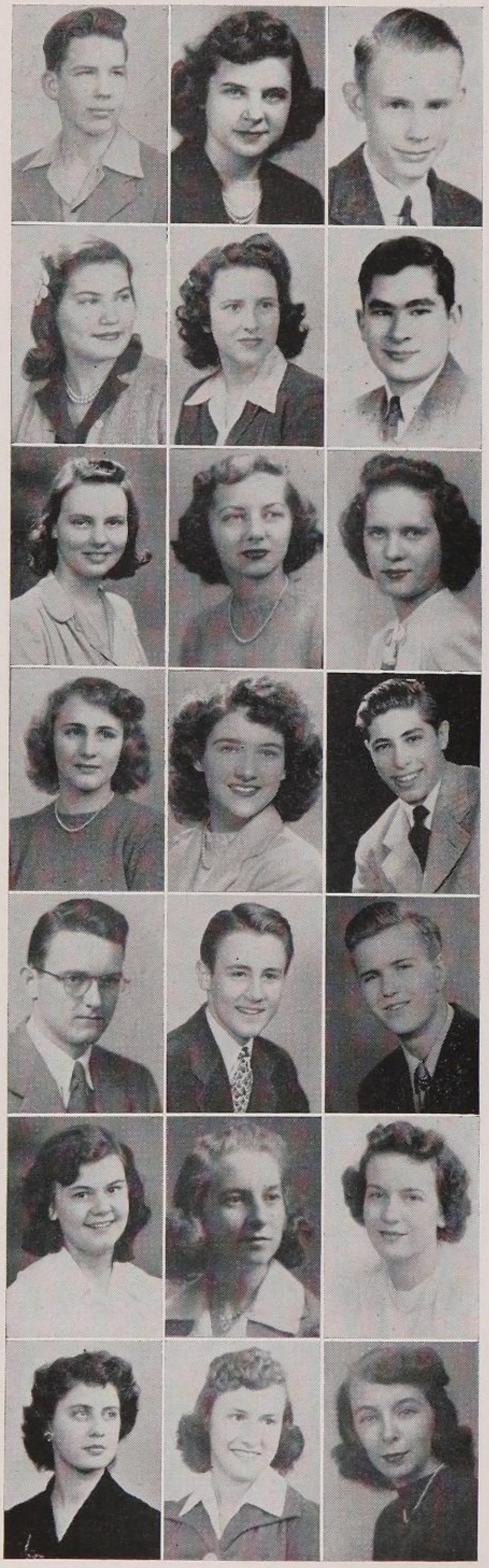
Row Seven

VALENTINE, MARY JO **"Jo"**
Ambition: To own a pair of stilts.
A little shy, a little modest, but then, she's a little girl.

URATSU, MARVIN **"Marv"**
Ambition: To get the war over with and go to college.
Although he's small, his powers of friendship are great.

WADE, DORIS ANN **"Wadie"**
Ambition: To be an A student.
Still waters run deep.

Bill Taylor



Row One

WALTERS, PAUL **"Walt"**
Ambition: To be an engineer.
No matter what he sets out to do, he'll do it.

WALLACE, BETTY **"Wally"**
Ambition: To succeed in whatever I do.
"I'll be famous. Just you all wait and see."

WALTERS, RICHARD **"Bucky"**
Ambition: To grow up some day.
He'll find a way to make a name for himself.

Row Two

WATTERS, JEAN **"Chic"**
Ambition: To travel.
Be true to your word, your work, and your friends.

WATERS, MARY LOU **"Lou"**
Ambition: To go to college and then be a buyer.
The senior money will be safe in her capable hands.

WATTS, HARRY **"Harold"**
Ambition: To get out of high school and get on to college.
"All the world is my friend, and I'm a friend of it."

Row Three

WEATHERWAX, ARDYCE-JEAN **"A. J."**
Ambition: To travel around the world. To have a big house with two grand pianos.
A talented musician, who can surely use two pianos.

WEBB, COLLEEN **"Spider"**
Ambition: To get married in a year.
There's no limit to my cleverness.

WEBB, PAT **"Spider"**
Ambition: To get a driver's license.
"But father, I never drive over twenty miles an hour."(?)

Row Four

WEISSINGER, ELOISE **"El"**
Ambition: To be a fashion designer.
The greater the trials, the more glorious the triumph.

WEITZ, ELIZABETH **"Liz"**
Ambition: To be a dress designer.
One of few words, but their meanings rings out as bells.

WEIK, FRANK **"Pancho"**
Ambition: To fly a P-51.
"When I'm up in the air, with my head in the clouds——."

Row Five

WHERRY, JOHN **"Johnny"**
Ambition: To get there.
An O.K. guy.

WHITING, SOUTHARD **"Bud"**
Ambition: To invent an antidote.
Worry never made a man famous, so why worry?

WHEELER, JOHN **"Johnie"**
Ambition: To graduate.
You can't tell how these quiet fellows will act when they are unobserved.

Row Six

WICKLUND, GRETCHEN
Ambition: To be a good artist.
Modest, unassuming and unconscious of her real worth.

WIEDLAND, MADELYN **"Spook"**
Ambition: What's a man?
A good mind is the lord of a million kingdoms.

WHITEMAN, CHARLENE **"Charlie"**
Ambition: To go to Alaska.
She goes her witty way through life.

Row Seven

WILLITS, JOAN **"Willy"**
Ambition: To throw all alarm clocks out the window.
Just wait till I graduate, I'll sleep for a month.

WILES, BONNY **"Bonny"**
Ambition: To graduate before 1950.
I don't pretend to be a saint.

WILLIAMS, ELAINE **"Willie"**
Ambition: To have bigger and better hag-stags.
It's not because I don't like work, it's just that I like pleasure more.

Row One

WISEMAN, ROSEMARY "Rosie"
Ambition: To graduate from this school.
Her sparkling laughter is like the rippling of so many waters.

WILSON, JOY "Joker"
Ambition: To get a commission in the Marines.
A brilliant mind forms high and noble ambitions.

WILSON, HARRY "Skippy"
Ambition: To be an airplane manufacturer.
He who does his best in whatever he does shall gain the world.

Row Two

WOOLIS, ALICE "Al"
Ambition: To be an R. N.
Quiet and undemonstrative in her service to humanity.

WOODRUFF, DOROTHY "Doi"
Ambition: To make some contribution to the field of medicine.
He who has an art, has everywhere a part.

WRIGHT, BARBARA "Bobby"
Ambition: To be a good designer.
Her genial disposition is a joy to all who know her.

Row Three

WRIGHT, BOB "Bob"
Ambition: To graduate some day.
The body of Apollo and the mind of Socrates.

WRIGHT, ROWLAND "Roly"
Ambition: To go around the world.
The truly intelligent man is the most valued fellow among men.

ZIRBEL, DICK "Zirb"
Ambition: Get places with my blue eyes.
In athletics, he's top; in brains, well, he's pretty high.

Row Four

DURHAM, DONNA "D. D."
Ambition: To enjoy all my life.
Kindness and genius are matchmates of each other.

LAPPAN, NORMA "Lappy"
Ambition: To join the WACs.
Charm strikes the eye and merit wins the soul.

SMITH, ELLEN JEAN "Smitty"
Ambition: To be on the radio.
To myself, I am more than a friend.

Row Five

CALHOUN, BOB "Cal"
Ambition: To sleep forty-eight straight hours.
Brevity in height is no sign of brevity of wit.

McGILL, JOHN "Tiny"
Ambition: To have plenty of gas.
We've never seen him mean or mad. His humor is always the best.

TELFORD, ANTON "Tel"
Ambition: To be successful.
You can succeed in anything you try.

Row Six

STRAIGHT, FRANK "Frankie"
Ambition: To get out of high school.
Quietness is sometimes the way to success.

MOTT, BILL "Bill"
Ambition:

LANDMAN, JOAN "Jo"
Ambition: To become a radio singer.
Her wonderful disposition comes from her heart of gold.

Row Seven

SOHM, PAT "Salty"
Ambition: Go back to California.
She can't even smile at boy without him swooning from sheer delight.

DILLON, ANNE "Anne"
Ambition: To become a nurse.
A wonderful girl to know.

CROWLEY, JANICE "Hoagie"
Ambition: To be a ballet and trapeze artist.
How could her eyes be so innocent?

Rowland Wright

NO PICTURES

BECKER, P. WILLIAM **"Weck"**
Ambition: To go to Myersville.
All the great men in the world are dead, and I'm not feeling well.

BENTALL, STANLEY **"Stan"**
Ambition: To be a draftsman.
He's tall, blond and silent, but a swell fella'.

DEVINE, CLEATIE **"Pat"**
Ambition: Ambition?
Tall, dark and handsome; he has brains, too.

ELVICK, PHYLISS **"Phil"**
Ambition: To be able to juggle three coffee beans.
Only to see her but to see true happiness.

HENRY, DOROTHY **"D. G."**
Ambition: To play tennis at Forest Hills.
From Roosevelt comes a future Alice Marble.

HULLING, BILL **"Speed"**
Ambition: To make twenty baskets in one game.
He loves to sit on the fence and watch the Waters go by.

MEREDITH, JOAN **"Jodi"**
Ambition: To grow up.
"I work so, so hard. I never have any fun. Too much studying."

NOACK, EUNICE **"Eunie"**
Ambition: Join the W.A.A.F.S.
If a thing is worth doing, it's worth doing well.

STREIGHT, VIRGINIA **"Gingie"**
Ambition: To live on Park Avenue.
A kindly smile, a studious mind, and a good sense of humour.

WISSLER, EVELYN **"Wiss"**
Ambition: To live in the postwar world.
Good ambitions can carry one far.

CARRELL, R. MICHAEL **"Mike"**
Ambition: To be in radio engineering.
We won't forget this boy so fair,
Who went through life without a care.

AUGUST GRADUATES

CRUTCHER, HENRY L. **"Crutch"**
Ambition: To fly a bomber.
This new lad is a welcome addition to our school.

SPENCER, BYRON **"Spence"**
Ambition: To be a photographer.
For sale: one car, first crash condition.

☆ ☆ ☆

Credo

Each night in bed, each lonely hour,
I'm seized with strength and words and power,
A strength to hold this slippery globe,
Its cloak of mysteries to dare disrobe,
To wander ere my footsteps tread,
In the midst of life, and the midst of dead,
To amble through the streets of peace,
This dream for me ne'er will it cease.
It beats more deeply each heart pulsation,
It fills my mind with inspiration.
It tingles each muscle with vibrating sounds,
My body is filled with incessant pounds.

An interpretation comes to me,
Strange lands, strange sights my eyes foresee,
A world so changed you'd never know,
That once it raged with hatred's glow.
That time is here, it shines right now,
It glistens on each silvery bough.
These boughs are branches of our inward roots,
Our kind thoughts are but its primest fruits.
Make known these truths of fraternity,
Render them unto peace in eternity.
Dispose of that world of raging hate,
Make known to all our glorious fate!

—Deborah Stark

"THE LONG LONG TRAIL" . . . By Ding

MISS BRODY, 102

First Row—Phyllis Jordan, Frances Dailey, Betty Baylan, Jim Weaver, Bethel Wallace, Grace Mary Schultze, Marjorie Wilkes. **Second Row**—Margaret E. Wilkinson, Pat Bushnell, Marguerite Van Ginkel, Bethel Brinkman, Barbara McCoy, Marilyn Frame, Margaret Schropp. **Third Row**—John Schlitz, John Long, Horatio Throttlebottom, Jim Langridge, Mike Carrell, Dale Bowesby. **Fourth Row**—Mike Hunt, David Stokely, Phil Burgomaster, Don Piper, Bill Crispin, Chuck Raffensperger, Bill Spargur, Jack Morris.

MR. MOORE, 215

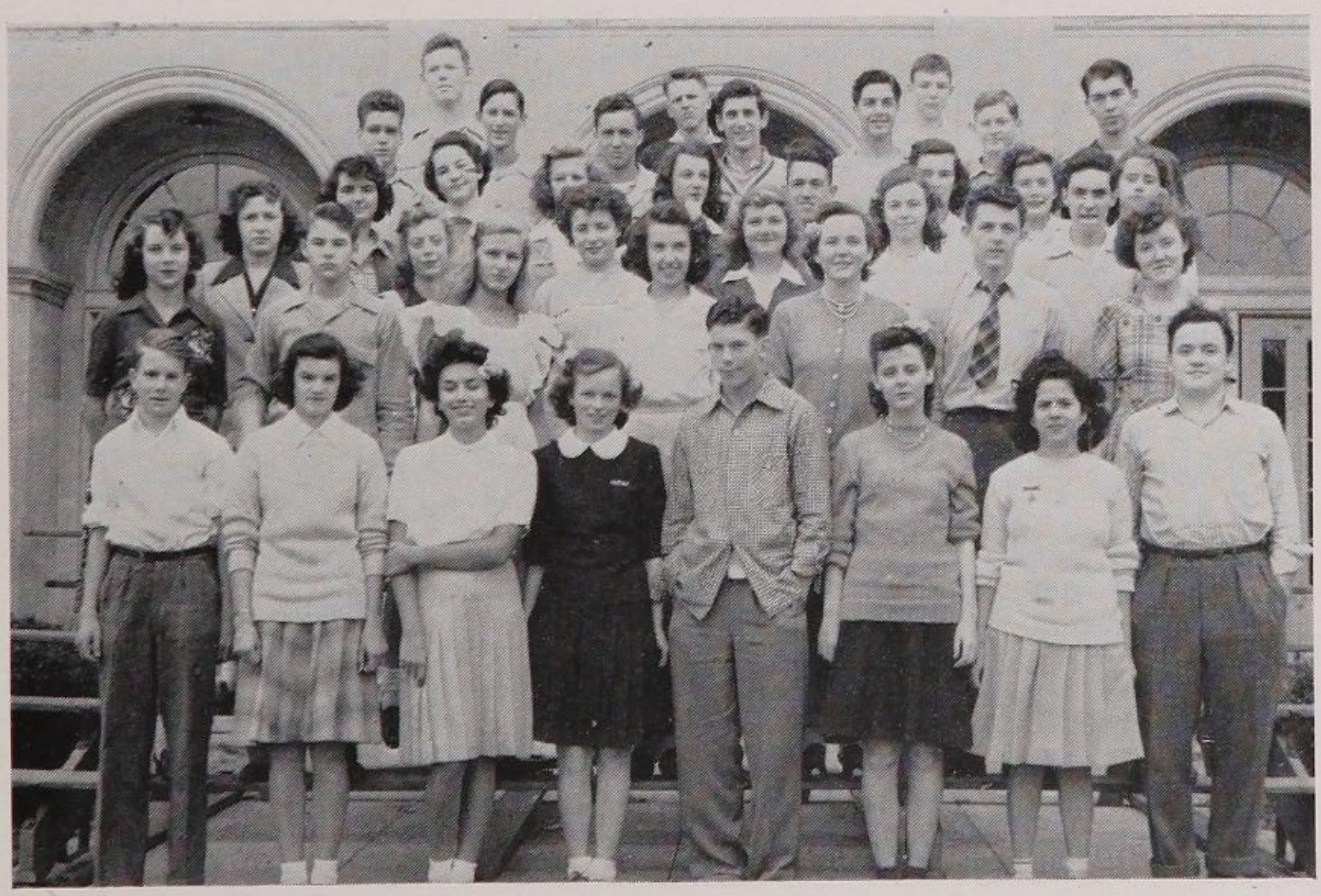
First Row—Kathie Hollebrand, Walt Reno, Jo Dunn, Rose Marie Lynch, Orpha Roberts, Ronald Blenis, Joan Bean. **Second Row**—Betty McCoy, Dawn Holtz, Joyce Moriarty, Lynn Critchett, Mary McIntire, Ellie Weaver. **Third Row**—Fred Koch, Jo Anne Toepfer, Shelley Wilson, Bill Mott, Deborah Stark, Connie Innis, John Toon, M. L. Moore. **Fourth Row**—James Edward Ohman, Charles Roberts, Dick Fagan, Jimmie W. Kirkpatrick, Tom Viggers, John Robel, Kenneth Carlson, Don Owen.

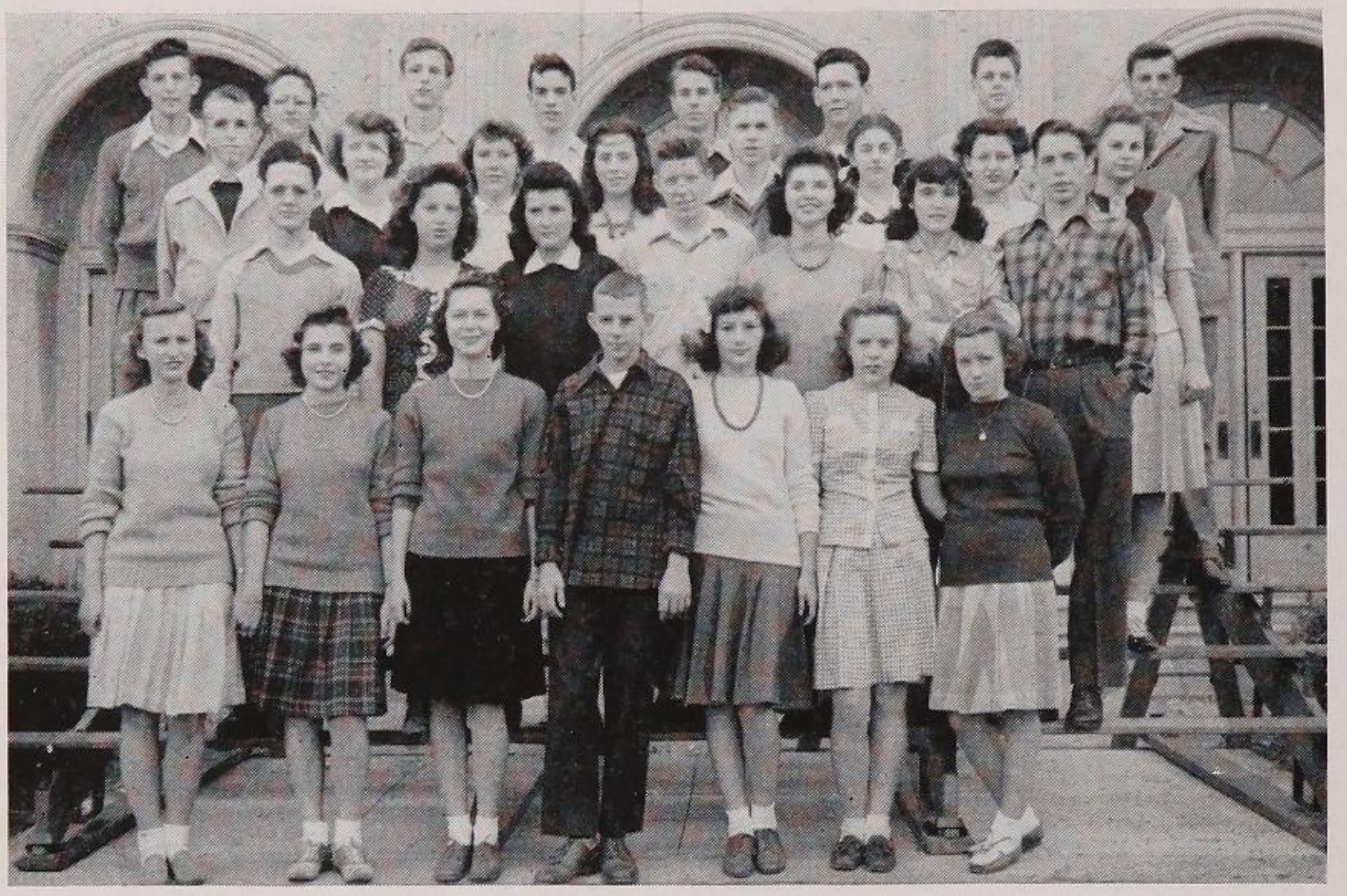
MRS. TROUTFETTER, 203

First Row—Tad Price, Beverley Thompson, Liz Towne, Dorothy Page, Cynthia Jenkins, Thompson Siverson. **Second Row**—Virginia Burgess, Carol Degrush, Ann Charlton, Norma Jean Boss, Marjorie Fitzsimmons, Faith Ricker, Margaret Basart, Dorris Gronfeldt. **Third Row**—Dick Talley, Jack Walk, Don Henry, Ernie Spotteo, Earl Falstaff, Ralph Quackenbush. **Fourth Row**—Chow Kellehan, Carl Stenstrom, Paul James, Robert Knott, Cranston Green, Abbie Ginsberge, Bob Budweiser, Harry Watts.

MISS BARIDON, 210

First Row—David Hughes, Nancy West, Marilyn Fenton, Elaine Swanson, Dick Stuhrman, Dorothy Davies, Hermelinda Abad, George West. **Second Row**—Marilyn Allison, Herman Fortner, Sally Winter, Mary Renquist, Pat Pierce, Donn Davies, De Ette Gamble. **Third Row**—Jo Ann Gray, Lois Bachman, Rosalie Nichols, Gennie Pilmer, Sally Ann Quist, Jim Sellards. **Fourth Row**—Gloria Constant, Bonnie Hamilton, Mary Alice Callison, Jewel Swallow, Gene Chadwick, Joan Carter, Gloria Sommer, Christine Wicklund. **Fifth Row**—Dick Lynch, Merrill Lash, Larroll Hurtwig, Harold Mumma, Dick Lindsay, Bob Carr, Jack Russell. **Sixth Row**—John Corcoran, Robert Lohff, Duane Wee.



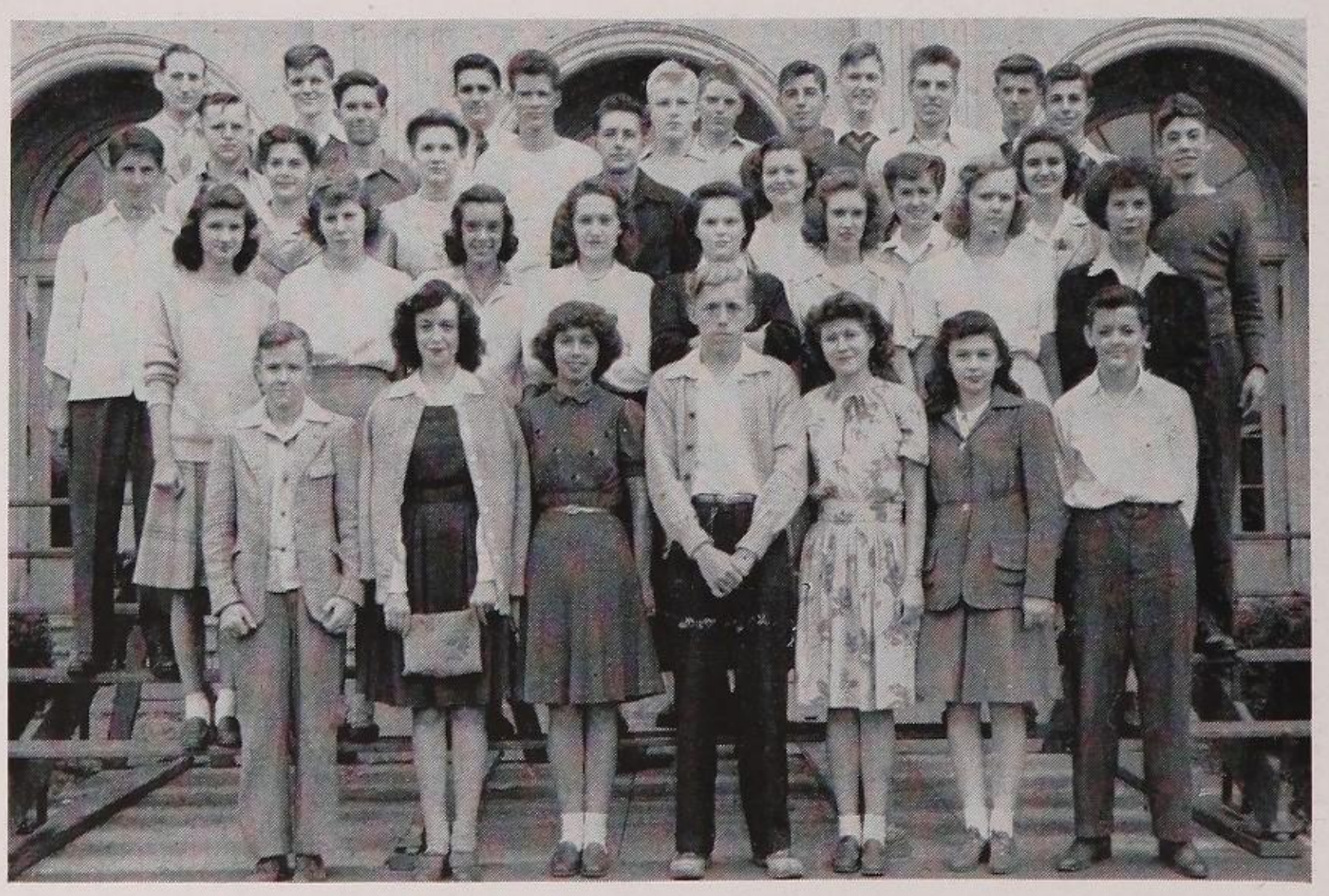


MR. BARNES, 211

First Row—Mary Peyton, Ruthie Scudder, Marilyn Charles, Tom Moore, Betty Jean Stevens, Mary Endfield, Roberta Ellison. **Second Row**—Charles Dodds, Shirley Robinson, Norma Jean Henry, Peter Dickinson, Mary Jane Johnston, Virginia Barrlow, Victor Burkhardt. **Third Row**—Monte Brown, Margaret Hansen, Jean Richter, Carol Lea May, Gordon Perry, Martha Cole, Rella Israley, Alyce Fee. **Fourth Row**—Edgar Aliber, John Nickless, Randall Mathews, Jack Chaffee, Dick Denman, Lee Morrison, Richard Burns, Edwin Aliber.

MR. HILDRETH, 202

First Row—Bob Reichard, Barbara McConkey, Barbara Godfrey, Don Davidson, Betty Murrow, Dainie Shelton, James Leverett. **Second Row**—Mildred Bieberstein, Pat Rush, Mary Lou Taylor, Shirley Mootz, Peggy Dougherty, Patty Nelson, Violet Kranovich. **Third Row**—Dick Mackaman, Eldine Kenniker, Marilyn Turns, Russell Hansen, M. C. Hendrickson, Sally Sears, Nancy Branton, Bruce Petice. **Fourth Row**—Leonard Grove, Larry Fryer, Pro Christianson, Walt Johann, Cleon Sneeden, Tommy Thompson, Bill Keasbey. **Fifth Row**—F. L. Hildreth, Herbert Rich, Dick Cook, Mac Greene, Bill Parks, Bill Beeler.



MISS JOHNSON, 346

First Row—Bill Wright, Gracia Zornes, Margaret Welch, Donna Williams, Mary Lou Votruba, Al Orvis. **Second Row**—Barbara Wisecarver, Jeanne Smith, Roberta Olsen, Jeanne Crusinberry, Evangiline Shogren, Jack Walk, Miss Johnson. **Third Row**—John Williams, Bunny Johnson, Bud Van Pelt, Paula Smith, Violet Lundy, Margaret Thompson, Bill Worden. **Fourth Row**—Dick Wulf, Floyd Wollenberg, Jose Tusant, Sylvan Van Dyke, Bill Waters, Phil Wright.

MISS KASSON, 205

First Row—Margaret Krahl, Martha Gardner, Hugh Pierce, Barbara Phillips, Tassie Striggles, Walter Steenbrenner, Anne Rowley, Martha Wheelwright. **Second Row**—Bob Kalny, Nancy Lawton, Marjorie Wilcox, Burton Earll, Wanda Fane, Jean LaRue, Mary Jo Brady, Jack Clark. **Third Row**—Ann Drake, Mary Froseth, Vanit Pickler, Jack Munger, Nancy Voorhees, Barbara Unger, Charleen Collman, Jo Anne Dickens. **Fourth Row**—George Gournas, Dick Wright, Jim Neu, Bill Kamman, Jack Bradley, Ross Wallace, Bolsom Smedgwick. **Fifth Row**—Richard Coe, Bob Nelson, Ward R. Crowley, Chick Young, Bill Maycock, Merlin Humpal, John Schaus, Bob McCutchen.

BILL KAMMAN

MR. KOCH, 235

First Row—Bill Moore, Elizabeth Brueshaber, Vivian Harris, Sprague Johnson, Patty Hampton, Joan Krick, John Hayes. **Second Row**—Calman, Helen James, Ekay Rawson, Chuck Colby, Ann Rutledge, Donella Cornelison, Gloria Cornelius, Donald Lanham. **Third Row**—Connie Nuzum, Marilyn Deuben, Gloria Hockmuth, Joy Ann Fouts, Ann Steckenrider, Gladys Youll, Lelia Christiansen, Barbara Mott. **Fourth Row**—Russ Cathcart, Bill Dutcher, Jim Payseur, Harold Stevens, Wayne Evans, Hugh Pickford, Bill Shumaker, Mr. Koch. **Fifth Row**—Bill McColloch, George Cox, Ted Lang, Dick Olin, Allen Salisbury, John Horton.

MRS. MAYNARD, 350

First Row—Leon Dake, Anne Mercer, Polly Ward, Prue Ward, Pat Ward, Barbara Hunson, Charles Schweiker. **Second Row**—Johnny Huttine, Alice Anne Davis, Zoula Pyle, Janet Jordan, Bertha Baldridge, Mary Morris, Colleen Crovin, Murray Kane. **Third Row**—Alice Ness, Dorothy Jisk, Mary Overholser, Chuck Keeney, Miriam Kappelman, Dot Owens, Ginnie Northron, Nadine Bright. **Fourth Row**—Earl Graftam, Richard Church, David Benshoff, Gene Carr, Lanae Hieb, John Jones, Tom Meredith, Philip Slinker. **Fifth Row**—Jack Parsons, Keith Moore, Russell Laird, Jack McDuley, Chuck Lombardo.

MISS MAVOUSEK, 204

First Row—Margaret Scoville, Dodie Shaw, Ginny Ann Black, Donald Badders, June Holland, Ann Drake, Elizabeth Jordan. **Second Row**—Donna Sones, Marjorie Myhre, Jane Herrick, Dorothy Arnold, Roberto Mumma, Marilyn Post, Doris Cron. **Third Row**—Nan Sprague, Pat Nixon, Eleanor Spoon, Bert Ellsworth, Joan Gould, Louise Belding. **Fourth Row**—Hildegarde Mavousek, Bob Frits, Bob Hedberg, Carmine Harsha, Joe Robinson, Marilyn Scott, Jerry Carr, Dale Mann. **Fifth Row**—Dick Hainline, Gordon Risher, Louis Facto, Herbert Penney, Bob Sandblom, Ed Tatera, Bill Irwin, Jim Corbin, Bernard Bonderant, Ray Jiese.

MISS MEIKLE, 117

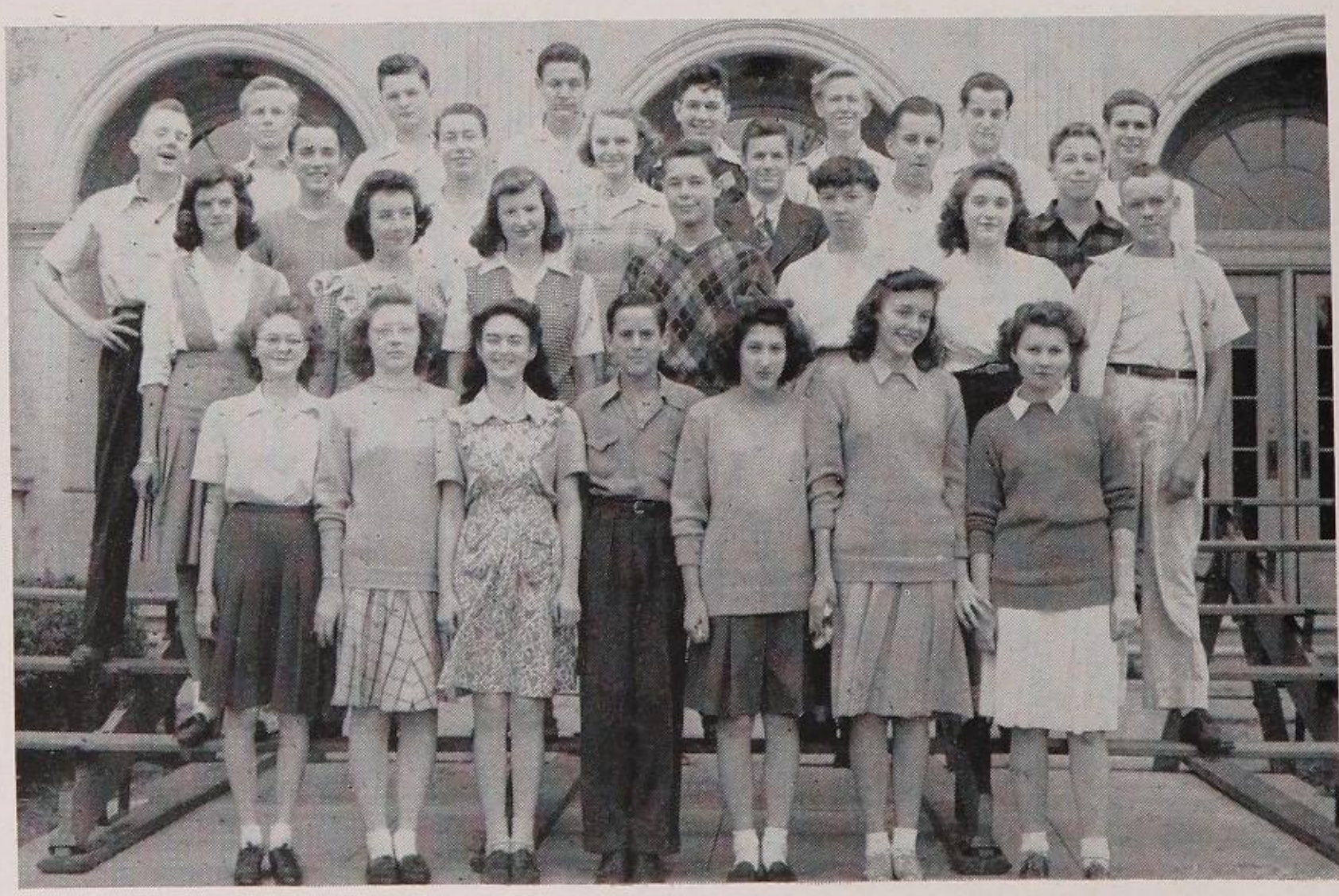
First Row—Bethyl Bann, Joanne Landis, Joanne Fewel, Jack Payne, Gilda Buckley, Mollie Siever, Donna Horina. **Second Row**—Bill Cohran, Maxine Lofflin, Donna Pittman, Ione Smith, Betty Riley, Geraldine Derr, Alan Roberts. **Third Row**—Ken Kasdorf, Mary Belle Blydenburgh, Alice Barrer, Beverly Kalahar, Marilou Willis, Doris Bendickson, Donna Dunham, Jack Gordon. **Fourth Row**—Clarence Severson, Jack McKelvey, David Shoemaker, Mary Jo Nor, Anitta Bellizzi, Stan Niemeyer, Don Leiffert, James McCoy. **Fifth Row**—Larry Larimore, Bobby Burns, Banker Bondurant, Craig Charlton, Jack Gates, Robert Howland.

MISS BEHM, 108

First Row—Margery Cassel, Dot Maine, Bob Carpenter, Bev Gee, Lois Moore. **Second Row**—Joyce Crandall, Jim Shivers, Mildred Linn, Joe Hyman, Jean Knauer, Barbara Wisdom. **Third Row**—Robert Boylan, Roger McGuire, Sally Joan Robinson, Bea Ann Smith, Gloria Brom, Irene Turner, Alan Roberts. **Fourth Row**—Carl Mahnke, Kenneth Franklin, Wayne Severson, Richard Maine, Bill Peirce, William R. Wessels, Glenn Lundblad.

MISS MEERS, 301

First Row—Josephine Murdaugh, Virginia Graham, Darlene Beiser, Jack Taylor, Rowena La Reis, Jodi Clements, Marcia Brown. **Second Row**—Betty Stefans, Martha Young, Norma Marriot, Jack Thellman, Frannie Seymour, Marilyn Bowman, Howard Hayward. **Third Row**—Bill Meaney, Bill Le Coq, Ralph E. Hays, Cora Emmert, Larry Fridlington, David Gregory, Bob Murray. **Fourth Row**—Jim Sommers, Marion Hutchison, Jack Clark, Norris Chapman, Gerald Anderson, Tom Stanfield, Bob Pooley.

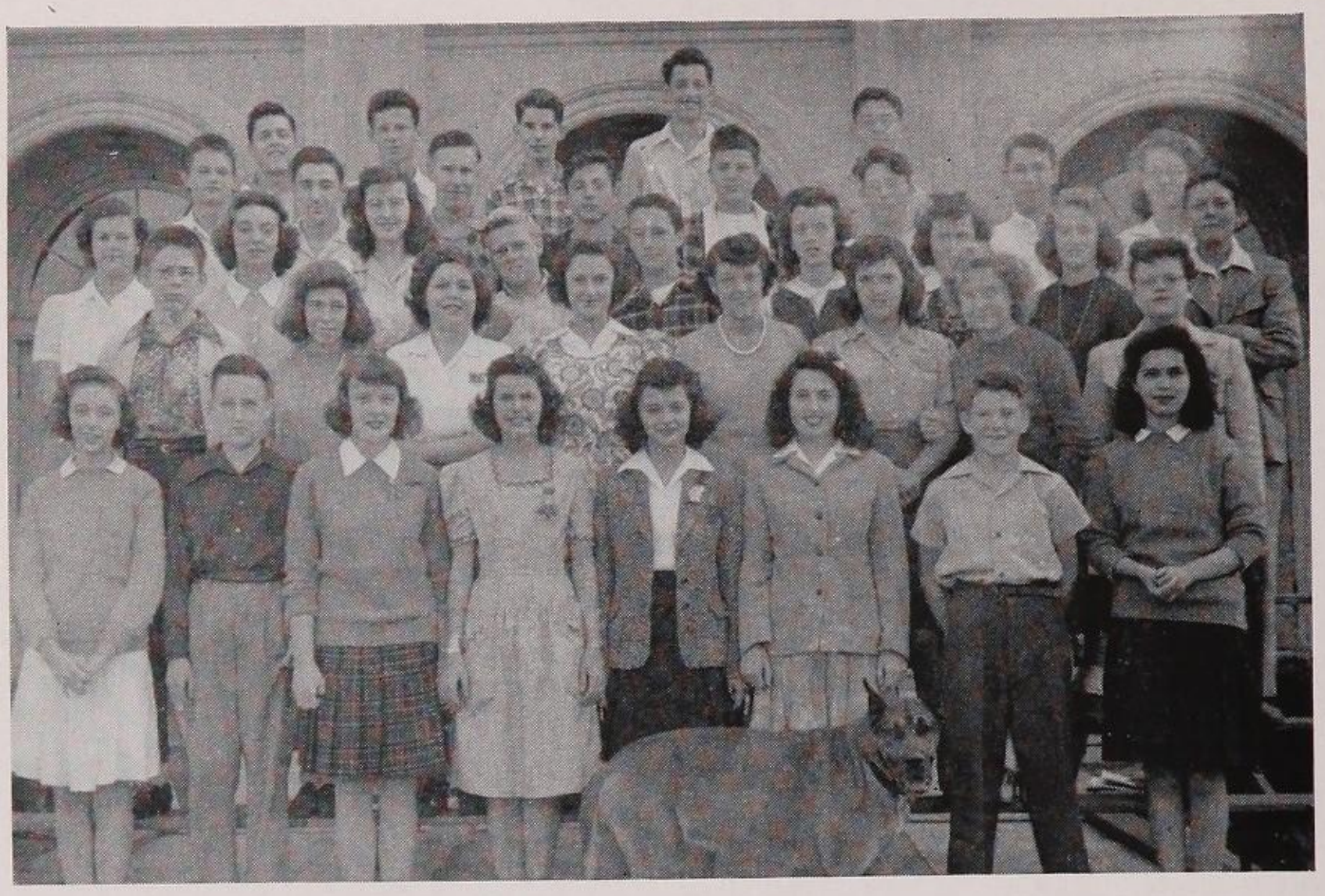


MR. HILL, 217

First Row—Don Little, Evelyn Ward, Jack Cedarstrom, Joan Housh, Dick Inyham, Molly Miller, Walt Welch. **Second Row**—Mary Jean Carpenter, Rita BeGole, Pat Owens, Jean Lindsay, Dorothy Brockmeier, Jeanne Sharp, Sylvia Haworth. **Third Row**—Jim Ransom, Carl Gerberich, Don Sones, Jack Hornady, Dan Baker, Dottie Lutz. **Fourth Row**—Harvey Hill, Don Homer, Bill Green, Ding Daisley.

MISS BRUCE, 107

First Row—Margaret Rosenbaum, Ruth Erbstein, Conrad Keller, Meriam Greller, Jacqueline Stoll, Curtis Buckley, Pat O'Leary, Joan Friis. **Second Row**—John Dole, Nancy VanGinkle, Janet Kuban, Pat Moore, Virginia Davis, Pat Murphy, Margie Kinsey, Dick Pigatt. **Third Row**—Dick Baie, Barbara Dodge, Terry Holm, Bessie Mae Jones, Judy Jones, Don Roth, Billie Lee Hornberger, A. C. Kingsley. **Fourth Row**—Vincent Starzinger, Don Hill, Everett Gendler, Theodra Batlow, Shirley Summerville, Shirley Sittler. **Fifth Row**—Paul Knudsen, Dwight Marshall, James Byron, Hal Seymour.

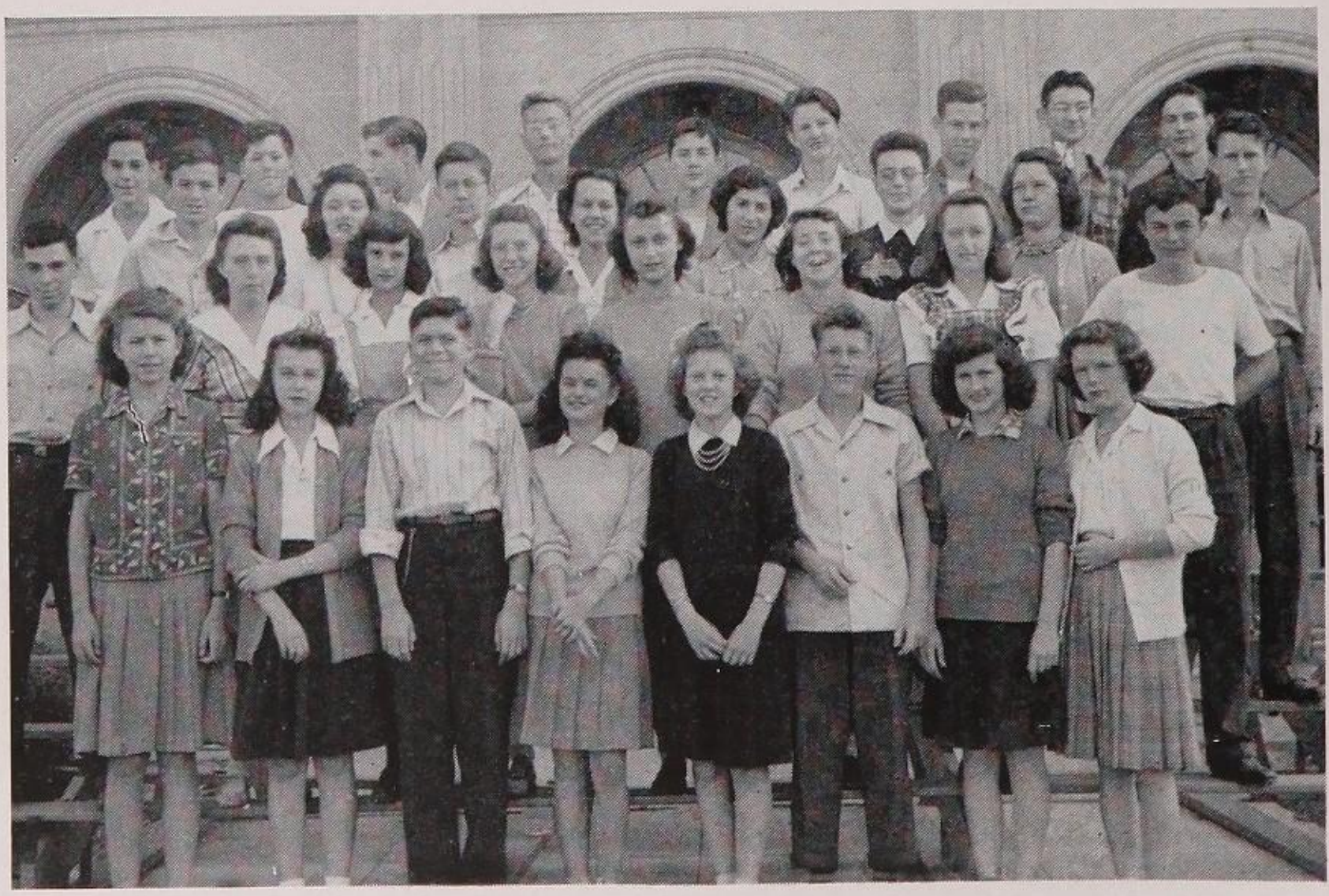


MR. EASTMAN, 248

First Row—Martha Manley, Douglas Hedberg, Elizabeth Myers, Pat Moseley, Mary Lou Adamson, Shirley Manes, John Mackie, Eileen Rosenbaum. **Second Row**—Conn Page, Patty Darmer, Therlse Lussem, Carol Born, Doris Towne, Dorothy Kranovich, Joyce Hunt, Annabel Williamson. **Third Row**—Martha Stivers, Harriet Pruter, Sara Salisbury, Balsham Schmedvich, Bill Peverill, Bob Stonecipher, Nedra Dotson, Beverly Houser, Mary Smith, John Devine. **Fourth Row**—Dick Swanson, Bob Huglin, Raymond Knight, Sherwin Markman, Bill Garten, Dick Anderson, Jack Honomichl, Pat Leech. **Fifth Row**—Fred Harris, Morris King, Ivan Sedrel, John Baker, Dick Schwartz.

MISS JACOBS, 114

First Row—Kay Phillips, Virginia Saboe, Bob McNally, Yvonne Turner, Nancy Ann Ersland, Don Fitzsimmons, Wanda Goodrich, Barbara Dawson. **Second Row**—Philip Joseph, Patti Moore, Nancy Bristom, Jeannine Roberts, Joanne Huch, Mary Grace Sutton, Dwayne Weeda. **Third Row**—Tony Kennedy, Joyce Whitaker, Dick Adams, JoAnn Hoffman, Elizabeth Weiss, Grant Crenshaw, Meg Auner, George Lancaster. **Fourth Row**—Jack Davey, Jerry Torrence, Balsam Shmedwick, John Loreny, John Glomset, Gary Lilly, Bob Russell, Bob White, Carl Stocke.



MISS KEELER, 302

First Row—Joan Wenaas, Jack Jordan, Valdene King, Nick Gurnas, Lois Kanke, Ted Lockard, Helen Belding, Ann Warden. **Second Row**—Mary Dunley, Cynthia Grimes, Shirley McFarland, Marilynn Hunt, Pat Lounsbury, Jay Dee Yearous, Lowell Stratton, Bud Kepford, Ed Fox. **Third Row**—Mary Alice South, Bev Radcliffe, Bev Lanphere, Vickie Holmes, Jean Smith, David Larmon, Larry Hammond, Larry Fowler. **Fourth Row**—Patricia Walker, Roberta Rae Wee, Barbara Boreman, Jerrie Marxer, Beatrice Spalding, Don Wilson, John Sanders, Stan Miller. **Fifth Row**—Paula Messer, Bob Bradshaw, Bob Young, Gerald Crispin.

MR. KALP, 345

First Row—Jack Wilson, Jeannine Hopper, Jack Lorenz, Helen Moore, Marcellyn Perkins, Jean Knight, Grover Hertzberg, Marilyn Anderson. **Second Row**—Bob Goode, Marilu Stover, Shirley Nelson, Shelby Goulden, Bill Sandine, Barbara Dixon, Bob Tucker, Janet Miller. **Third Row**—John DeMaris, Don Arends, Herbert Friesen, Jerry Schutzbank, Wray Brown, Charlene Stull, Barbara Kuefner, Barbara Robinson. **Fourth Row**—Bill Gronfeldt, Dick Whiting, Dwane Summey, John Mertz, Bob Henkle, Phil Brown, Balswim Smedswick, Joy Coah, Frances Watters, Carol Freegard.

MR. KYL, 120

First Row—Rosemary Hanrahan, Richard Gowey, Bunny Kling, Lucille Dixon, Patty Jackson, Alberta Vining, Craig Lawrence, Mary Ryan. **Second Row**—Frank Crusan, Goldie McCollum, Angelina Antone, Sue Corley, Louise Pearson, Marcella Frye, Walter Jewell. **Third Row**—Dick Fort, Jean Nims, Joanne Smith, Joseph Sperry, Marian Miller, Eileen Winther, Dale Underwood, Ann Carney. **Fourth Row**—Larry Ladin, Jim Landes, John Richmann, Byron Werges, Max McGuire, Jerry Busche, Terry Williams, Phillip Woolsey, Jim Porter.

MR. MICHENER, 246

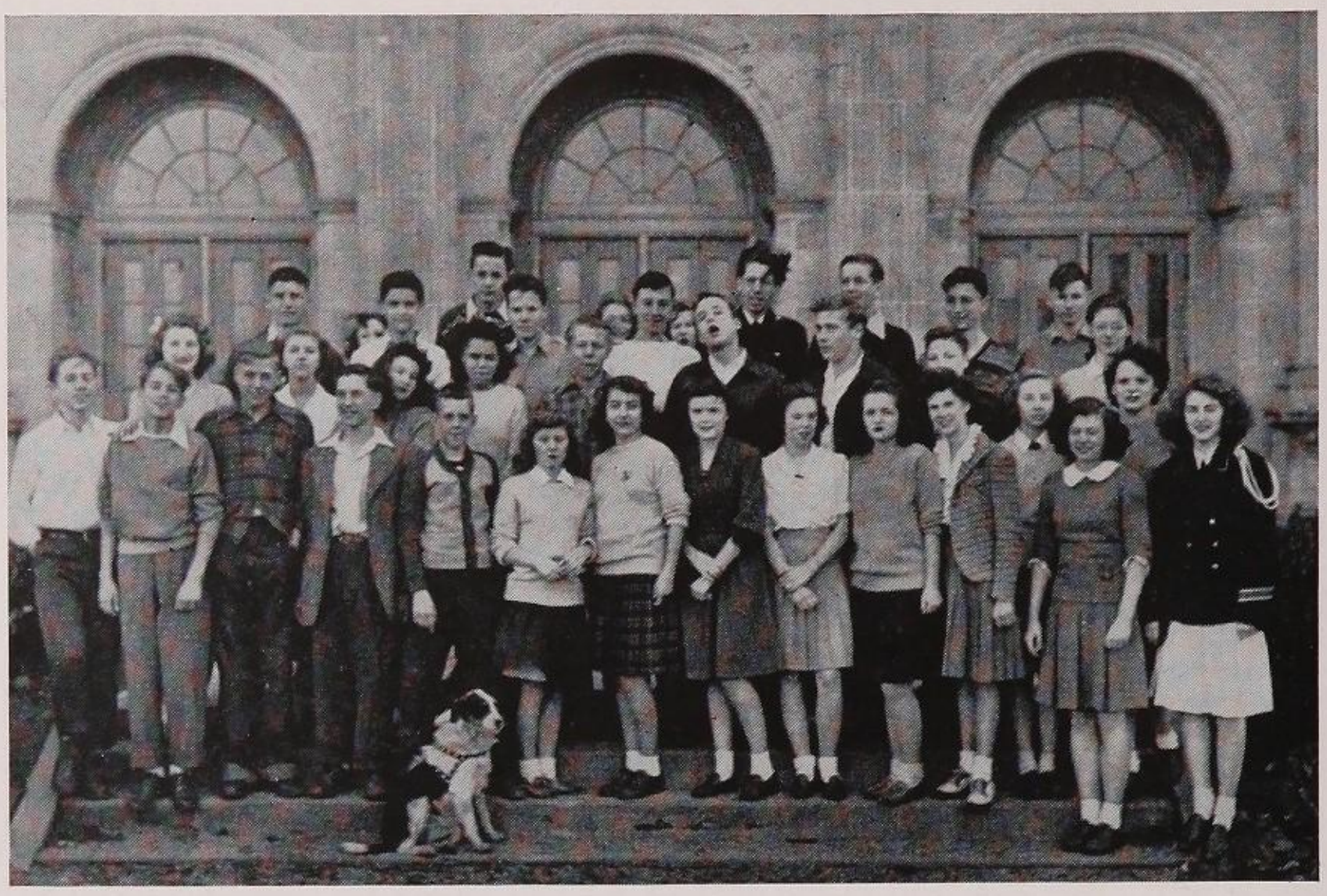
First Row—Howard Byers, Colleen Tonelli, Jim Disbrow, Louis Rall, Colleen House, Jim Watkins, Mary Schwartz, Burdette Evers. **Second Row**—Charles Roberts, Diane Maxxern, Joe Carlton, Jeanne Wilson, Camelle O'Connell, Virginia Chase, Bobbie Bender. **Third Row**—Joann Russell, Calvin Bolton, Gloria Sherbo, Berkley Dixson, Nancy Walker, Jim Koelling. **Fourth Row**—Louise Ginsberg, Jim Bassarear, Bobby Ray, W. M. Marshall, Robert K. Clark, Elizabeth Hill. **Fifth Row**—Gail Slack, Fred Celry, Wayne Kiufner, Junior Cox.

MR. MUNGER, 113

First Row—Ralph Pratt, Barbara Sedgwick, Bettie Bawn, Bob Barkley, Roberta Betts, Margery Hutchinson, Dorothy Collins, Dick Hornberger. **Second Row**—Clark Hoffman, Shirley Stewart, Phil Cash, Greta Schlesinger, Ed Christensen, Anne Plecas, Marjorie Arnold, Ronald Short. **Third Row**—Mary Qualley, Bill Erickson, Margaret Ann Kessell, Gerold Edwards, Ann Delavan, Ronald Kolk, Peg Merkley, Virginia Hay. **Fourth Row**—Dale Mueller, Dick Ramsey, Jack Hook, Don Gustafson, Dick Gerber, Bob Wells, Eugene Thompson, Harry Marshall, Clark Munger.

MISS SHERWOOD, 213

First Row—Marilyn Freyer, Mildred Carl, Virginia Doty, John Reid, Karleen Wadell, Jo Ann McCoy, Barbara Kent. **Second Row**—Anne Schnabel, Alex Gournas, Kent Pinneo, John Brutus, Kathryn Horton, Bruce Rodrick, Jay Gardner, Carolyn Hardesty. **Third Row**—Betty Sheldon, John K. Lancaster, Barbara Miles, Mabel Ricker, Nona Powers, Carl Wigg, Charles Doggett, Clyde Franks. **Fourth Row**—Francis McNolly, Stanford Hulshizer, James Stansell, Don Fifield, Chet Cole, Jack Little, Warren Cunningham.

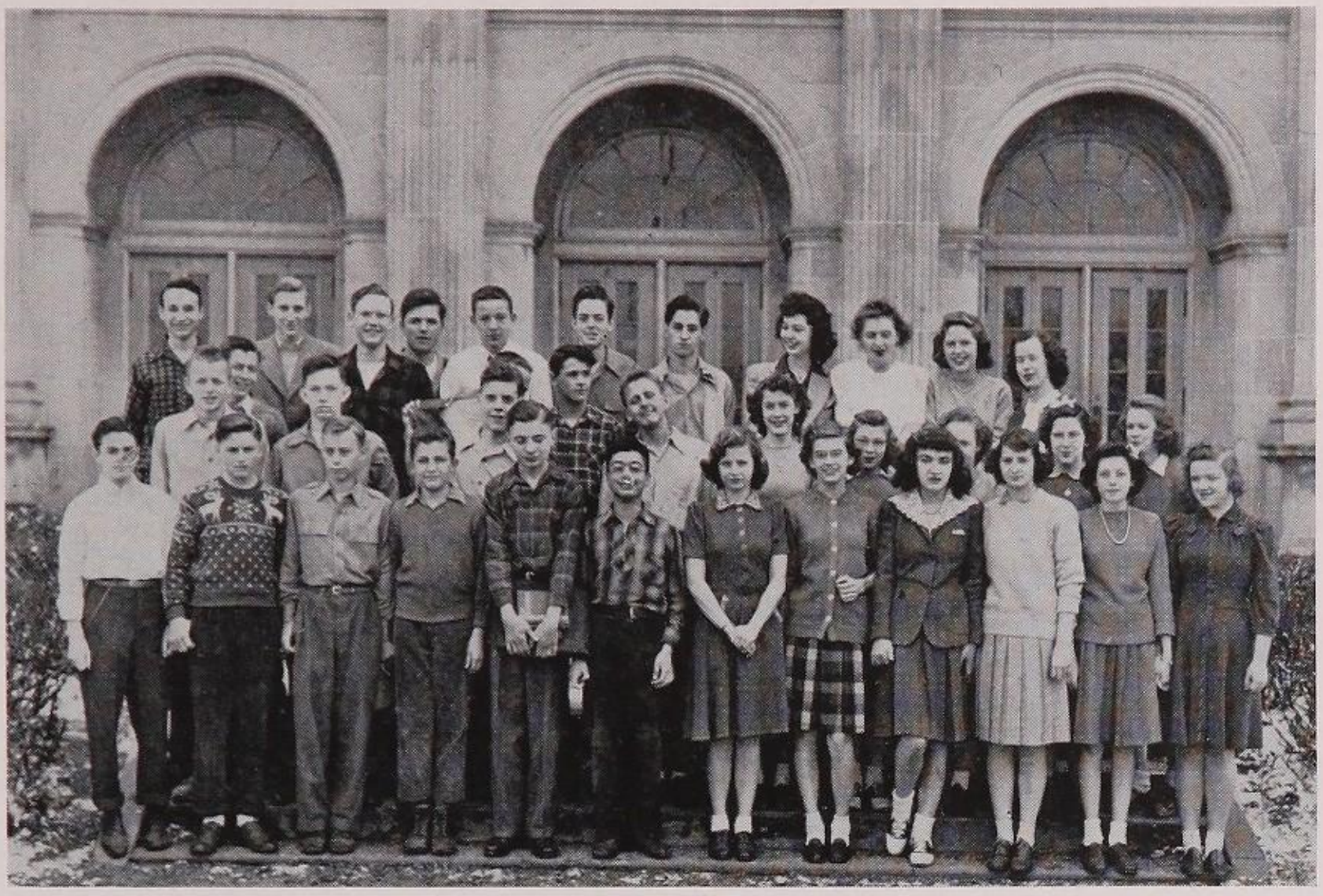


MISS CALVERT, 112

First Row—Bob Bole, Jim Roberts, Dick Holesinger, Paul Nicodemus, Dick Darrell, Dana Webb, Dixie Reed, Bev Gilbert, Peggee Brainerd, Pati Graham, Jo Jones, Marylyn Canine, Shirley Greig. **Second Row**—Maxine Davidson, Carol Jennings, Wanda Robertson, Ernestine Claire, Ronald Wilcox, Jim Hufford, Jack Shay, Victor Frumkin, Harriet Prunty, Elizabeth Mott. **Third Row**—Ray Pugh, Richard Handy, Dan Deitrich, Jim Nicholsen, Stan Levine, Bud Walker, Wade Davidson, Bill Cohen, Jimmie Brown, Ruth Helmick.

MISS McCALL 244

First Row—Warren Havens, Ed Duffy, Dick Hall, Kay Black, Beverly Sellers, Kay Swartz, Ethel Milligen, Ema Lou Gordon. **Second Row**—Louis Workman, Ruth Henry, Elizabeth Stone, Marilyn Bannewitz, Norma Eaton, Dennis Lynch, Marjorie Cram, Beverly Burnett, Shirley Corwin. **Third Row**—Rex Goff, David Nunn, Neil Crook, Chuck Northrup, Dick Burham, Dick Stokely, Floyd Hayes, Max Engle. **Right Top**—Ted Rayman, Norman Bradford, Dick Andre.



MISS SPERRY, 116

First Row—Jim Kinney, Bob Mitchell, Bob Depew, Howard Swain, Clifford Hemming, Meron Chantooni, Gertrude Van Ginkle, Gretchen Hall, Betty Karr, Ann Crane, Barbara Hurwitz, Beula Cross. **Second Row**—Jack Budiselich, John Hutchinson, Jack McClure, Paul Sandahl, Ted Trammel, Dick Quackenbush, Jim Haliburton, Margot Radoff, Virginia Dallner, Dorothy Moehler, Betty Robinson, Betsy Reigel. **Third Row**—Don Frey, Jim Haver, Ted Braucht, Carl Orley, Walter Church, Jim Woodard, Lenard Manning, Judy Ettinger, Janet Nelson, Wyoma Gee, Jeanette Fields.

MISS BREWER, 303

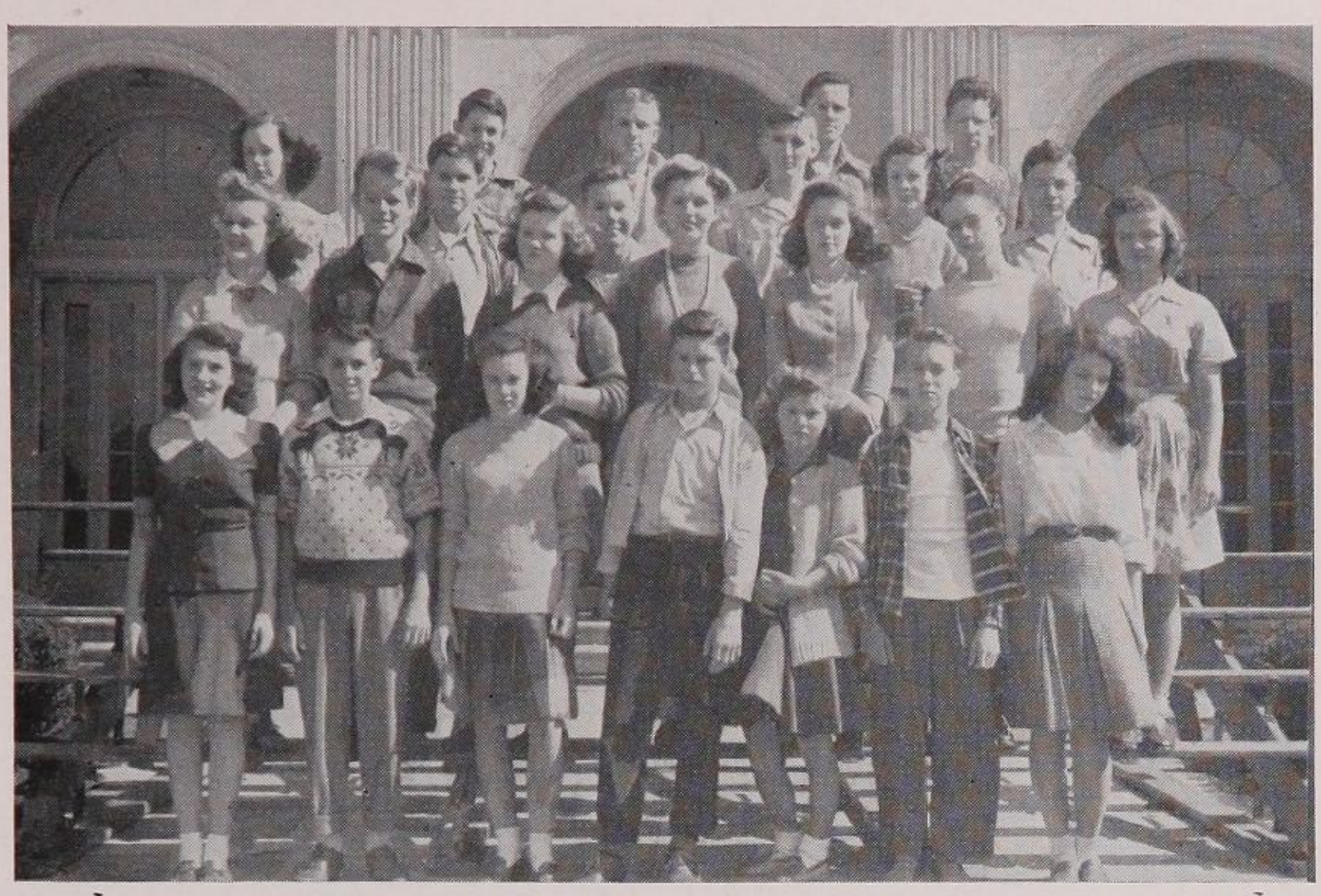
First Row—Fred Crusan, Dick Ansher, Pat Alexander, Gwendolyn Watson, George McDowell, Laura Wolf, Phyllis Kamber, Carolyn Johnson, Jim Buchanan. **Second Row**—Shirley Jewell, Jack Beardsley, Bobbie Jean Sherbo, W. R. Myers, W. Robert Wires, R. Butin Dickinson, Jim Donahey, Bob Morris, Sherman Fowler. **Third Row**—Marcelyn Carnahan, Mary Ann Rankin, Georgeann Gillman, Jeanette Woodcock, Margaret Kellow, Barbara Schlatter, Naida Morrell, Wyvonne Jones, Alberta Evans. **Fourth Row**—Tom Heigh, Jane Greenawalt, Marilyn Mossman, Lucille Wrenn, Kathleen Hootman, Joan Hanson, Ruth Emmons, Miss Brewer, Duane Henington. **Fifth Row**—Keith Kephart, Eddie Manthos, Sanford Drake, Leland Grothe, Don Irwin, Verluw King. **Sixth Row**—Tom Halliburton, Milton Stocke, Carl Langston, George McCutchen, Dick White, Ray Stanfield, Jr.

MRS. HICKS, 228

First Row—Mary Fidler, Dorothy Hart, Doris Boyer, Joan Boreman, Guin Lidhe, Mary Jo Breusing, Joann C. Robinson, Camilla L. Lombardo, Norma E. Wood, D. Alice Hicks. **Second Row**—Paul Hackett, Charles Brickley, Dick Pilmer, Frances Colflesh, Jane Larimer, Stewart Framness, Bill Nutter, Sam Steele. **Third Row**—Chas. Ballinger, Dorothy Kappelman, Hubert Randels, Opal Townsend, Kelly Hopkins, Mary Black, Jack Spencer, Louise Lundy, Judy Landis, Allen Crow. **Fourth Row**—Nancy Neal, Edwin Kracht, Leland Guilford, George Cox, Janet Peyton, Douglas Sheldon, Bob Weissinger, Kenneth Johnson. **Fifth Row**—Louis Sherwood, Beverly McNamee, Jeanne Dowdell, Mark Moeller, Jim Baker, Jim Lyon, Jack Lichty, Don Clash, Howard May, Jerry Talley, Dwight Reese, Charles Christiansen.

MRS. GREGG, 250

First Row—Dorothy Brooks, Marie Celey, Shirley Harmon, Collen Murphy, Mary Wallace Leachman, Julia Lee Cornish, Mary Louise Lichty, Catherine McKeon, Marilyn Harmon. **Second Row**—Bob Ward, Phyllis Timmerman, Rachel Ann Wemple, John Mackaman, Bob Henning, Pat Horrabice, Susie Jones, Hugh Lorimer. **Third Row**—Sam Calbertson, John J. Gould, Jim Wilson, Dickie Davis, Pat Mullen, Phillip Hestbech, Carol Akey, Evelyn Lauterbach, Suzanne Stevens, Eloise Dunn. **Fourth Row**—Bill Ward, Dwight Martin, Kouny Johnston, Dick Friedman, Rodney Goge, Ted Lewis Crow, JoAnn Ramsay, Molly Shillito, Barbara Keasby. **Fifth Row**—Jim Milligan, Ralph Olsen, Gene Nelson, Joe Haines, Benny Whiteley, Jackie Davis, Don Seaman, Robert Yoder, Kelly Kochin, Bill Wius.



MISS BALLARD, 216

First Row—Beverly Sellers, Eddie Roberts, Peggie Brainerd, Jim Hall, Dana Webb, Dick Mitchell, Wanda Robertson, Miss Ballard. **Second Row**—Peggy Crawford, Jack Budiselich, Coguie Stone, Ted Trammell, Ruth Henry, Bob Bole, Beulah Cross. **Third Row**—Richard Handy, Mardy Davidson, Floyd Hays, Janet Nelson, Harry Walker, Betsy Reigel, Clifford Hemmings. **Fourth Row**—Jeanette Fowler, Mickey Finn, Tom Collins, Bud Sheckles, Ned Brant, Norman Brofford.

MISS DUNCAN, 348

First Row—Barbara Reis, Sue Manbeck, Phyllis Baker, Lee Taylor, Betty Higdon, Nancy Bradley, Judi Espe, Marylyn Stiles. **Second Row**—Everett Cohen, Beverly Warthen, Ruth Ricker, Betty Myers, Barbara Housh, Marylin Henkle, Barbara Leachman, Jack Nicodemus. **Third Row**—Donald Henry Fortner, Ann Haire, Madaline Fairman, Betty Woolsey, Kenny Brooke, Nellouise Goff, June Marken, Ronald Anderson. **Fourth Row**—Clark Colby, Henry Kleinberg, Don Afflack, Bob Burris, Miss Duncan, Doreen Nath, Sharlene Kahn, Jackie Deitch. **Fifth Row**—Charles Hartneth, Dick Neffenegger, Wendell Baskerville, Bob Hoak, Jim Maffit, Bob Eldridge.

MISS GEPHART, 230

First Row—Garrison Britain, Carolyn Black, Julia Straight, Chuck Byers, Judy Willis, Vincent Irvine, Donna Bellmer, Joyce Gibbs. **Second Row**—Jeannine Persinger, Warren Dickinson, Barbara Dwigans, Dean Benshoff, Norma Blydenburgh, Gronfeldt Peter. **Third Row**—Janet Kellow, Sharron Smith, Shirley Tiemar, Mary Gardner, Gloria Calkins, Jo Gustafson, Pat Eveleth, Bob Nellis. **Fourth Row**—Bob Oliver, Harold Luich, Fred Meister, Ralph Amend, Milan Vujinavich, Eugene Samuelson, Carol Franks, Miss Gephart.

MR. BOOTMAN, 143

First Row—Jack Wills, Joan Larimer, Dale Bennett, Natalie Charles, Jerry West, Anita Hatch, Dee Webster, Phyllis Harden. **Second Row**—Rose Marie Blue, Martha Owen, Wesley Moser, Gloria Stone, Beverly Austin, Stanley Bridges, Doris Tokarz, Wanda Brown. **Third Row**—Jack Nemfeldt, Wallice Billings, Phil Armstrong, Jane Pinneo, Jo Ann Dancer, Alice Hendrickson, Edna Balswin, Jack Tholl. **Fourth Row**—Glen Wollengerg, Jim Hudelson, Don Bergman, Allen Handford, Jim Dailey, Geraldine Smith, Betty Holm, Joanne Howard. **Fifth Row**—Verne Logan, Bill Hampton, Ray Fidler, Jack Bradshaw, Bruce Woodruff, Barry Myrah, Richard Stocke, Charles Etter, Christy Boyt, Jim Hayes.

MR. NEFF, 212

First Row—Dick Bundy, Marilyn Moeller, Wilma Murrow, Harriett Panagos, Bob McKee, Barbara Jordan, Gloria Porter, Don Williamson. **Second Row**—Pauline May, Bert Wagoner, Dick Hunter, Charlotte Hess, Donald Tonelli, Shirley Huggins, Tom Hufford, Barbara Barnes. **Third Row**—Alma Dwight, Mr. Neff, Joan Cornelison, Roger Kupka, Neal Marshall, Jeanne Smith, Shirley Stimson, Doris Kingsley. **Fourth Row**—Dick Kintner, Bob Stuhrman, Charles Polson, Calvin Wiseman, Donald Harrington. **Fifth Row**—Donald Bentall, Philip Graham, Jerry Carnahan, Tom Brooks, George Tonelli, Tom Hissem, Robbins Risker.

MISS BAUMGARTNER, 224

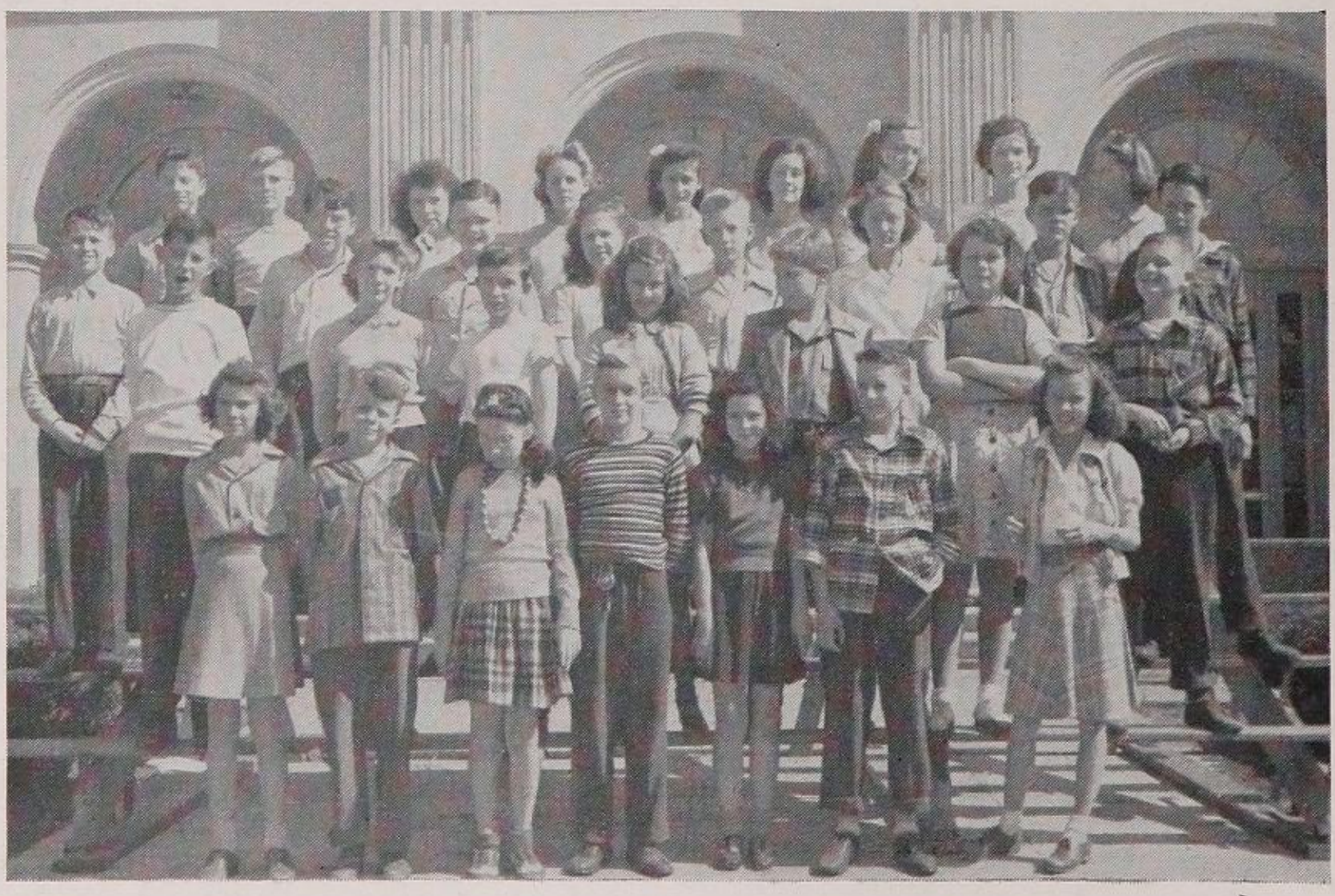
First Row—Miss Baumgartner, Ann Bradley, Bruce Hemmings, Marvin Brown, Mark Leachman, Marcia Carlson. **Second Row**—Jerry Fickes, Jean Sperry, Cheryl Sweet, Eleanor Schulz, Mary Lou Mortensen, Bob Seizer. **Third Row**—Bob McAuley, Janice Haver, Rose Ann Greco, Joan Cook, Wally Nicholson. **Fourth Row**—Ted Brinkman, Barry Grund, Wyllie Bolton, J. S. Bussell, Peggee Lutz.

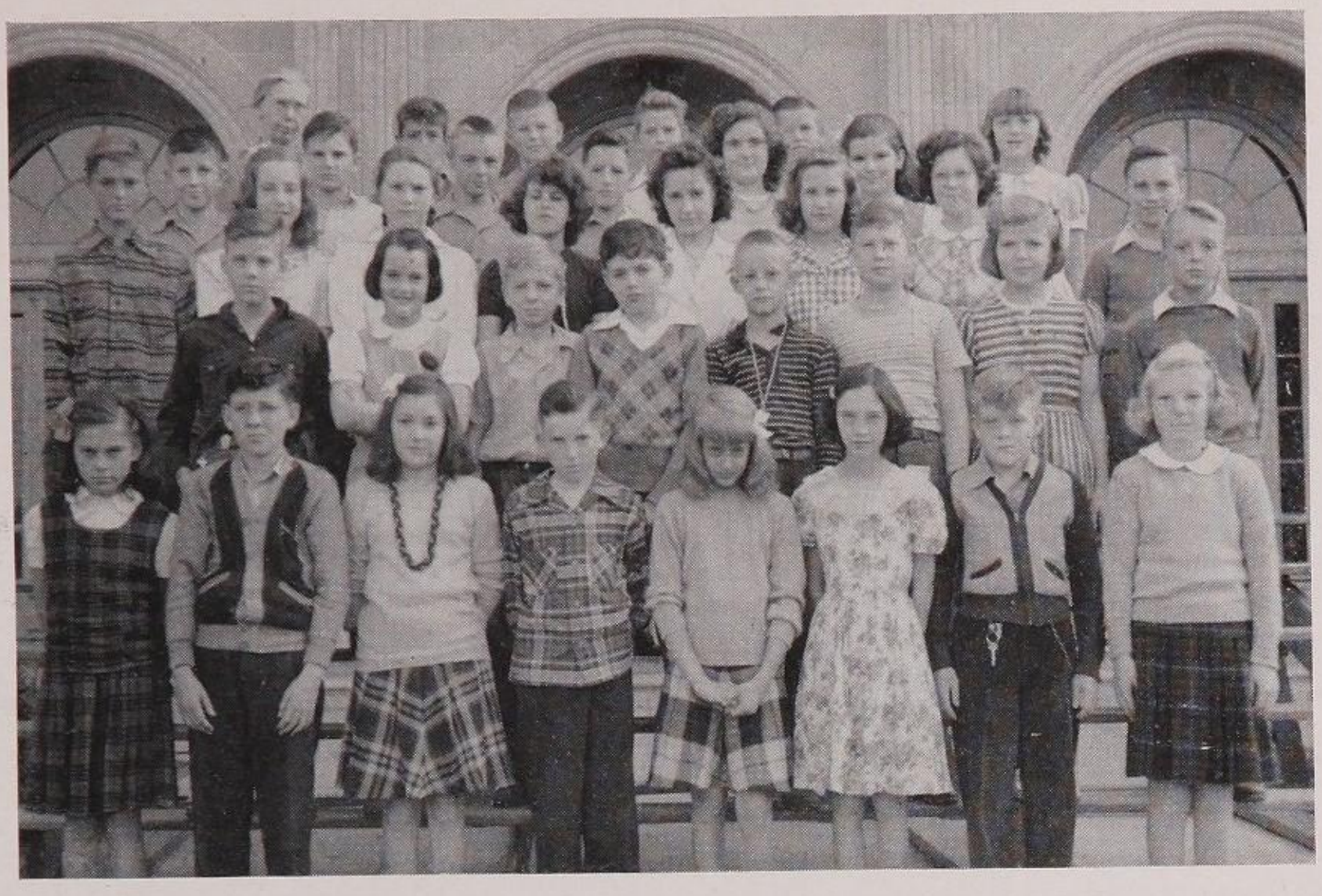
MISS DONOVAN, 218

First Row—Ben Swartz, Harold Misfeldt, Richard Hubbell, Glenys Barge, Beverly Boreman, Gretchen Gardner, John Hackett, Donald Blue. **Second Row**—Ted Price, Richard Ramsey, Jack Woodlief, Rosanne Healke, Beatrice Townsend, Annie Sherwood, Bonnie Brand, Chuck Beckwith. **Third Row**—Roderick Johnston, Don Fisk, Jean Dietrick, Jane Paschall, Joan Hollenbeck, Joy Kappelman, Sally House, Mary Belle Wright. **Fourth Row**—Robert Watson, Jerry Wright, Carlin Wickes, Burns Davison, Betty Nordvedt, Virgil Larson, Nancy Fisher. **Fifth Row**—Rexford Canfield, Steve Akey, Arthur Lazere, Harvey Adkins, Bob Kubitschek, Marilyn Jewett.

MISS NEWTON, 237

First Row—Beverly Henning, Leroy Olson, Margaret Trickey, David Mumma, Delores Hufford, Jim Larimer, Marilyn Conant. **Second Row**—Charles Pearson, Jacqueline Collins, Charles Barlow, Jessie Mae Applely, Ray Griffith, Joan Fenner, Joe Ryan. **Third Row**—Phillis Miller, Carl Viersen, Reed Harsook, Charlene Kracht, Rex Rutler, Marjoree Snyder, Kennets Baldridge, Philip Clearman. **Fourth Row**—Bill Halis, Frank Williams, Coleen Nichols, Harriet LaRue, Barbara Dernovich, Marilyn Meany, Patty Giese, Marvel Ann Shannon, Janet Lines.



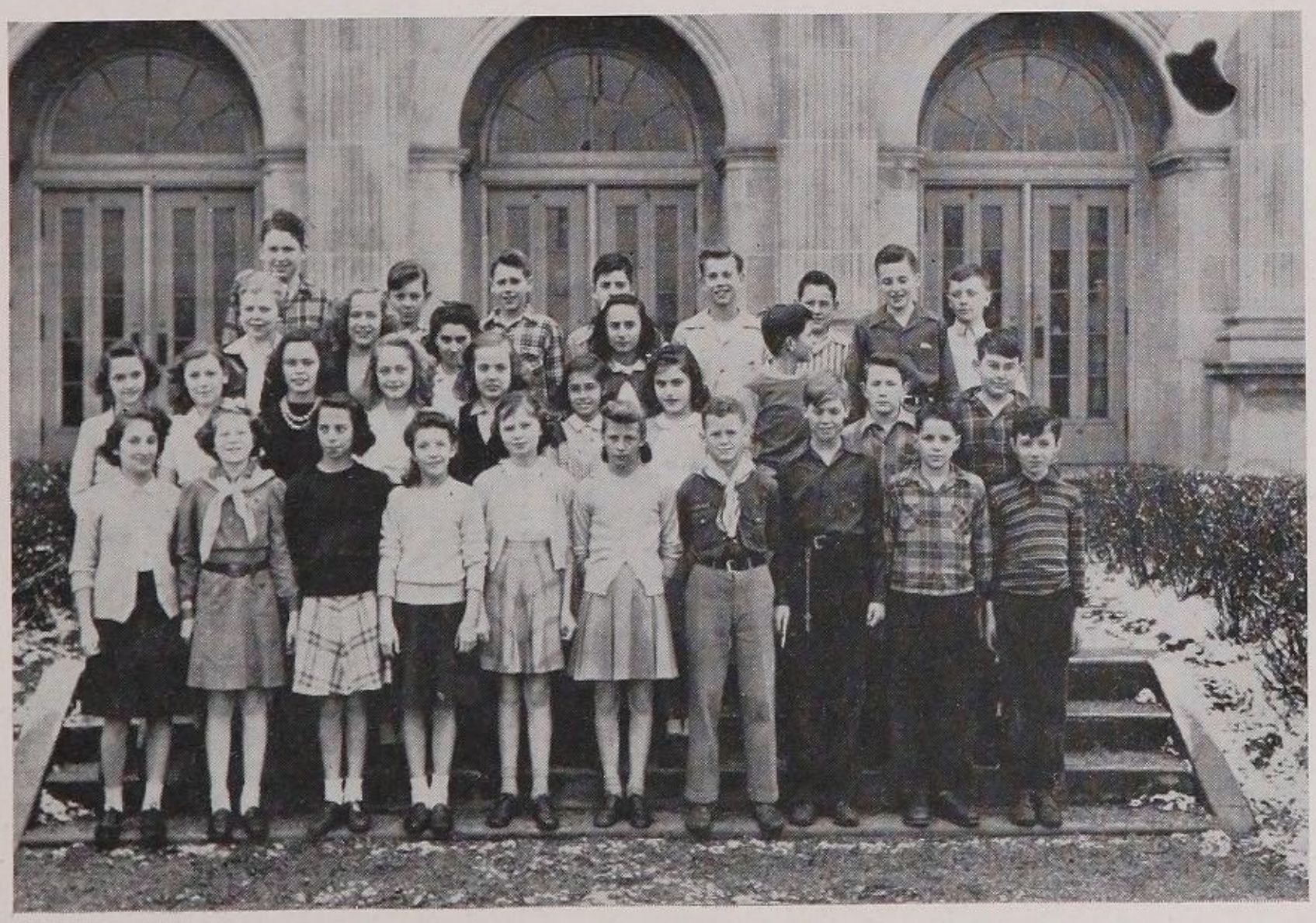


MISS NOLLEN, 214

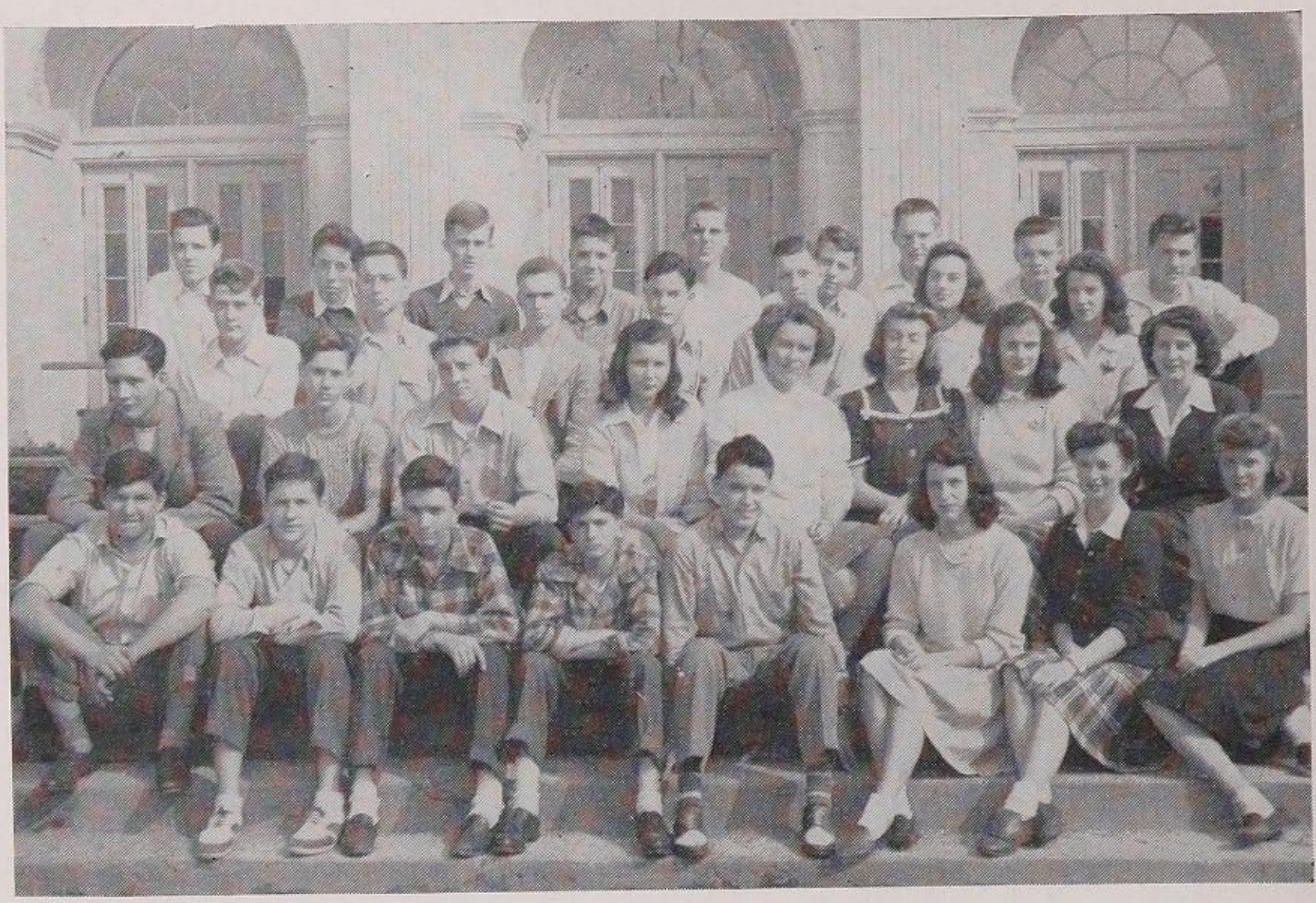
First Row—JoAnn Cox, Dale Petty, Karen Fox, Dick Firkins, Marcia Boreman, Patty Pemberton, Trent Candor, Barbara Sampson. **Second Row**—Ronald Smith, Bev Barnes, Jerry Stenstrom, Dale Shelton, Robert French, Alan Gordon, Peggy Lawton, Craig Johnson. **Third Row**—Joe Plecas, Helen Parker, Joy Cronin, Nancy Stone, Sally Riden, Ann Grothe, Sally Woodhead, John Keck. **Fourth Row**—Robert Hestbech, Jack Rogers, George Hoff, Richard Merrick, Barbara Newman, Eleanor Handford, Virginia Wolsey. **Fifth Row**—Mill Nollen, Jerry Bradshaw, Charles Cutler, Bob Yale, Wayne Wilson.

MISS DICK, 232

First Row—Loesine Levine, Patricia Talley, Helen Higdon, Marcia Bolton, Carol Stites, Bradford Taylor, Arthur Ricker, John Fowler, John McLaren. **Second Row**—Mary Hedding, Patricia Ruther, Anna Bille Jester, Muriel Peel, Donna Enfield, Virginia Hendrickson, Patricia Hanson, Carl Stephens, Allen Still, Carnot Crispin. **Third Row**—Wilma Dick, Marilyn Raines, Jean Brafford, Marlene Corn. **Fourth Row**—Dick McLellan, Weldon Cox, James Lind, Robert McVey, Dean Raines, Frank Krick, Wayne Wieck, Harlan House.



ORGANIZATIONS



STUDENT CONGRESS

First Row—Bill Wright, John Glomset, Phil Cash, Jim Watkins, Ronald Fenton, Bee Spry, Cloris Leachman, Connie Carlson. **Second Row**—Lee Morrison, Chuck Colby, Thomas Cotton, Ann Charlton, Janet Jordan, Elaine Williams, Deborah Stark, Janet Ryden. **Third Row**—Don Grothe, John Schwartz, Dick Sones, Tom Stivers, Clare Hickerson, Dorothy Miller, Jewel Swallow. **Fourth Row**—Ernie Johnson, Roddy Gelatt, Bill Kubec, Don Hill, Dick Zirbel, Don Gough, Bryce Bennett, Bob Clark, Scott Miler.

JUNIOR STUDENT CONGRESS

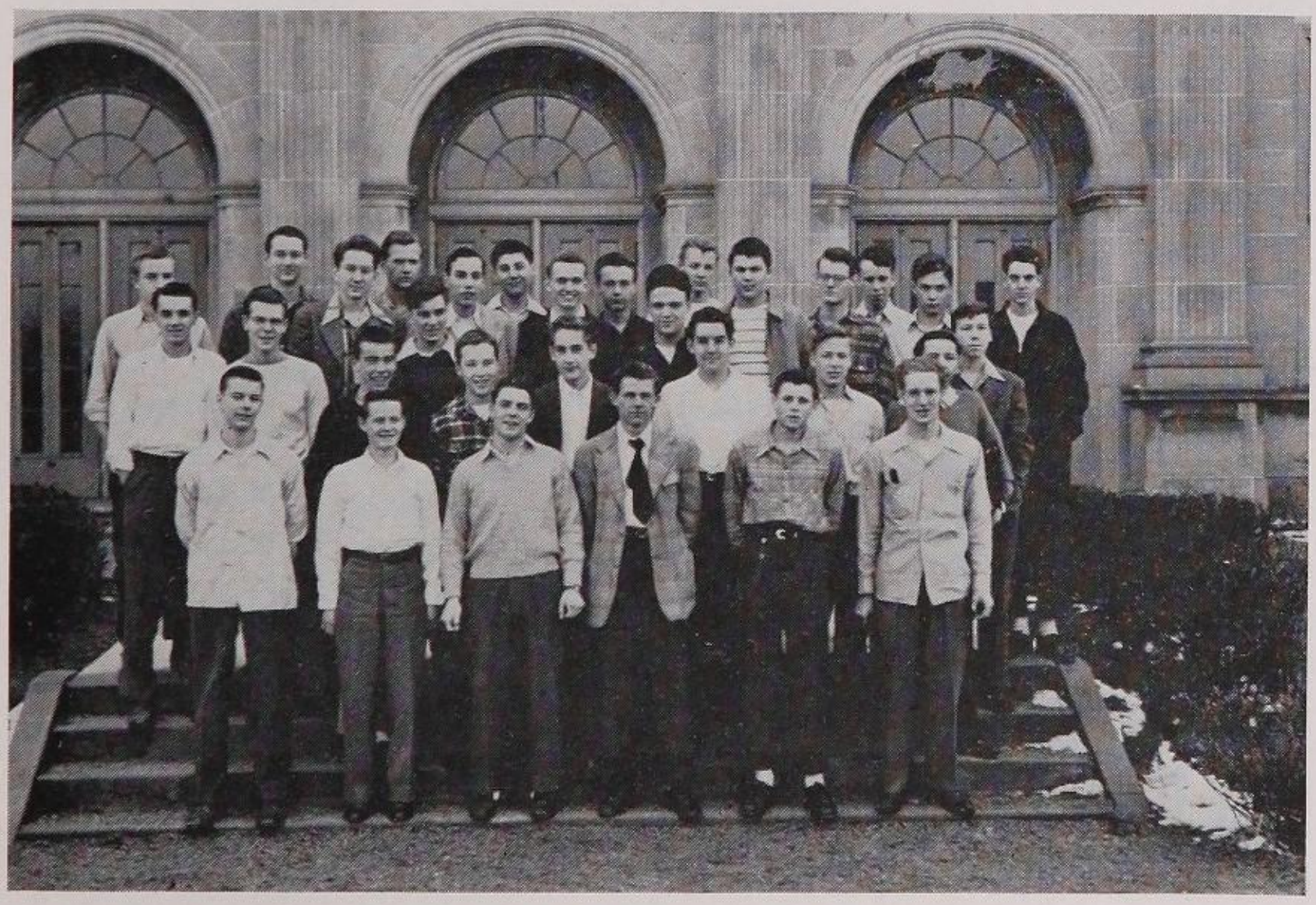
First Row—Frances Colflesh, Mary Leachman, Joanne McLaren, Gretchen Gardner, Trent Candor, Warren Harding, Ben Swartz, Vincent Byers. **Second Row**—Frank Williams, Sharron Smith, Joanne Corneleson, Anita Hatch, Catherine McKeon, Phyllis Kamber, Stewart Framness, Marjorie Snyder, Helen Parker. **Third Row**—Roger Risher, Robbins Kupka, Bill Hampton, John Glomset, Jeanne Dowdell, Molly Shellito, Paul Harkett. **Fourth Row**—Dick Davis, Will Wilks, Kelly Hopkins, Bob Morris, Jim Baker.

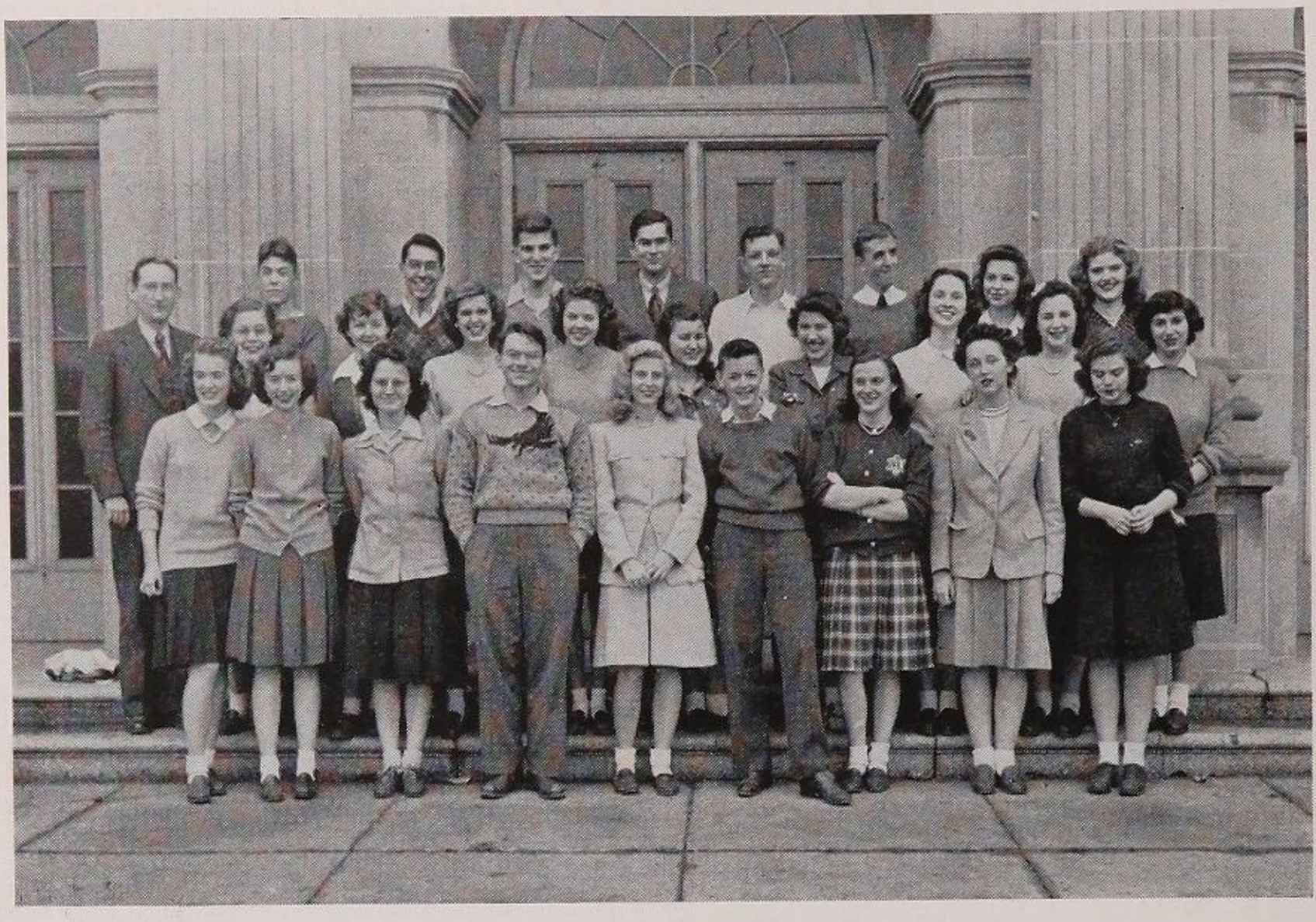
GIRLS' CLUB

First Row—Deborah Stark, Mary Hartley, Oddfred Helgeland, Lois Kempter, Darlene Beiser, Nancy Stover, Grace Mary Schultz, Barbara Manning, Joyce Moriarty, Barbara Wright. **Second Row**—Dorothy Page, Elizabeth Towne, Mary Higgins, Margorie Arnold, Virginia Chase, Louise Belding, Joan Weinis, Mary Ruth Dunn, Nancy Hornaday. **Third Row**—Janet Leigh, Jane Reynolds, Marion Levine, Marilyn Conine, Alberta Berning, Rosemary Hanrahan, Joan McCoy, Pat Darmer, Jean Sharp, Mary Lou Willis, Sally Winter, Sue Bleakley, Janet Neumann. **Fourth Row**—Rella Israly, Anita Bellizi, Ruth Mann, Sally Robinson.

BOYS' CLUB

First Row—Rex Goff, Curtis Buckley, Jim Wills, Donn Davies, Bob Barkley, George Simpson. **Second Row**—Don Arends, Bob Stonecipher, Walt Reno, Wayne Kuefner, Kenneth Franklin, George Gournas. **Third Row**—Darrell Howkins, Yi. Skeever, Richard Howland, Dick Sones, Chuck Raffensperger, Ding Daisley, Bob Murray. **Fourth Row**—Jim Hufford, Jack Little, Noble Da Shiell, John LeCoq. **Fifth Row**—John Wheeler, Harton Hockenberg, Bill Cockran, Bill Dole, John Larson, Dean Hiserodt, Larry Fowler.





SCRIBBLERS

First Row—Mary Smith, Rosemary Wiseman, Doris Cron, Dick Wright, Marian Kirk, James Leverett, Deborah Stark, Pat Lounsberry, Dixie Davis. **Second Row**—Mr. Hildreth, Ann Delaven, Pat Gorman, Glendora Hay, Mary Qualley, Ann Charlton, Jean Cram, Ruth Mann, Jean Sharp, Elizabeth Weiss. **Third Row**—Bruce Petree, Allon McGlothlen, John Turnbull, Harry Watts, Clare Bickerson, Monty Brown, Jeanne MacPherson, Lanae Hieb.

ART CLUB

First Row—Ann Drake, Virginia Barlon, Jean Stevens, Barbara Wright, Nancy Lawton. **Second Row**—Barbara Mott, Nancy Sprague, Elizebeth Wietz, Ann Carney, Joan Krick. **Third Row**—Miss Brewer, Jack Linderman, Roland Wright, Joe Brown, Mary Carolyn Hendrickson.

STUDENT CENTER

First Row—Mary Lou Waters, Mary Lou Stearns, Virginia Doty, Jack Jordan, Bethel Wallace, Marilyn Fenton, Sally Sears. **Second Row**—Mildred Carl, Jacqueline Stoil, Mary Smith, Donna Sones, Barbara Manning, Bev Hill, Virginia Hay, Margaret Schropp. **Third Row**—Ann Carney, Janet Leigh, Barbara Hawks, George West, Kent Pinneo, Virginia Harmon, Bev Thompson, Peg Partridge. **Fourth Row**—Bettie Bacon, Martha Stivers, Ann Delavan, Virginia Northrop, Johnnie Brutus, Ardyce Weatherwax, Leone Murphy, Jann Schlick. **Fifth Row**—Dick Cass, Chuck Flanders, Charley Dickson, Dick Marriot, Bob Henkle, Van Sedrel, Jim Hill. **Sixth Row**—Tom Stivers, Rod Gelatt, Dick Sones, Don Grothe.

RIFLE CLUB

First Row—Bill LeCoq, Bill Garten, Eddy Manthos, Chic Cruisenbury, John LeCoq, John Wherry, John Stolen, Ronald Blenis. **Second Row**—Don Owen, Wayne Humphrey, Herman Fortner, John Hayes, Bob Wells, Dick Fagan, Carl Stranstrom. **Third Row**—Mr. Hutchins, Dick Wulf, John Williams, Charles Christiensen, John Corcoran, Dick Swartz, Bill Wessels.

FALL STAFF

First Row—Georgia Burson, Helen Ware, Mary Low Waters, Dick Ford, Shirley Smith, Bill Mott, Gloria Lewis. **Second Row**—DeWayne Brown, Virginia Brown, Joan Willis, Bill Thompson, Ken Brown, Miss Meers.

WEEKLY STAFF

First Row—Joan Hollenbeck, Jeanne Lounsbury, Phyllis Sherman, Doris Shaw, Carol Coyle. **Second Row**—Joan Clark, Jim Langridge, Virginia Hanrahan, Rod Gelatt, Ruth Hackett. **Third Row**—Mary Ruth Dunn, G. Robert Ludwig, Anne Charlton, Gloria Hockmuth, Doris Anne Wade. **Fourth Row**—Dick Zirbel, Jim Hill, Janet Pease, Bob Kamber, Joan Beard, Iloise Weissinger, Pat Gorman, Margret Wilkinson.

JOURNALISM I

First Row—Bethel Wallace, Bertha Baldridge, Jim Wills, Hugh Pierce. **Second Row**—Joanne Dunn, June Dagawa, Pat Sohm, Norma Jean Boss, Joyce Moriarty, Pat Donovan, Bob Barger. **Third Row**—Phil Nunn, Bill Dole, Jayne Mitchell, Lanae Hieb, Dick Fagen.

STAGE AND SOUND

First Row—Jim Milligan, Jim Leverett, Bob Morris, Ralph Olsen, Bill Kelly. **Second Row**—Jerry Schutzbank, Rick Friedman, Pete Dickinson, Bob Ray. **Third Row**—Bob McCutchen, Richard Young, Stan Miller. **Fourth Row**—Dick Boyt, Louis Facto, Norris Chapman, Hal Seymour.

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

First Row—Miss Duncan, Marcelynn Peckins, Mary Jo Breusing, Alberta Evans, Margaret Ellsworth, Colleen House, Jean Hunt, Carol Born, Guin Lidke, Mary Jo Chandler, Margie Wilcox, Gracie Zornes, Della Crain. **Second Row**—Ruth Henry, Jane Morrison, Virginia Straight, Mary Jo Collins, Mari-Anne Jordan, Jeanette Woodcock, Frances Colflesh, Mary Louise Lichty, Donna Williams, Helen Moore, Gloria Sherbo, Marian Miller, Pat Sohm. **Third Row**—Wanda Robertson, Barbara Hawks, Annabel Williamson, Phyllis Kamber, Jeanne Wilson, Rosalie Nichols, Dorothy Hart, Sally Winter, Shirley Harmon, Vivian Harris, Lucille Dixon, Pat Lounsberry. **Fourth Row**—Sally Nutter, Jackie Bliley, Eileen Rosenbaum, Harriet Pruter, Violet Kranovich, Marilyn Turner, Ruth Kucharo, Jo Anderson, Margaret Orth, Carole Akey, Bev. Kalahar, Mary Timmerwilke.

BOYS' GLEE CLUB

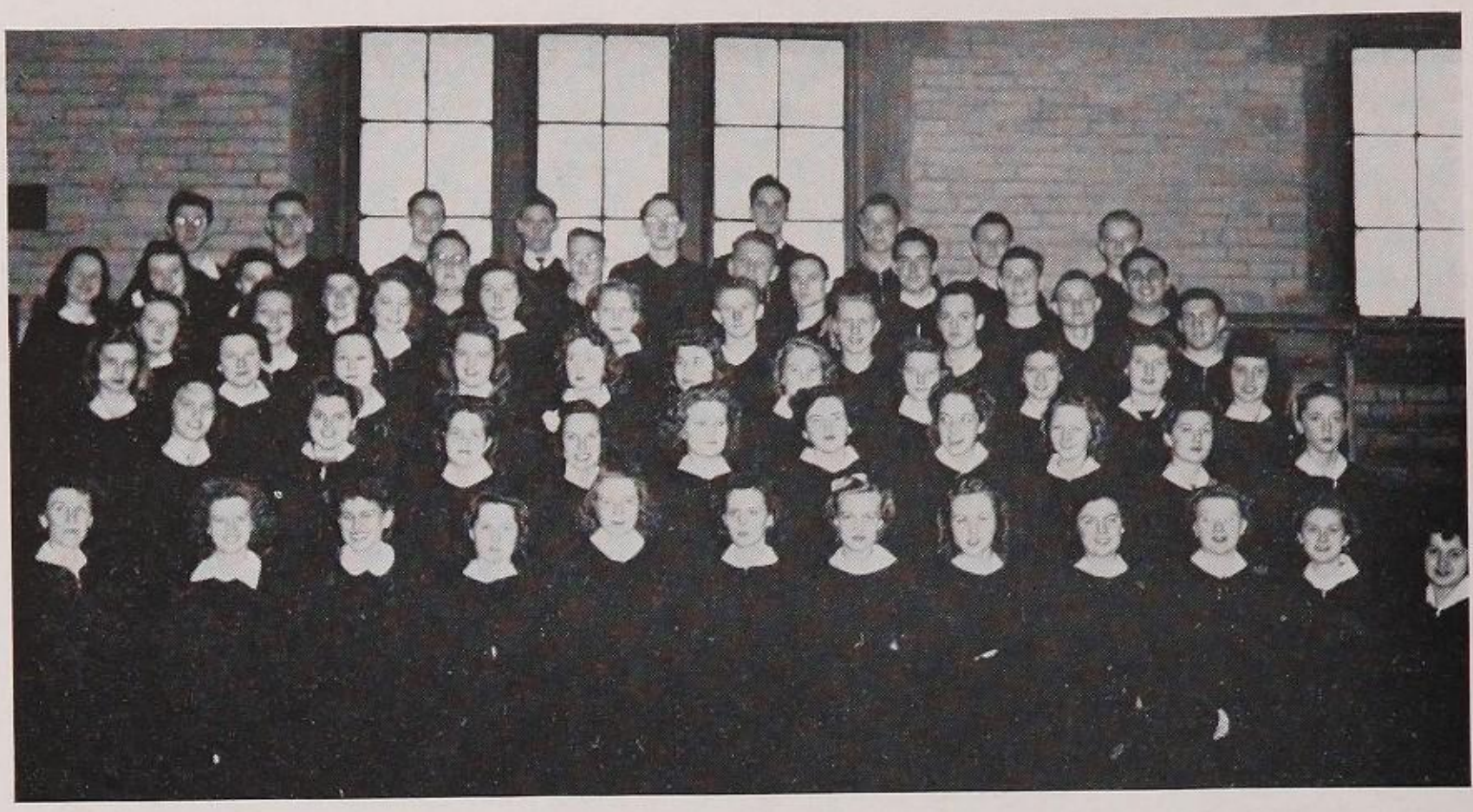
First Row—Miss Duncan, Jim Wills, Hugh Lorimer, Tom Haigle, Bob Burris, John Hultine, Sylva Hayworth, accompanist. **Second Row**—Dick Hanson, Bill Maycock, Bill Ward, Bill Parks, Jim Haver, Bill Dutcher. **Third Row**—Dick Wielf, Pat Donovan, Bob Barger, Henry Crutcher, Dick Christianson, Jim Lyon.

ORCHESTRA

First Row—Norma Blydenburg, Sue Lewis, Doris Tokarz, Ruth Henry, Doris Cron, Zoola Pyle, Jane Smith, Ardyce Weatherwax, Mary Enfield, Betty Fearing, Shirley Grieg, Miss Lefferdink. **Second Row**—Phyliss Velton, Cherie Gardner, Carole May, John Larson, Joe Robinson, Joan Beard, Stan Hulshizer, Jim Langridge, Jim Henie, Tom Hissen, Charles Dodds, Verne Logan. **Third Row**—John Sanders, Gordon Perry, John Martin, Ted Fein, Truman Rue, Wayne Hill, Chuck Flanders. **Fourth Row**—Noble De Shiell, John Corcoran, Keith Moore, Alan Salisbury, Richard Swartz, William Wessels, Don Hill, Jack Russell.

BAND

Clarinets—Noble De Shiell, Jack Little, Stan Hulshizer, Betty Fearing, Charles Brickley, Jim Langridge, Margery Pease, Louis Facto, Ken Kasdorf, Madelyn Wiedland, John Martin, Everett Gilman, Rosemary McCann, Cleon Sneedon, Virginia Davis, Alberta Vining, Sheldon Shapiro. **Saxes**—Ted Fein, Delores Robins, Jim Koelling, George Wood, Norma Wood, Charlotte Hess, Tom Hissen, Maxine Miller, Doris Boyer. **Horns**—Alan Salisbury. John Sanders, Mary Enfield, Howard Swaine, Jack Hutchinson. **Basses**—Keith Moore, Bill Sandine, Bill Walker, John Stolen. **Flutes**—Marjorie Brickley, Sally Quist, Donna Hiserodt, Dorothy Henry, Shirley Grieg, Jane Judson, Jeanne Smith, Rosmarie Blue. **Oboe**—Kay Phillips. **Drums**—Bob Henning, Phyliss Velton, Wayne Hill, Dick Pilmer. **Bassoons**—Joe Robinson, Eunice Noack, Doris Cron. **Cornets**—Chuck Flanders, Jerry Schutzbank, Merlin Humpal, Bob Frits, Truman Rue, Bob Boylan, Max McGuire, Maxine Loffiin. **Baritones**—Eldine Kenniker, Don Seaman. **Trombones**—Verne Logan, Joe Hanes, John Stansell, Herman Fortner, Dave Shoemaker, Dick Lindsay.



CONCERT CHORUS

First Row—Miss Duncan, Mary Jo Chandler, Jeanne Wilson, Rose Mary McCann, Madylen Weidland, Dorothy Davies, Marjorie Myhre, Lynn Post, Pat Kelley, Irene Turner, Josephine Murdough, Tassie Striggles. **Second Row**—Barbara Hawks, Margaret Good, Margaret Ellsworth, Anne Mercer, Vivian Harris, Sue Sherlock, Nan Sprague, Donna Williams, Mari Ann Jordon, Jeanne Lounsbury. **Third Row**—Sally Winter, Joan Krick, Mary Timmerwilke, Beverly Kalahar, Marilyn Scott, Helen Moore, Betty Baldridge, Joanna Swanson, Marian Miller, Betty Stream, Norma Jean Gordon. **Fourth Row**—Sylva Hayworth, Harriet Pruter, Patricia Scott, Anita Belizzi, Ruth Kucharo, Bill Sandine, Johnnie Hultine, Charles Dodds, Dick Swanson, Jim Wills. **Fifth Row**—Pat Fenlon, Eloise Weaver, Carol DeGrush, Helen Kirk, Bill Dutcher, Max McGuire, John Stolen, Dick Hansen, Wayne Keifner, Stan Hulshizer, Jerry Schutzbank. **Sixth Row**—Bill Maycock, Bob Barger, Jim Lyon, John Mac Eachron, Noble Da Shiell, Henry Crutcher, Dick Wulf, Charles Hagerman, Jim Koelling.

SYMPHONIA

First Row—Sally Ann Quist, Margeret Hanson, Mary Timerwilke, Sylva Hayworth, Eloise Weaver, Noble Da Shield, Tassie Striggles. **Second Row**—Pat Fenlon, Margorie Meyers, Jeanne Lounsbury, Sally Winter, Rosemary McCan, Joanna Swanson, Ardyce Weatherwar. **Third Row**—Miss Duncan, Margaret Ellsworth, Zula Pyle, Barbara Hawks, Keith Moore, Jim Colling, Leo Eveleth, Norman Jean Gordan, Sue Sherlock, Ruth Hackett, Charles Dodds. **Fourth Row**—Margaret May, Ruth Kucharo, Margaret Orth, Anita Belizi, Allen Sallisbury, Henry Crutcher, Wayne Keefner, Miss Lefferdink, John Stolen.

ORDER OF THE OIDAR

First Row—Doris Bunten, Marilyn Ridnour, Beverly Thompson, Dorothy Doggett, Marilyn Fenton, Darlene Beiser, Dorothy Owens, Pat Pierce. **Second Row**—Mary Jo Collins, Joan Landman, Margaret Good, Ellen Smith, Gertrude Born, Gloria Brom, Bob Calhoun. **Third Row**—Janet Schlick, Betty Lou Mark, Jerry Engman, Kay Byers, Allen McGlothlen, Robert Howland, Wayne Hill.

HOME ECONOMICS CLUB

First Row—Beverly Warthen, Jane Judson, Janet Kellow, Charlotte Hess, Martha Owen, Marilyn Moeller, Barbara Barnes. **Second Row**—Betty Woolsey, Ruth Ricker, Joan Dancer, Gloria Stone. **Third Row**—Miss Ruth Baumgartner, Marcia Carnahan, Rachel Ann Smith, Nancy Stone, Judy Cornish. **Fourth Row**—Barbara Newman, Betty Evans, Shirley Heskett, Geraldine Smith, Barbara Slaughter.

JUNIOR DRAMATICS

First Row—JoAnne Gustafson, Judy Willis, Wilma Murrow, Stanley Bridges, Don Tokarz, Bruce Woodruff. **Second Row**—Jane Pinneo, Gloria Calkins, Betty Myers, Judi Espe, Phyllis Balcer, Joanne Robinson, Joan Hanson, Sharene Kahn, Mrs. Hicks. **Third Row**—Harriett Panagos, Joan Larimer, Janet Peyton, Joan Boreman, Doris Boyer, Naida Morrell, Jacqueline Deitch.

JUNIOR HANDICRAFT CLUB

First Row—Pat Pemperton, Caron Fox, Beverly Henning, Marilyn Conant, Marcia Caralson, Margaret Trickey, Ann Bradley. **Second Row**—Joan Carstons, Harriet LaRue, Marvel Shannon, Sally Riden, Janice Haver, Joanne Mugge, Peggy Lutz, Mary Lou Martinson. **Third Row**—Barbara Dernovich, Patty Gisee, Marcia Boreman, Beverly Barnes.

EINSTEINERS CLUB

First Row—Bruce Hemmings, Dean Benshoff, Jimmy Donahey, Jerry Fickes, Mike Hoechstetter. **Second Row**—Rosemary Blue, Doreen North, Jean Sperry, Joanne Howard, Berye Waldinger, Donna Bellmer, Colleen Murphy. **Third Row**—Norma Wood, Bobbie Sherbo, George McDowell, Ralph Olsen, Jim Milligan, Sherman Fowler, Milan Vujnovich.

JUNIOR MUSIC CLUB

First Row—Marthea Overleaker, Carolyn Black, Barbara Dwigans, Jeannine Persinger, Gwendolyn Watson, Pat Alexander, Garry Sandler, Alberta Evans, Bob Henning, Lee Taylor. **Second Row**—Norma Blydenburgh, Shirley Teiman, Carol Baab, Shirley Harmon, Mary Louise Lichty, Phyllis Timmon, Shirley Wemple, Marie Celsy. **Third Row**—Warren Dickinson, Don Gurgman, Bob Stuhrman, Nancy Bradley, Naraline Fairman, Barbara Housh, Carole Akey, Jo Ann Ramsay, Barbara Keasbey, Suzanne Stevens. **Fourth Row**—Tom Haigh, Jack Lichty, Jim Maffitt, Kinney Brooke, Henry Klainberg, Jack Carlson, Wally Billings, Phillip Hestbech, Bob Burris, Marilyn Mossman, Margret Ann Mueller, Laura Duncan.

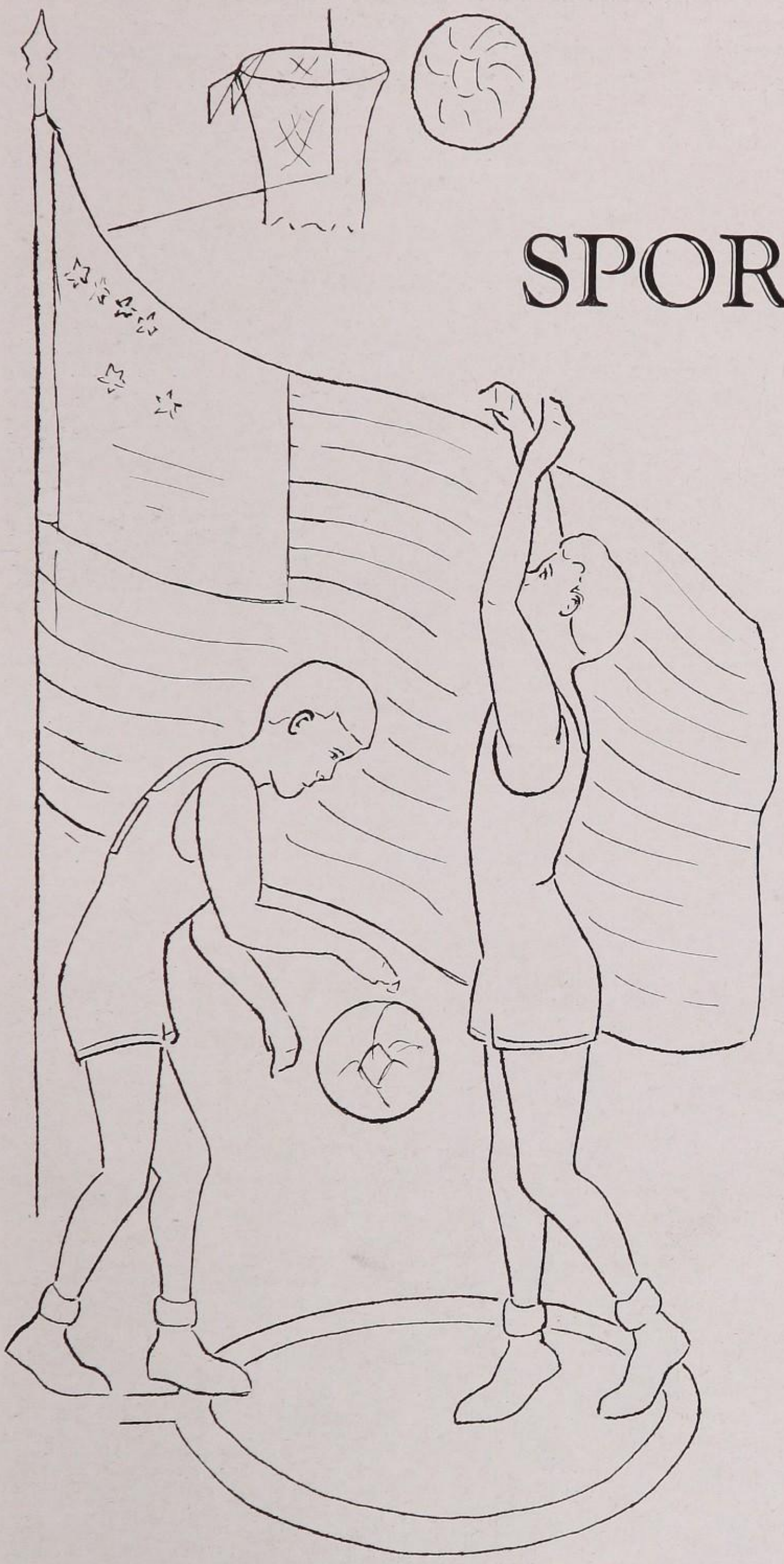
BOOK LOVERS' CLUB

First Row—LeRoy Olsen, Bob McKee, Kenneth Baldridge, Philip Clearman, Jim Lorimer. **Second Row**—Theda Benson, Pat Eveleth, Pat Harribin, Opal Townsend, Jane Larimer. **Third Row**—Marylyn Stiles, Nancy Fisher, Polly Dunn, Jane Greenwalt, Louise Lundy, Bell Riley, Richard Ramsay, Dole Shelton, Charles Barlow. **Fourth Row**—Evelyn Lanterbach, Reed Hartsook, Dwight Reese, Gene Nelson, Mark Moeller, Bill Hales.

ANNUAL ARTISTS

Nancy Stover, Barbara Wright, Joan Meredith, Gretchen Wicklund, Joe Brown, Jean Gustafson. Peggy Dawson.

SPORTS



ROOSEVELT HIGH FOOTBALL TEAM

CITY SERIES CHAMPIONS				BIG SEVEN CHAMPIONS			
Roosevelt	3	0	1.000	Roosevelt	4	0	1.000

TEAM CO-CAPTAINS

Scott Miler and Dick Laster

ROOSEVELT 1943 ALL-STATE FOOTBALL TEAM MEMBERS

(Chosen by Register and Tribune)

First Team		Fourth Team	
Dick Laster	Center	Bryce Bennett	End
		Bill Becker	Guard

Honorable Mention

Bob Clark, halfback; Cliff Gibson, end; Paul Kingsley, fullback; Ralph Katz, tackle; Bobby Jones, end; Bob Jensen, halfback; Larry Lindgren, guard.

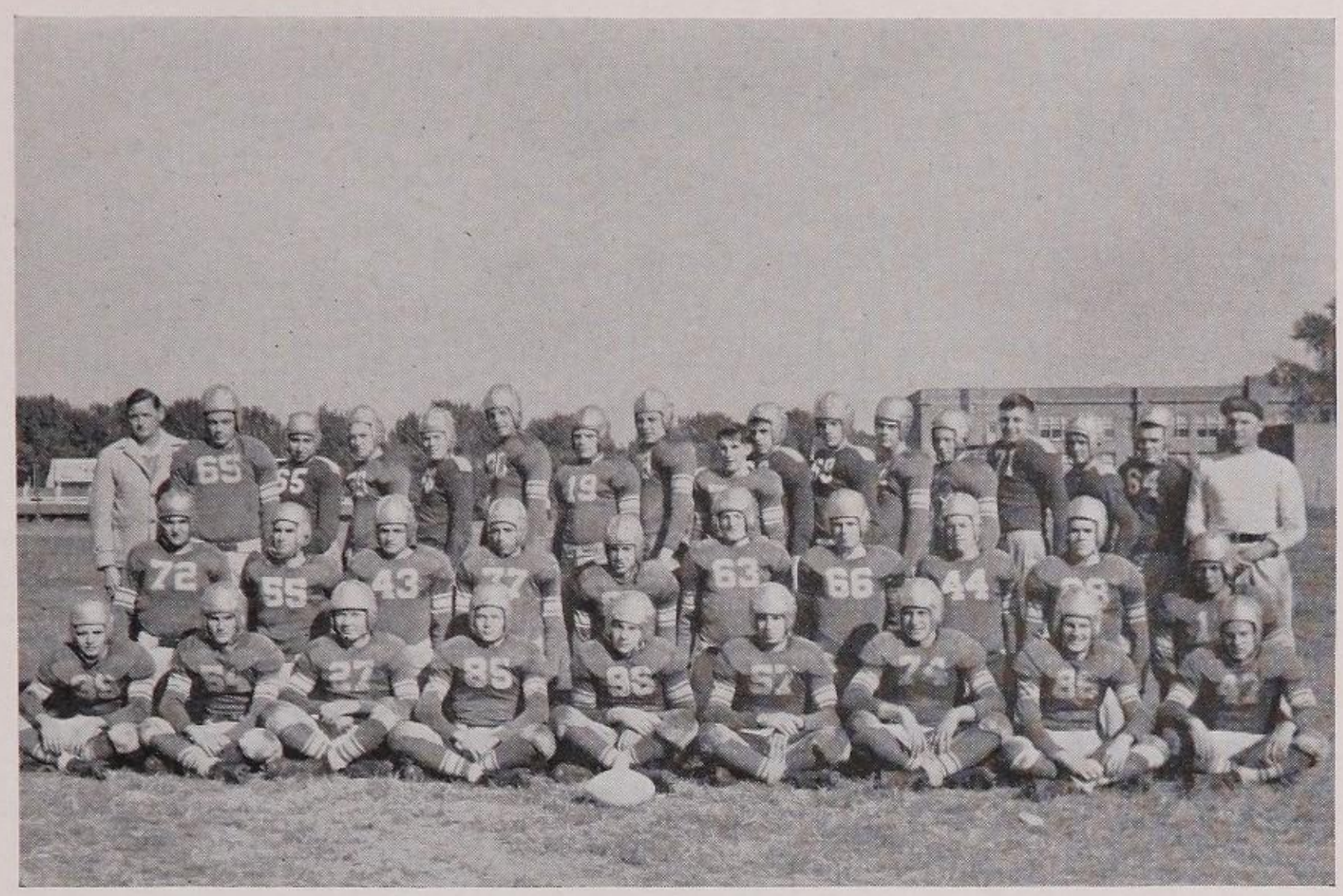
ROOSEVELT 1943 ALL-CITY FOOTBALL TEAM MEMBERS

First Team		Second Team	
Bob Clark	Halfback	Paul Kingsley	Fullback
Scott Miler	Halfback	Ralph Katz	Tackle
		Bill Becker	Guard
		Bryce Bennett	End
		Dick Laster	Center

Team Manager—George Lancaster

Team Ball Boy—Mark Leachman

TOUGH GAME



FOOTBALL TEAM

First Row—Bob "Pony" Clark, halfback; Cliff "Chips" Gibson, end; John "Buddy" Stolen, tackle; Larry "Barry" Lindgren, guard; Dick "Bulldog" Laster, center; Bill "Stocky" Becker, guard; Ralph "Katzie" Katz, tackle; Paul "Blondie" Kingsley, fullback. **Second Row**—Bill Wright, guard; Bob Pugh, halfback; Jim Kirkpatric, guard; Frank Weik, halfback; Carroll Hartwig, guard; Dick Ford, tackle; Phil Wright, end; Don Gough, halfback; Bob Jones, end; Morey Proctor, quarterback. **Third Row**—Clark Munger, assistant coach; Bob Jensen, halfback; Sheldon Shapiro, center; Floyd Joyce, halfback; Bob Barenston, halfback; Dick Lindsay, end; Mac Greene, halfback; Stan Shaw, end; Jack Clark, quarterback; Phil Nunn, guard; Jack Chaffee, halfback; Bob Barns, guard; Dick Stuhrman, guard; Don Homer, halfback; Harry Wilson, halfback; Chad Jefferson, halfback; Archie Johnson, coach.

★ ★ ★

THE MIRROR

Roosevelt 13, Ames 7

The Riders opened their season by downing the Little Cyclones on their home field. The game was close and well played, but it left no doubt as to the victor.

★ ★ ★

Roosevelt 19, East Waterloo 14

The Teds started hard against the Orange and Black and played good defensive ball to beat the northern team and make it two straight.

★ ★ ★

Roosevelt 27, Valley 0

The Roosevelt eleven coasted through this one easily. They proved too powerful and fast against an outclassed Tiger aggregation. Three straight!

★ ★ ★

Roosevelt 27, Lincoln 6

The Riders cop the first city series game by trouncing Lincoln. Roosevelt's line was too much for the Railsplitters to make it four in a row.

★ ★ ★

Roosevelt 12, Mason City 6

The Blue and White stopped a last quarter rally to down the fighting Mohawks on their home grounds. Take lead in the Big 7 and fifth consecutive victory.

★ ★ ★

Roosevelt 19, North 7

The second city series game goes to the Riders in a well played game against the Polar Bears. The last minute touchdown saved the Bears from a shutout. Six in the bag!

★ ★ ★

Marshalltown 7, Roosevelt 0

The Bobcats showed their fangs to the Riders to deliver them their first loss. Game played in rain, snow and mud, or the outcome might have been different. Won 6, lost 1.

★ ★ ★

The Riders take East to win the city series championship, and the Big 7 crown. Held East boys to one first down.

Which closes a wonderful season

ROOSEVELT BASKETBALL RECORD

STATE BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT

Sectional

March 8	Roosevelt	45	Adel 22
March 11	Roosevelt	29	Lincoln 15

District

March	Rocsevelt	37	Chariton 20
March	Roosevelt		East

Sub-State

March	Roosevelt	Harcourt

CITY SERIES STANDING
(Final)

Roosevelt	7	0	1.000
East High	4	4	.500
Lincoln	4	4	.500
North	3	5	.375
West Tech	1	6	.142

BIG SEVEN STANDING
(Final)

Roosevelt	10	2	.833
Mason City	10	2	.833
Fort Dodge	8	4	.667
West Waterloo	5	7	.417
East High	3	9	.250
North	3	9	.250
East Waterloo	3	9	.250

Team Co-captains

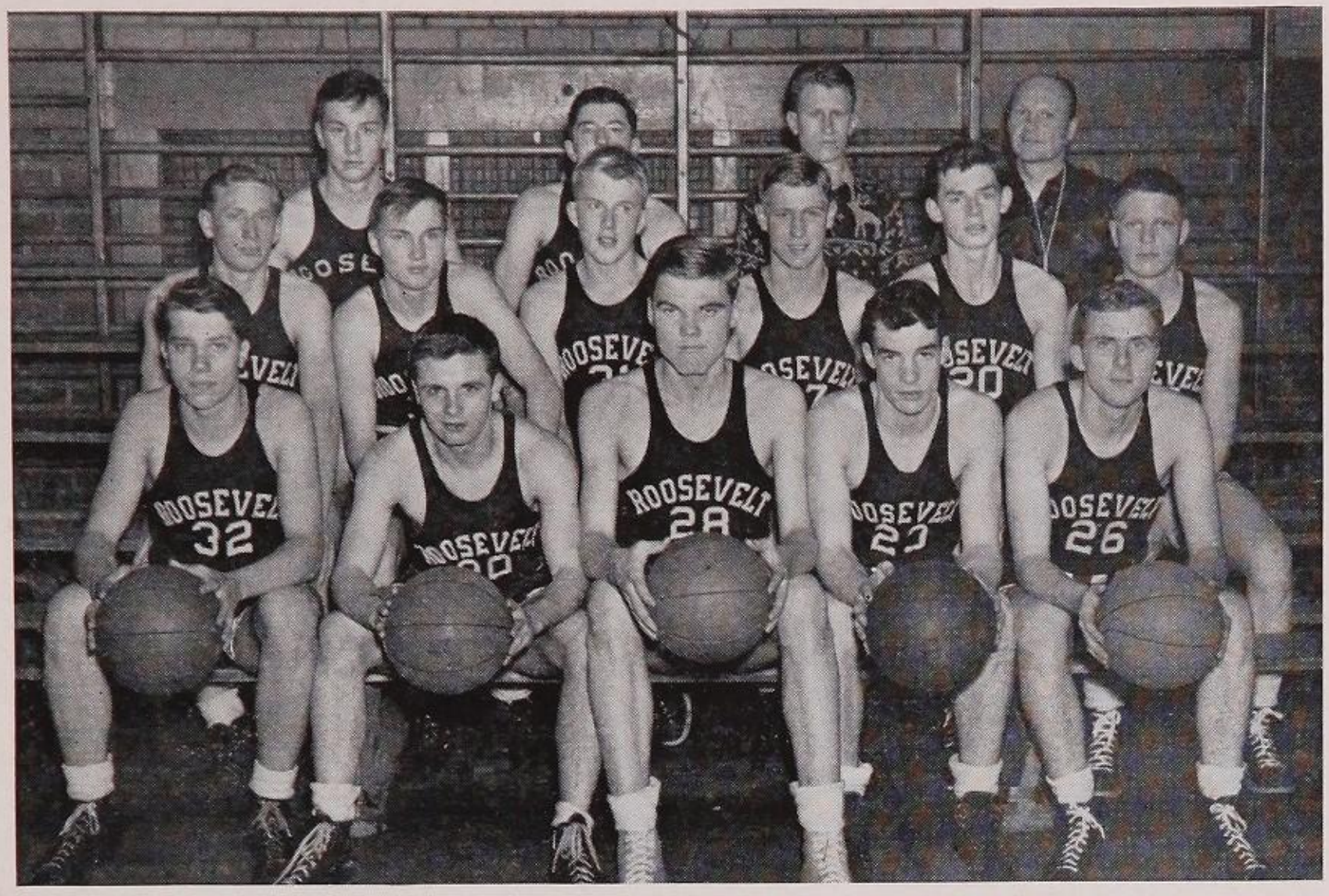
Don Hays Dick Zirbel

1943-44 ALL-CITY BASKETBALL TEAM
(Chosen by Register and Tribune)

Name	Position	School
Don Hays	Center	Roosevelt
Dick Zirbel	Guard	Roosevelt
Jack Donahoe	Forward	Dowling
Marty Carlson	Forward	East
Gordon Kastler	Guard	Lincoln

Team Manager—George Lancaster

Team Ball Boys—Wally Nickols, Mark Leachman



First Row—Don "Gooch" Gough, guard; Bob "Clerk" Clark, forward; Don "Cupcake" Hays, center; Jack "Chaf" Chaffee, forward; Dick "Zirb" Zirbel. **Second Row**—Jack "Jake" Gordon, forward; Wilber "Squib" Squires, guard; Clarence "Clancy" Severson, forward; John "Frankie" Horton, guard; Mac "Mac" Green, guard. **Third Row**—Dick "Nose" Laster, guard; Dick "Rich" Ford, center; George ————, manager; Archie Johnson, coach.

SCHEDULED GAMES

December	4	Roosevelt 29	Newton 24
December	10	Roosevelt 31	West Waterloo 23
December	11	Roosevelt 35	East Waterloo 22
December	17	Roosevelt 41	West Des Moines 23
December	18	Roosevelt 21	Fort Dodge 18
January	7	Roosevelt 34	North 20
January	8	Roosevelt 26	Dowling 27
January	14	Roosevelt 23	Lincoln 22
January	15	Roosevelt 29	Mason City 27
January	21	Roosevelt 33	East 29
January	28	Roosevelt 32	West Waterloo 29
January	29	Roosevelt 41	East Waterloo 20
February	4	Roosevelt 24	North 21
February	5	Roosevelt 22	Dowling 23
February	11	Roosevelt 23	Lincoln 12
February	18	Roosevelt 35	East 23
February	25	Roosevelt 20	Mason City 32
February	26	Roosevelt 27	Fort Dodge 28

TOTAL—Won 14, Lost 4

ROOSEVELT SWIMMING RECORD

CITY MEET
First Semester

Roosevelt	78½
North	42
Lincoln	22½
East	8

CITY MEET
Second Semester

Roosevelt	77
North	46
Lincoln	21
East	8

STATE SWIMMING MEET

Roosevelt	58
North	40
Clinton	29
Lincoln	13
Boone	12

NATIONAL INTERSCHOLASTIC RECORDS BROKEN

160-yard Relay

Previous Record—1:16.4 — Atlantic City High—1925
New Record by Roosevelt—1:15.0 — Roosevelt-East Meet

Relay Team
Bill Crispin, Larry Larimore, Jim Dickerson, Ralph Katz

400-yard Relay

Previous Record—3:45.2 — Hibbing High, Hibbing, Minn.—1939
New Record by Roosevelt—3:44.5 — North-Roosevelt Meet

Relay Team
Bill Crispin, Larry Larimore, Jim Dickerson, Bryce Bennett

STATE RECORDS

160-yard Relay

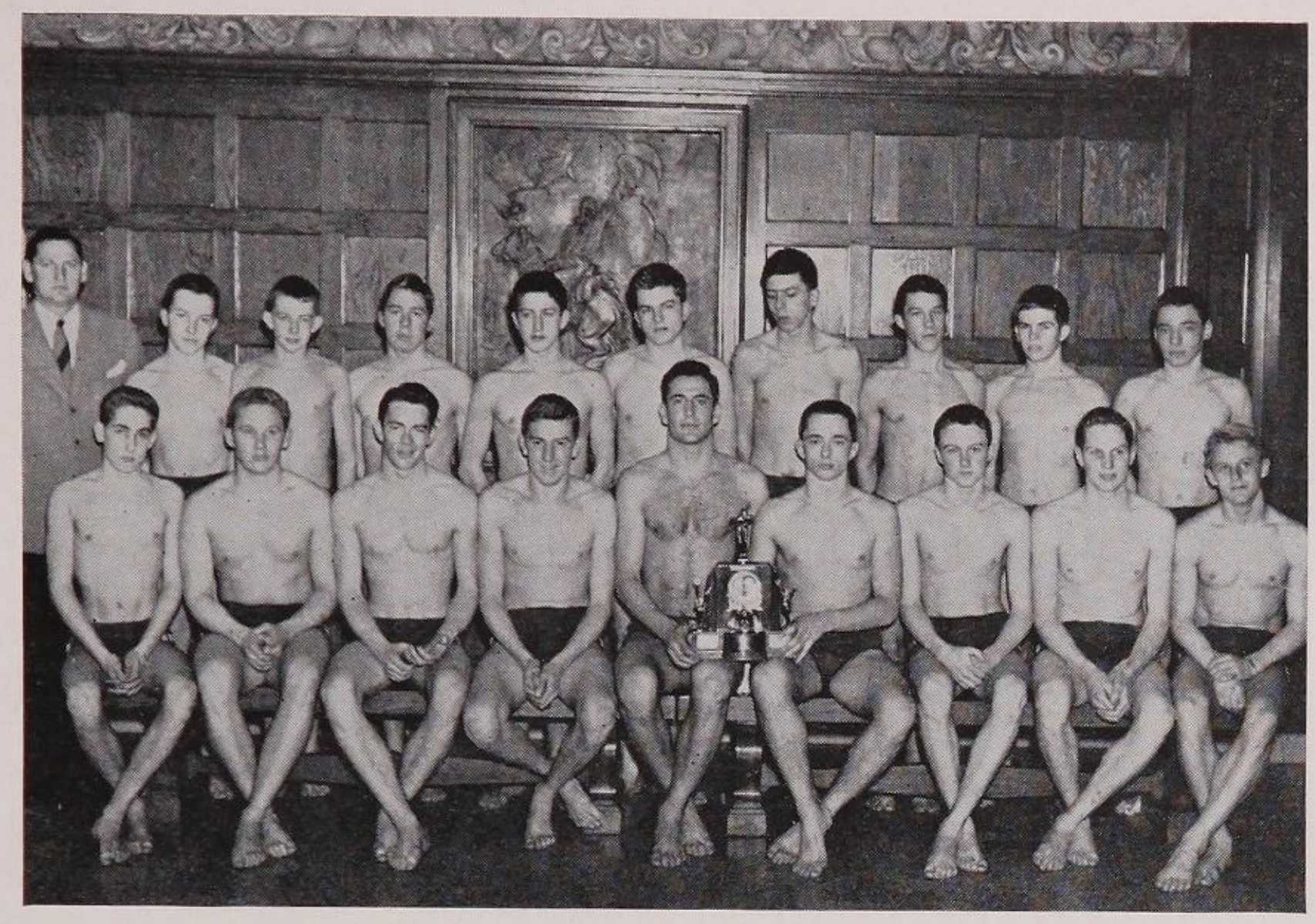
Previous Record—1:19.9 — Roosevelt of Des Moines
New Record by Roosevelt—1:17.0 — State Meet

Relay Team
Bill Crispin, Larry Larimore, Jim Dickerson, Ralph Katz

CITY RECORDS

100-yard Free Style
Larry Larimore—:54.9 — City Meet

40-yard Free Style
Larry Larimore—:18.7



First Row—Walt Reno, Wayne Humphrey, Larry Larimore, Jim Dickerson, Ralph Katz, John Swartz, Bill Crispin, Bryce Bennett, Dick Maine. **Second Row**—Coach Munger, Bob Stonecipher, Tom Moore, Calvin Bolton, Harold Stevens, Ray Stipp, Bill Spargur, John Turner, Terry Williams, Ralph Copple.

SWIMMING SCHEDULE

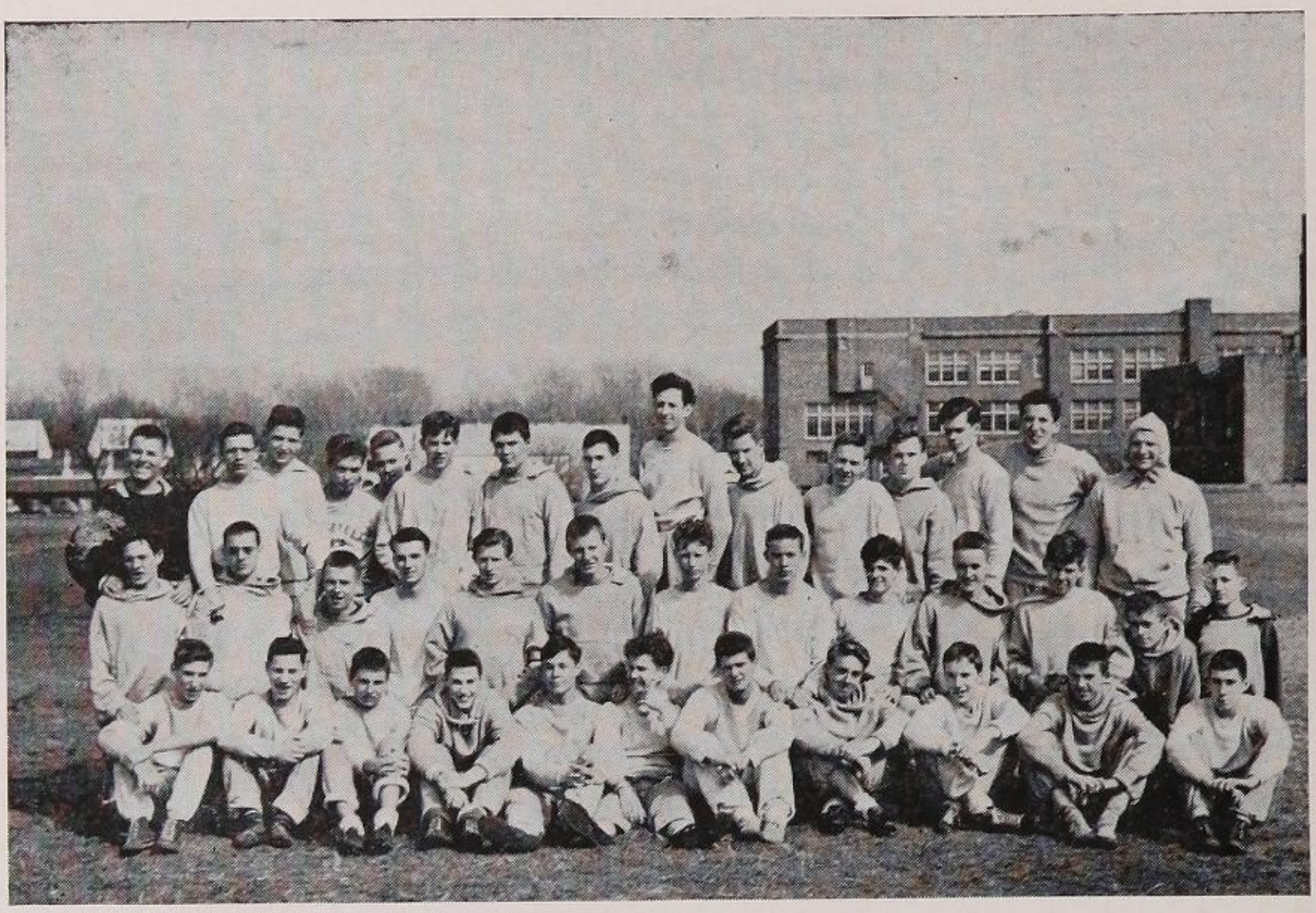
(Dual Meets)

FIRST SEMESTER

Roosevelt 45	North 21
Roosevelt 44	Lincoln 22
Roosevelt 25	Clinton 21

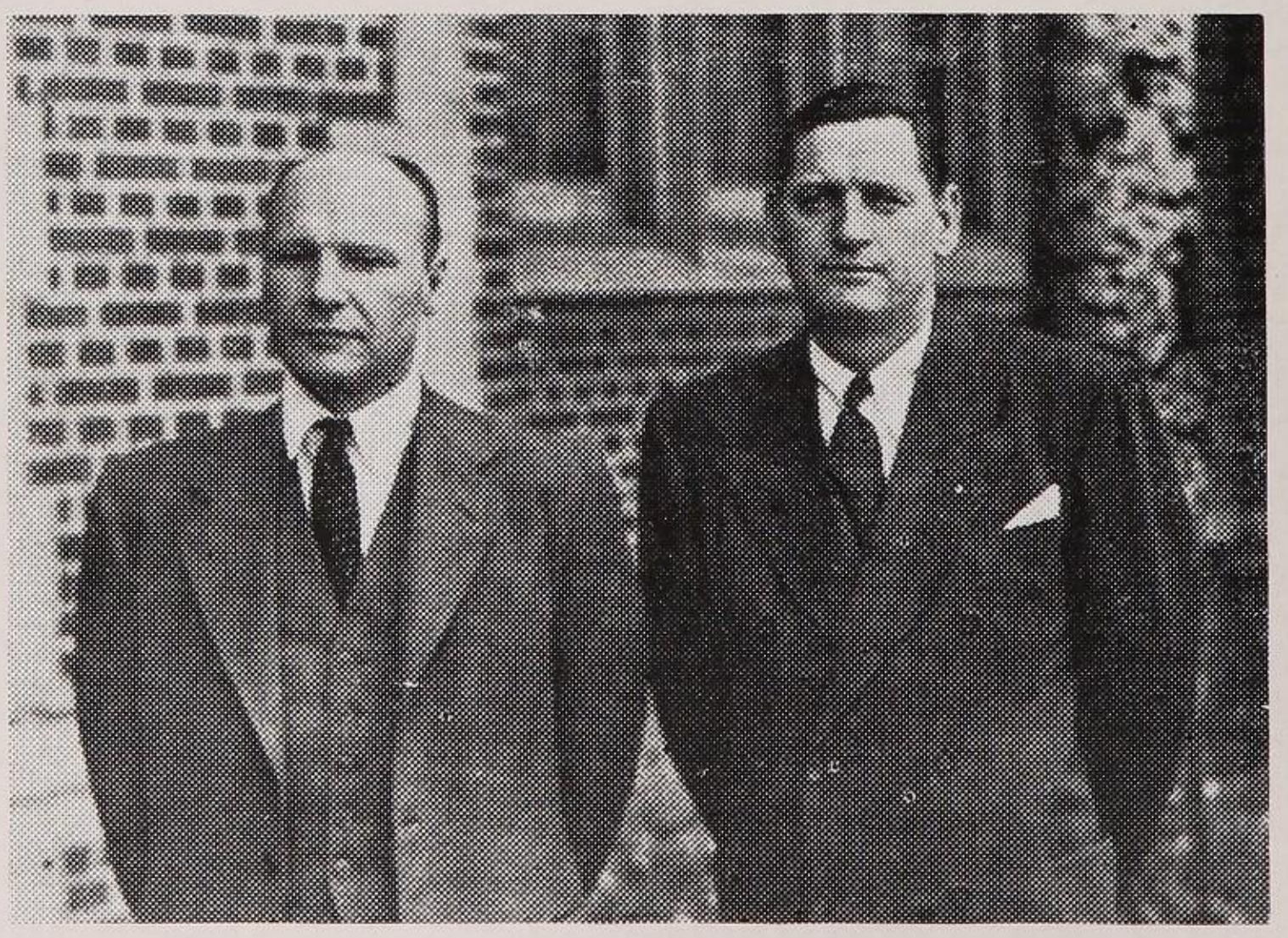
SECOND SEMESTER

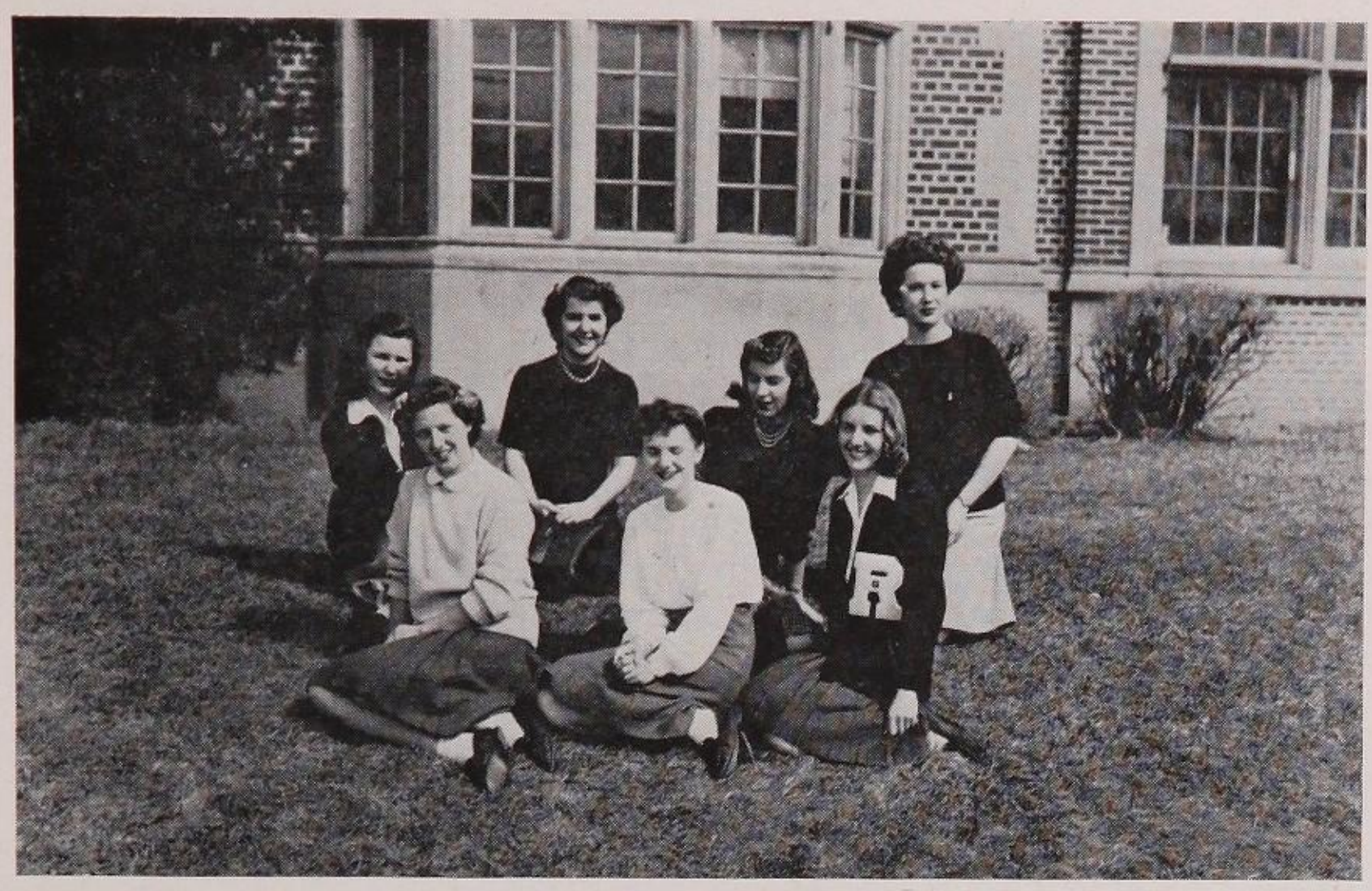
Roosevelt 44	Lincoln 22
Roosevelt 45	East 19
Roosevelt 33	North 33
Roosevelt 36	North 30



THE ROOSEVELT HIGH SCHOOL TRACK TEAM

First Row—Bob Coffman, Bob Leiserowitz, Dick Baie, Carl Gerberich, Jack Thellman, W. Mayfield Marshall, Jr., Phil Brown, Bill Beard, Bob Stonecipher, Don Roth, Wade Sterns. **Second Row**—Max Ingle, Phil Wright, Darrell Hawkins, Bill Sandine, Buford King, George Lancaster, Walt Church, Clark Hoffman, Byron Werges, Bob Clark, Gail Slack, Howard Swaine. **Third Row**—George McCutchins, Bob Clark, Banker Bonderant, John Larson, Floyd Joyce, Roger McGuire, Ding Daisley, Jack Honomichl, John Baker, James Bryan, Ralph Copple, Lec Eveleth, Roy Messerschmidt, Ralph Katz.





GIRLS' GOLF

First Row—Pat Nixon, Nancy Stover, Connie Innis. **Second Row**—Ann Charlton, Lillian Speicker, Nancy Hornaday, Janet Neumann.

BOYS' GOLF

First Row—Don Gough, Harold Stevens, Jim Weaver, Jim Dickerson, Jack Hornaday, Bob Henkle, Alan Roberts. **Second Row**—Zirb, Boob Martin, Tom Eckey, Ray Stipp, Bill Hennessy, Dick Christianson, Al Orvis, David Hughes, Bill Worden.

Sitting—Dorthy Henry, Eleanor Zelliot, Peg Taylor. **Standing**—Elizabeth DeWitt, Jon Dunn.

GIRLS' TENNIS

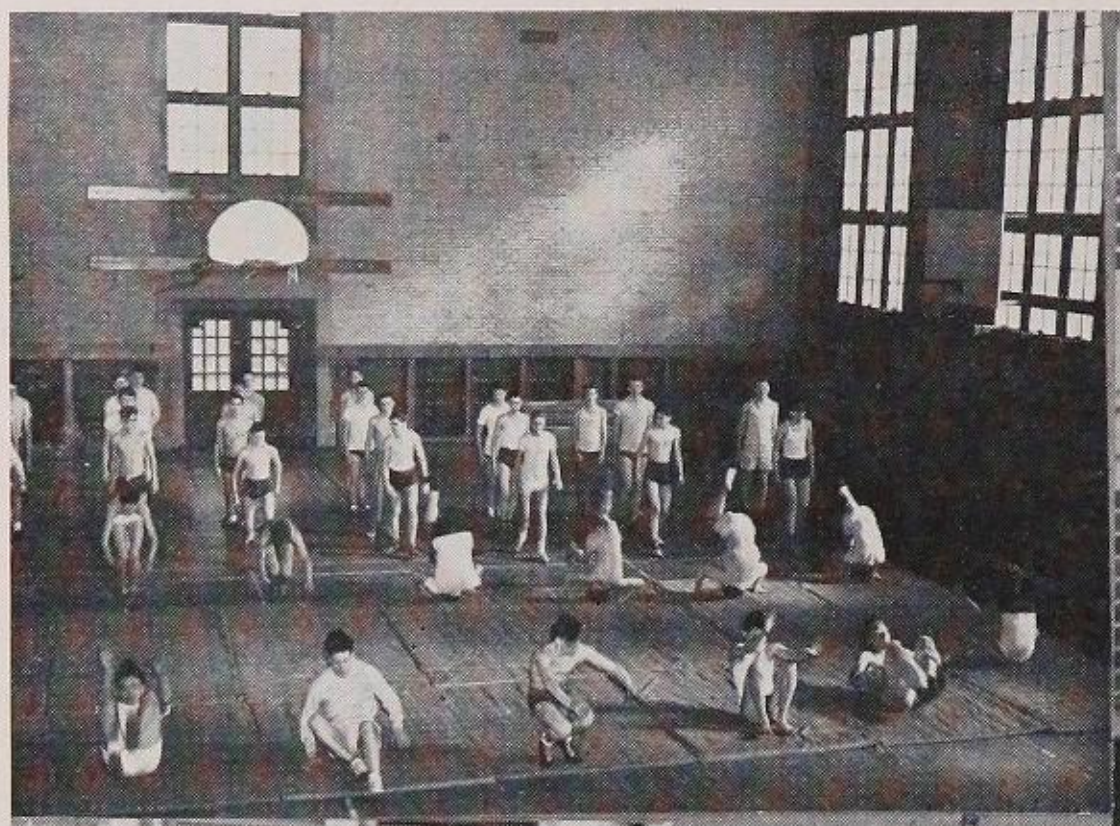
SHARKS' CLUB

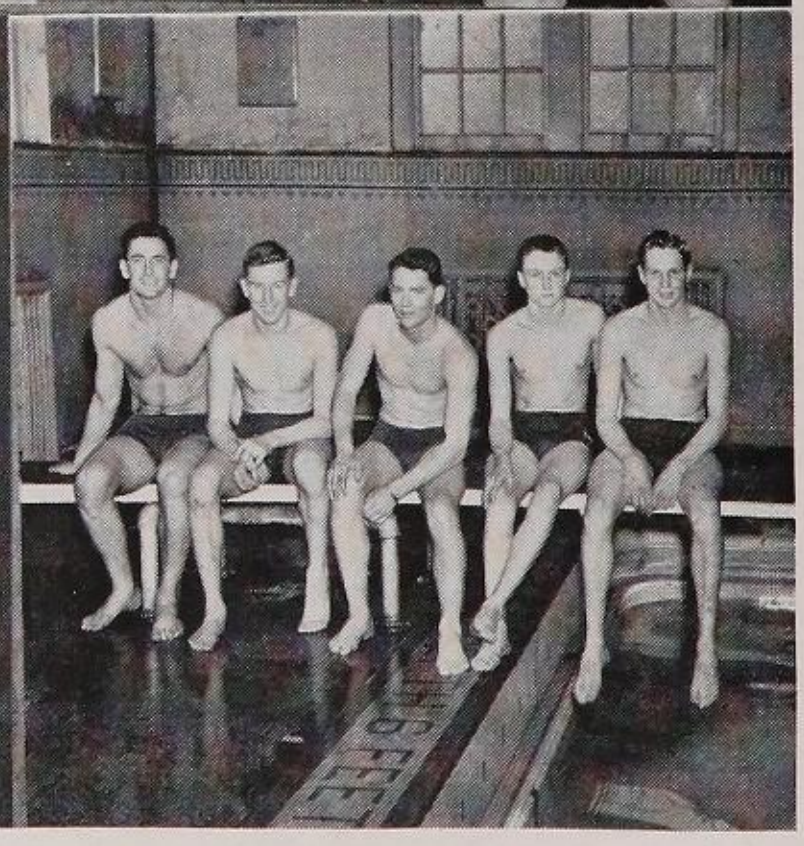
First Row—Ann Drake, Pat Nixon, Betty Spry, Mary Ellen Ewald, Joanna Swanson. **Second Row**—Dottie Lutz, Connie Innis, E. K. Rawson, Nancy Laughton, Dot Maine, Marge Pease. **Third Row**—Dore Lou Green, Nancy Hornaday, Ruth Guggedahl, Janet Jordan, Jean Carr, Mary Lou Willis, Helen Kirk. **Fourth Row**—Liz Towne, Dot Page, Ann Rutledge, Nancy Trammell, Miss Brown.

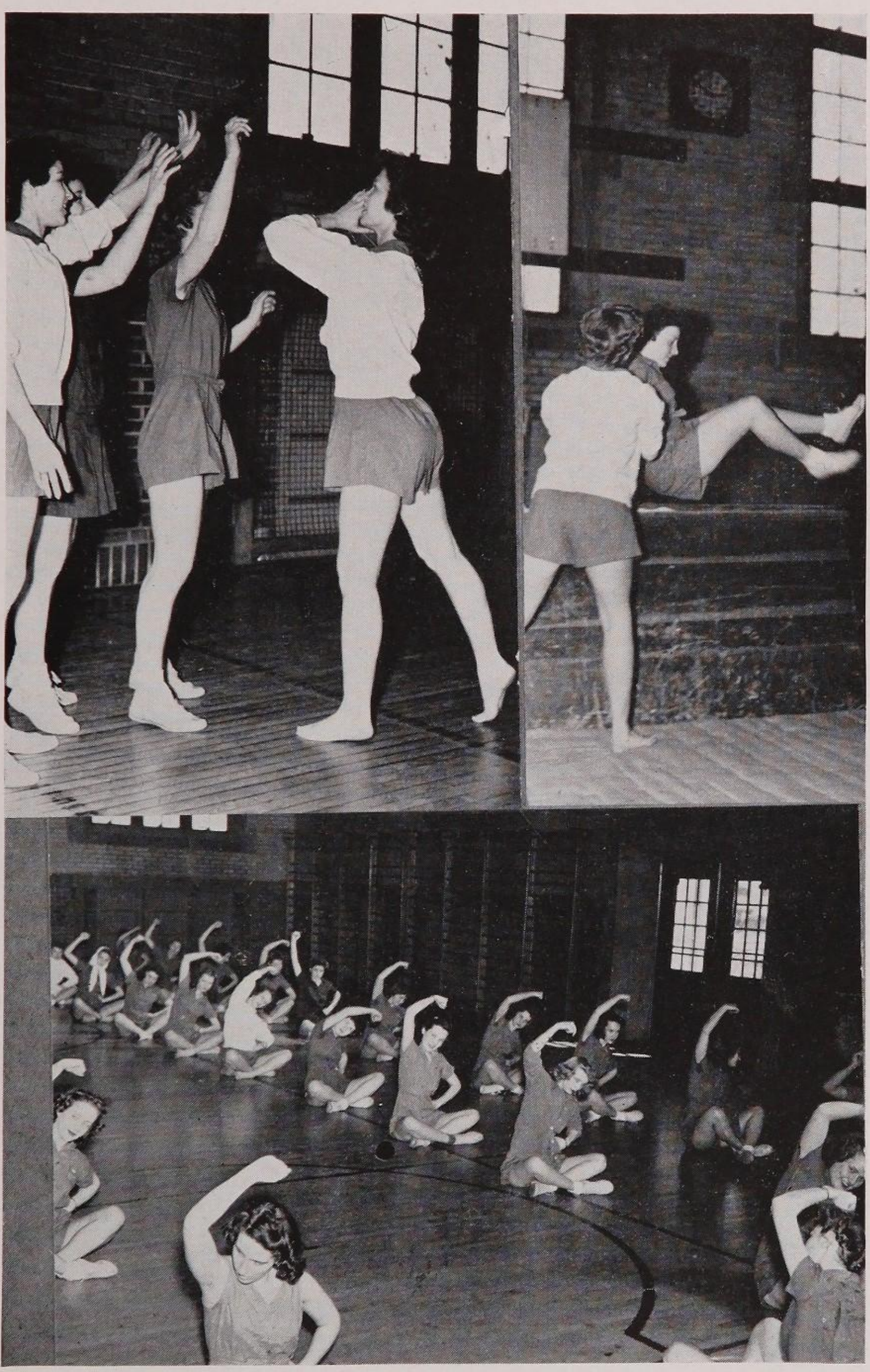
LEADERS' CLUB

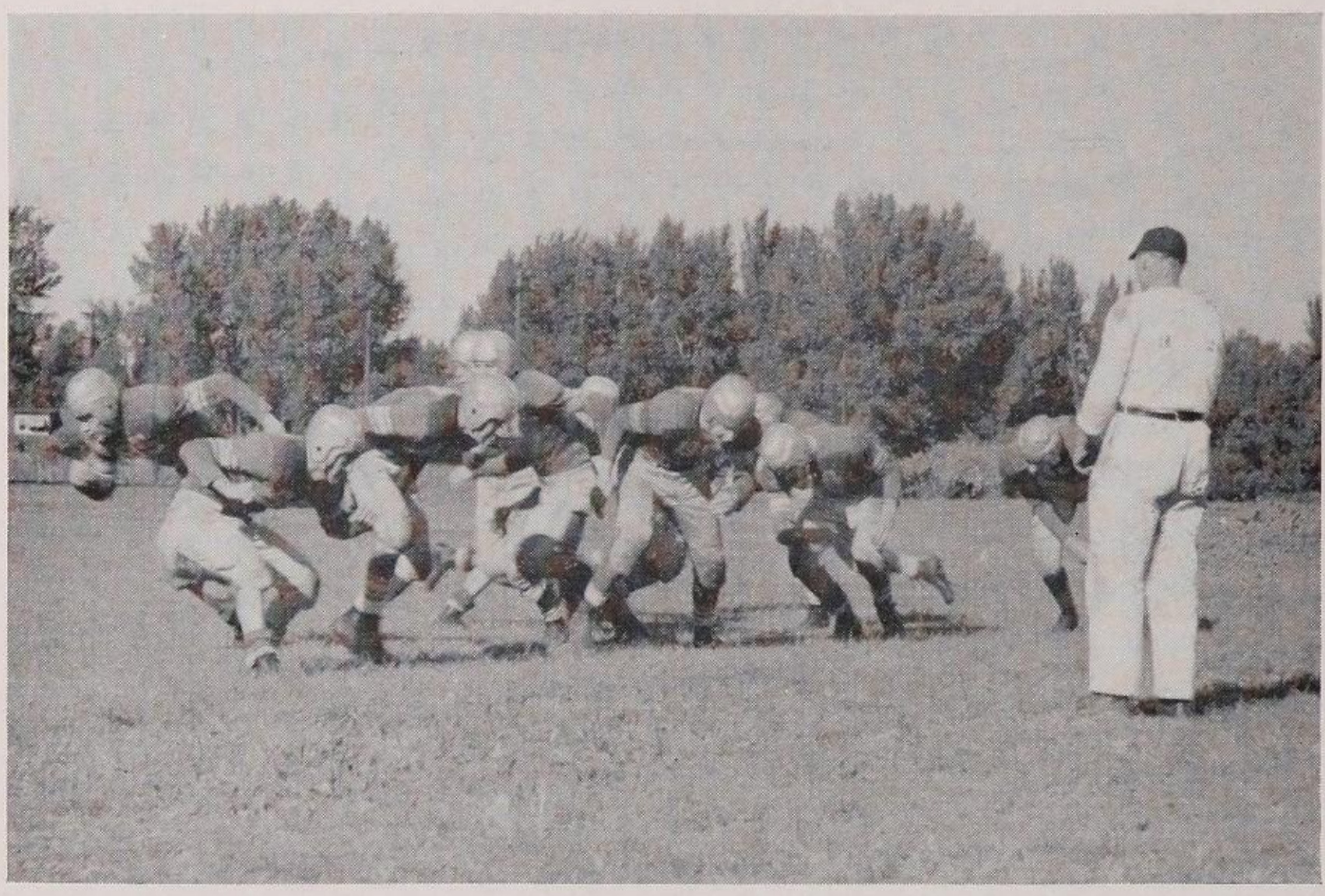
First Row—Barbara Hawks, Martha Stanzel, Doris Shaw, Ruthie Guggedahl, Norma Lee Marriot, Betsy DeWitt. **Second Row**—Connie Carlson, Nancy Stover, Alice Wigg, Peg Taylor, Cynthia Jenkins, Joe Dunn, Priscilla Beacom, Dot Maine. **Third Row**—Joan Carter, Mary Jane Johnston, Mary Ruth Dunn, Claire Ferguson, Eleanor Zelliott, Evelyn Ward. **Fourth Row**—Jean Gustafson, Marrian Hewitt, Miss Brown, Margaret Thompson, Virginia Hanrahan, Marge Pease.

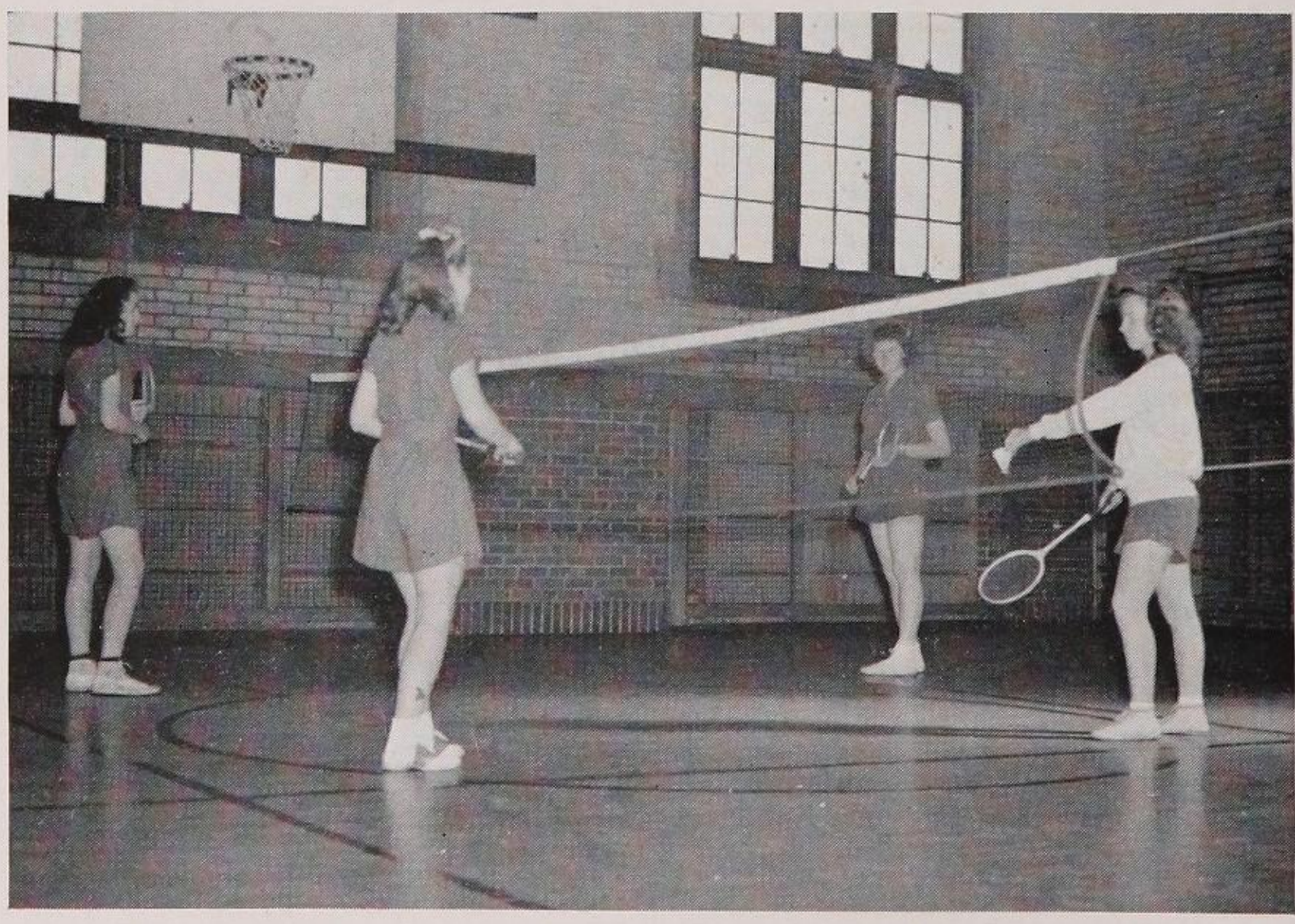
Joan Carter









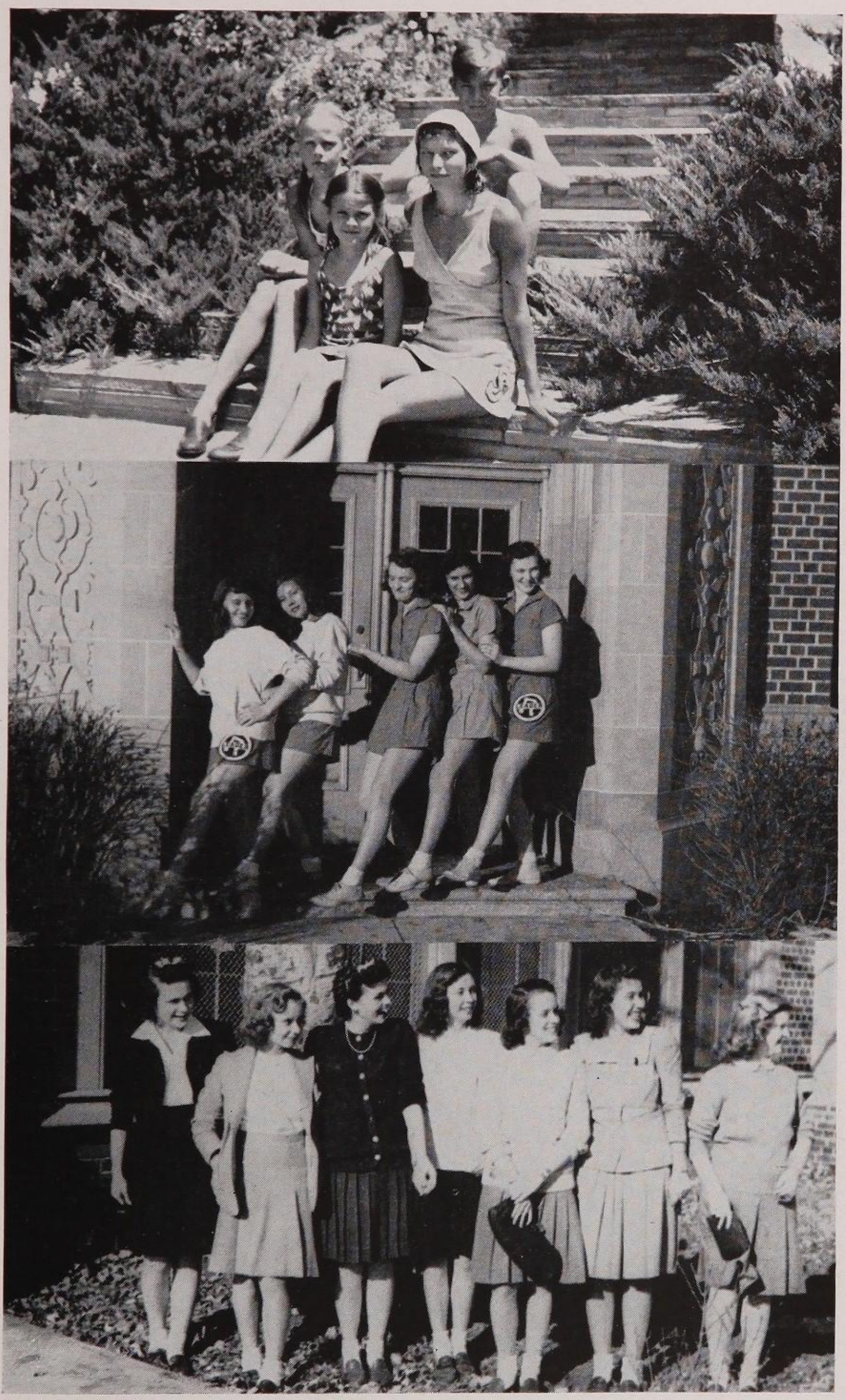


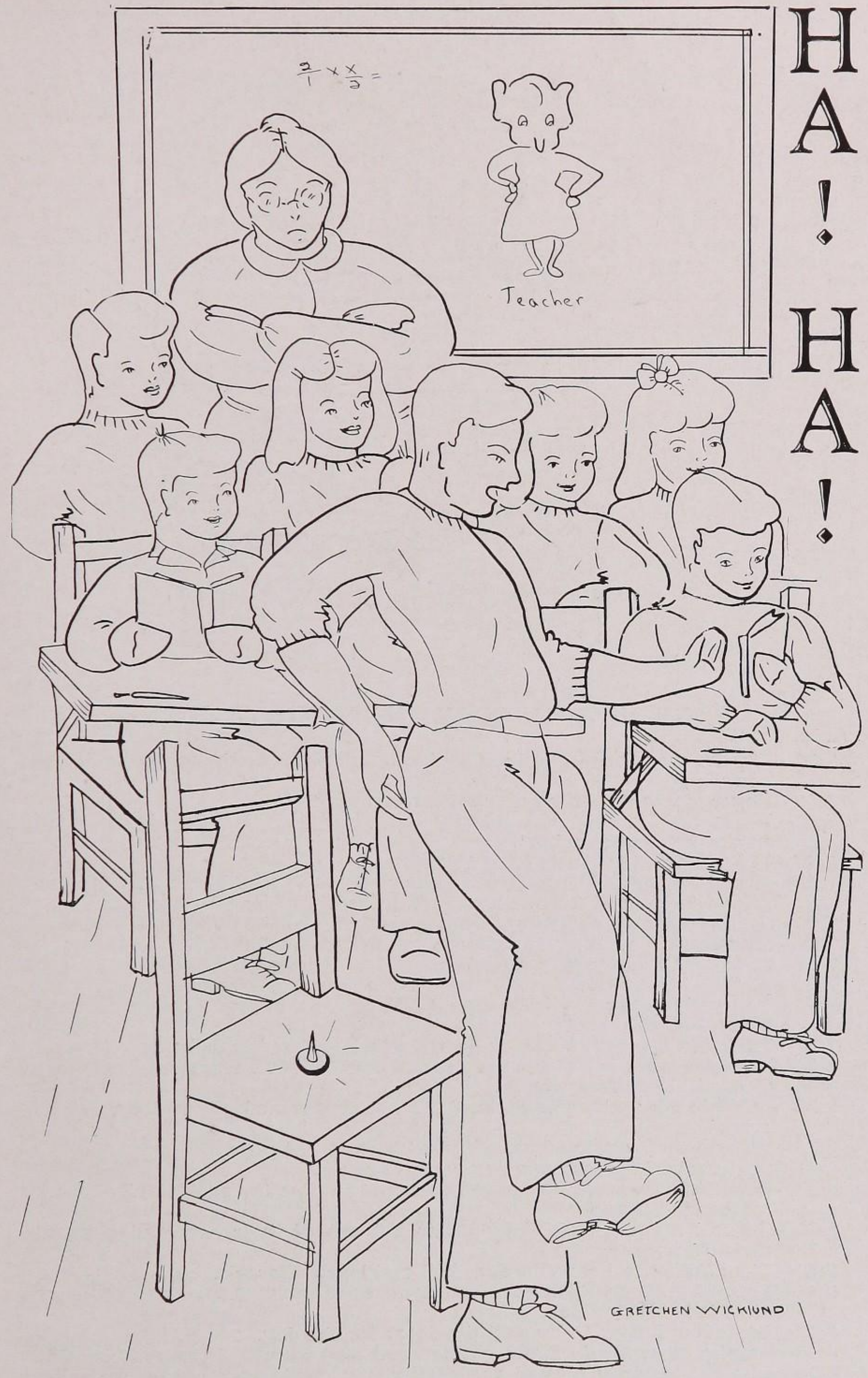
BOWLING

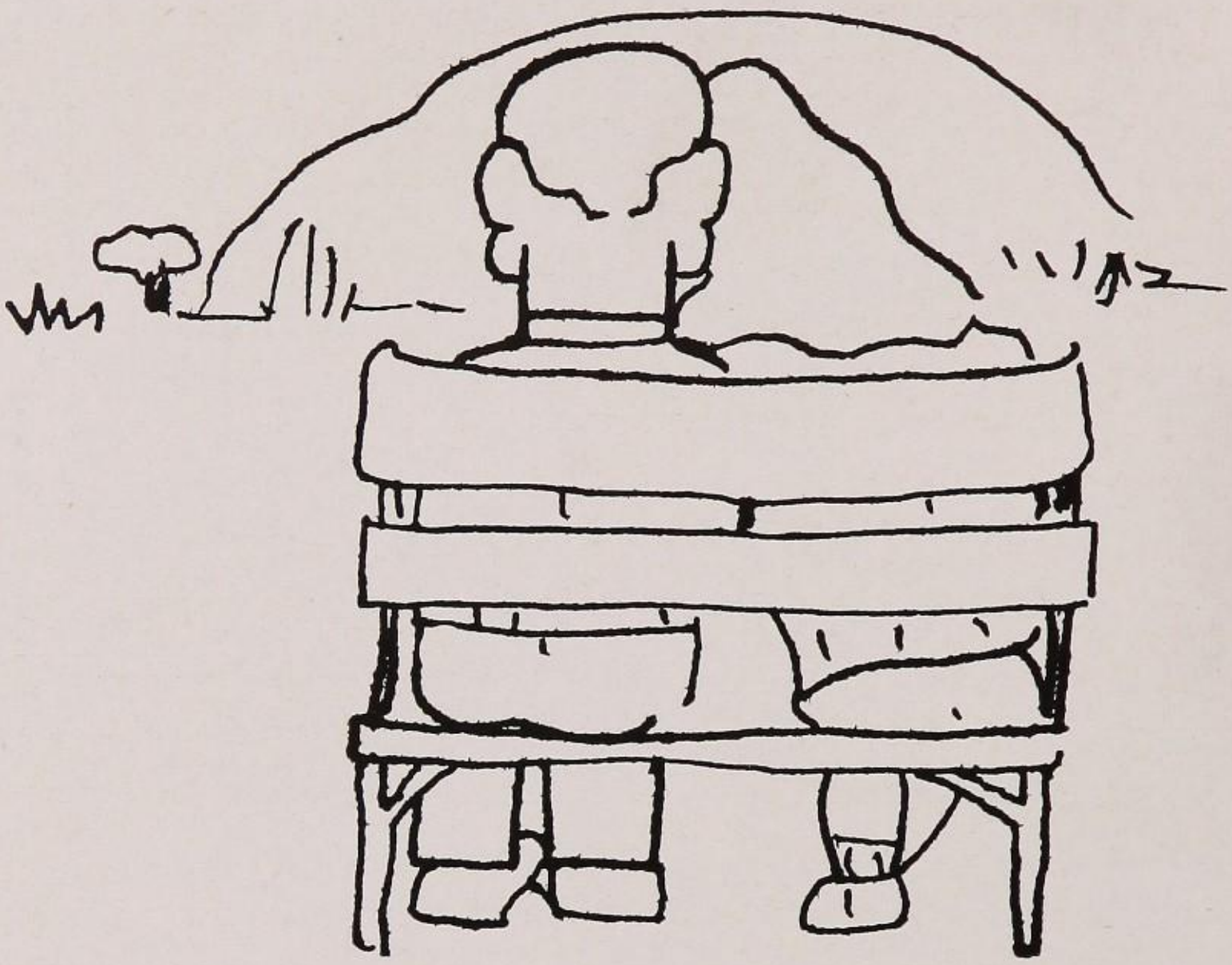
First Row—(Outsider), Pat Nixon, Virginia Barlow, Margaret Hansen, Sally Ann Quist, Ginny Ann Black, Mary Jane Johnston, Gene Carr. **Second Row**—Pat Ward, Polly Ward, Shirley Robinson, Cynthia Jenkins, Donna Williams, Ruth Hacket, Miss Brown. **Third Row**—Prue Ward, Norma Marriott, Mollie Miller, Beverly Gee, Betty Stefans, Frances Seymour, Dorothy Lutz, Jean Knouer. **Fourth Row**—Lillian Speicker, Marion Heevith, Mary Ruth Dunn, Claire Ferguson, Naudaine Shelton, Shirley Zander, Ruth Scudder, Mary Ann Peyton, Joanne Huck. **Fifth Row**—Dom Hill, Ed Paterna, Bill Beeler, Bud Hehberg, Bill Warder, Graf R. von Ludwig, Jo Tusant.

JUNIOR LEADERS

First Row—Rosemary Hedke, Ann Bradley, Nancy Bradley. **Second Row**—Charlotte Hess, Martha Owen, Sue Manbeck, Betty Higdon, Phyliss Baker. **Third Row**—Mrs. Graff, Joanne Robinson, Alberta Evans, Wilma Murrow, Shirley Tieman, Nancy Fisher. **Fourth Row**—Anita Morrell, Norma Wood, Beverly McNamee, Jeanne Dowdell, Jean Smith, Dorine North.




HA! HA!
Teacher
GRETCHEN WICKLUND



AROUND THE CLOCK WITH ROOSEVELTIANS

A. M.

5:00—(In the morning)—Roger McGuire wanders dreamily out to milk the cows.
6:00—Roger starts out on regular milk route.
7:00—Noble Da Shiel bounds merrily out of bed looking happily forward to another day at school.
7:05—Deter Neumann starts cranking his car.
7:15—Jim "Sinatra" Hill decides to get up, but a breeze blows through the open window and knocks him back in bed.
7:20—Joe Sperry starts putting through his daily call to Portland, Oregon.
7:25—Max Ingle is waiting up at Forty-second Street for Lowry's to open.
7:30—G. Robert Ludwig gets up, lets the cat in, crawls back to bed.
7:35—Roddy Gelatt arrives at 301 to start folding the Roundup.
7:40—Roosevelt parents quietly urge (with crowbars) their children to get up and go to school.
7:50—Miles Mills turns on the radio and starts doing his daily exercises.
8:00—Everybody heads gaily in the general direction of T.R.H.S.
8:05—Deter still cranking car.
8:15—Virginia Hay comes galloping by on her horse and gives him a ride to school.
8:20—Wayne Severson and car arrive with group of girls.
8:21—Carl Gerberich starts getting ready for school.
8:25—Gerberich goes tearing out the door just in time to "accidentally" catch a ride with Cram's.
8:30—Claire Ferguson and Vicky Wolin get out of their cars and glare at each other.
8:40—Chad Jefferson hears the first bell and leaves Barge's.
8:41—Larry Larrimore looks out the front door of his home and perceives that it is a rainy day.
8:42—Custodian begins to lock all the doors for the day.
8:43—Larrimore swims in making a new national record of two minutes flat.
8:44—Don Sones skids around the corner, parks his motorcycle, and slips in the door just as the janitor is locking it.

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A POPULAR BOOTH

A. M.

8:45—Last bell rings and Miss Meers shuts the door of 301 in Bill Le Coq's face.
8:50—Kenny Franklin, of home room 108, reads the morning announcements, skillfully dodging all books thrown in his direction.
8:55—Jean Gustafson and Lee Tebo stroll casually into home room, trying to impress the teacher that they aren't late.
9:00—Gussie and Tebo arrive in ye olde office for a "chat" with Mr. Hasty.
9:05—Miss Johnson begins daily lecture on Chicago politics.
9:30—Jack Budeselich and Jim Hufford keep up the old adage, "better late than never."
10:05—Jack Chaffee makes a desperate effort to wake up Tom Eckey, but finally gives up and goes to next class.
10:45—Members of second hour gym class gather around Jack Thellman who, while doing calisthenics, seems to have thrown his cerebellum out of place.
11:05—All cafeteria monitors leave class and head for the cafeteria. Mr. Koch exclaims at the great number of monitors he has in his class.
11:10—Mad rush! David Moore gets lost in the mob. Frantic friends search in vain for him and finally give up, taking his lunch along, naturally assuming that David won't need it.
11:15—Sounds of chomping jaws in cafeteria reaches the ears of the "unfortunates." (Second hour lunch students.)
11:20—Nancy Trammell goes into a rage, stomps on the floor, then smiles sweetly and asks Don Owens to **please get out of the chair on her monitor post.**
11:25—Lillian Speicher turns around to talk to Peggy Dawson in third hour study and is told to stand up and tell the whole class by Miss Sherwood.
11:30—Noon movie, "Desperate Journey," begins. Which is very descriptive of the trip the "boys" have just made from Reed's in Phil Brown's car.
11:35—Bill Le Coq lets the world in general, the noon movie crowd in particular, know that there'll be open house at Cram's tonight.
11:40—Third hour study class sits entranced by Speicher's speech on what happened Friday night at Hi-Jinks.
11:50—Mr. Hasty strolls through the halls singing "Mairzy Doats."
12:00—Midnight on Christmas Island and time for Tom Murray to go to sleep.

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Telephone 3-2654

There's one group of people from whom Henry Morgenthau expects no income taxes. But life must get so monotonous in places like Alcatraz.

— R —

Two army men surveying the leaning tower of Pisa—"All we need is a bulldozer and a couple of engineers and we could straighten it."

— R —

They laughed when I started to make a new kind of dynamite, but when I dropped it, they exploded.

— R —

"Sweetheart, if I'd known that tunnell was so long, I'd have given you a kiss."

"Gracious! Wasn't that you?"

— R —

It isn't hard to live on a small salary if you don't spend it all trying to keep it a secret.

— R —

The only person who can retain his popularity and yet run other people down is an elevator operator.

P. M.

12:05—Hewitt, Guggedahl, Neumann, Stuart, Williams, Hanrahan and Hornaday return from "Pete's."

12:15—Last hour lunch students walk calmly down the hall and saunter into the cafeteria.

2:00—Jim Hill finally wakes up, decides to go to school, looks at the clock, notes there is only one period left, and goes back to sleep.

2:45—Jay Daniels finishes his forty-five minute recitation in solid geometry.

3:00—Ted Trammell speeds out of class to be traffic cop in the downstairs center hall.

3:05—Marge Cram and Mary Lou Handley sadly leave good old R.H.S. and head for their "home" at Hill's Retreat.

3:15—Phil Wright and Frank Weik start tearing madly around the halls (track team, of course).

4:00—Sally Sears, Patty Steadman and Helen Kirk finally leave their last hour class.

4:05—Bob Clark, Pat Cooper and Chuck Colby casually leave their last hour class also.

5:00—Ann Charlton, Connie Innis, Deborah Stark and Liz Towne start getting ready for their "curfew dates" to go to a movie.

5:30—Clare Hickerson eagerly turns on the radio to hear the further adventures of his idol "Jack Armstrong." He hasn't missed a broadcast in five years.

6:00—Walter Reno and John Turner stagger into their respective homes, after a grueling session of swimming practice.

6:15—Jimmy Weaver tunes in on a roaring program of Ray Pearl.

7:00—George West and the "boys" set up their music and start warming up.

7:30—Don Arends and Terry Williams fill the tires on their bicycles with air and start out on their dates.

8:00—"Clancy" Severson and "Clancy" Woleban begin their weekly discussion on Eau Claire, Wisconsin.

8:30—Reg Stanley and Dick Howland start their studying for the week end.

8:45—Beverly Gee starts her evening on the phone.

8:50—Kingsley's roll up the rugs, shove the chairs back against the wall and prepare for the crowds.

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MUSIC IN THE AIR

P. M.

9:00—Pat Gorman meets Ruth Hackett down at the bowling alley.
9:05—Bob and Jim Coffman get in **slight** argument about the car.
9:10—Dick Sones shows up at Hi-Jinks and gives last minute instructions to the chaperones.
9:15—Bev Gee still on the phone; Coffman brothers still arguing.
9:20—Archie releases the track team and boys trudge wearily home.
9:30—A 1929 coupe pulls up in front of Hi-Jinks and Janet Leigh, Don Grothe, Jane Reynolds, Ernie Johnston, Barbara Wright, Dick Marriot, Connie Egelund, Tom Stivers, Janet Pease, Jim Hill, Sally Lu Haskell, Don Gough, Mary Lou Waters, Bill Hulling, and Rod Gelatt climb out. As everyone turns to leave a cry comes from within the car and a person (later identified as Bunny Manning) steps out and collapses before the amazed group. She afterwards "made the statement" that if she had known it was to be any more than a double date, she would have eaten more Wheaties.
10:00—Bryce Bennett, Larry Fryer and Dick Sturhman decide to get ready for their dates, but thinking it is a little early, sit down for another little game.
10:05—Marilyn Post, Mary Lou Taylor, and Elaine Swanson, who are sitting out on the curb and have been ready for hours, are just "slightly perturbed."
10:15—Dan Baker, Walter Reno and crowd confidently leave for the Tromar.
10:30—The manager laughs hysterically as they try to enter the door and mumbles something about kindergarten kids.
11:00—John Schwartz finishes reading "How to Win Friends and Influence People" and goes to bed.
11:30—The crowd gathers for hamburgers and French fries at The Green Square.
12:00—Midnight—The curfew bell for first graders sounds out and Marilyn Fenton finishes taking her sun bath.

A. M.

12:30—Bob Coffman finally wins out and speeds away in car, leaving Jim in tears.
1:00—Jean Sharp, Joan Clements and the telephone company finally persuade Bev Gee to get off the phone.

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Best Wishes from
WITMER KAUFFMAN
and
EVANS COMPANY

A. M.

1:30—Walter Church and Jim Halliburton are waiting down at the stables to see the horse-fly.

2:00—Madeline Wiedland and Balsam Schmedwick get in from their late date.

2:30—Phyllis Sherman and Maynard Hurwitz head for Moonlight—trying to get advertising—of course.

3:00—Kern's A. C. breaks up and Bud Kepford, Gary Lilly, Bob Bradshaw, and John Rehmann all pile on the bicycle they rented for the evening.

3:30—Kingsly's A. C. breaks up and Chuck leaves.

4:00—Marian Hewitt starts putting on her makeup and getting ready for school.

4:30—Don Hays, Daryl Hawkins and Cleatie Devine join the ranks of J. D.'s by putting Sprague Johnson's bicycle up in a tree.

5:00—(In the morning)—Roger McGuire wanders dreamily out to milk the cows.

And so Roosevelt students not only prove their ability to go around with the clock but to go around.

ODE TO A DELINQUENT

Once upon a schoolday dreary
When we all were weak and weary,
From many an hour of studying o'er
our books,
We felt a need of brief relief
And as a result of this belief,
We sneaked from study hall as quiet
as crooks!
And so to Barge's we then sped,
When what to our surprise, instead
Of Mr. Barge, was Mr. Hasty giving
slaying looks.
Then the moral of this story dears
Is carefully use your eyes and ears
And never start to order beer
Until you're sure who's standing near.

—Mary Ruth Dunn

— R —

Play entitled "The Captain"
Act I—Captain Cook.
Act II—Captain Cook and the Cannibals.
Act III—Captain Cooked.

A bargain is a good buy. A good-bye is farewell. A farewell is to part. To part is to leave. My girl left me without a good-bye. She was no bargain anyway.

— R —

Nancy Trammell: "Can any of your relatives swim, Jean?"

Jean Cram: "No, but I had an uncle who was shot in a dive."

— R —

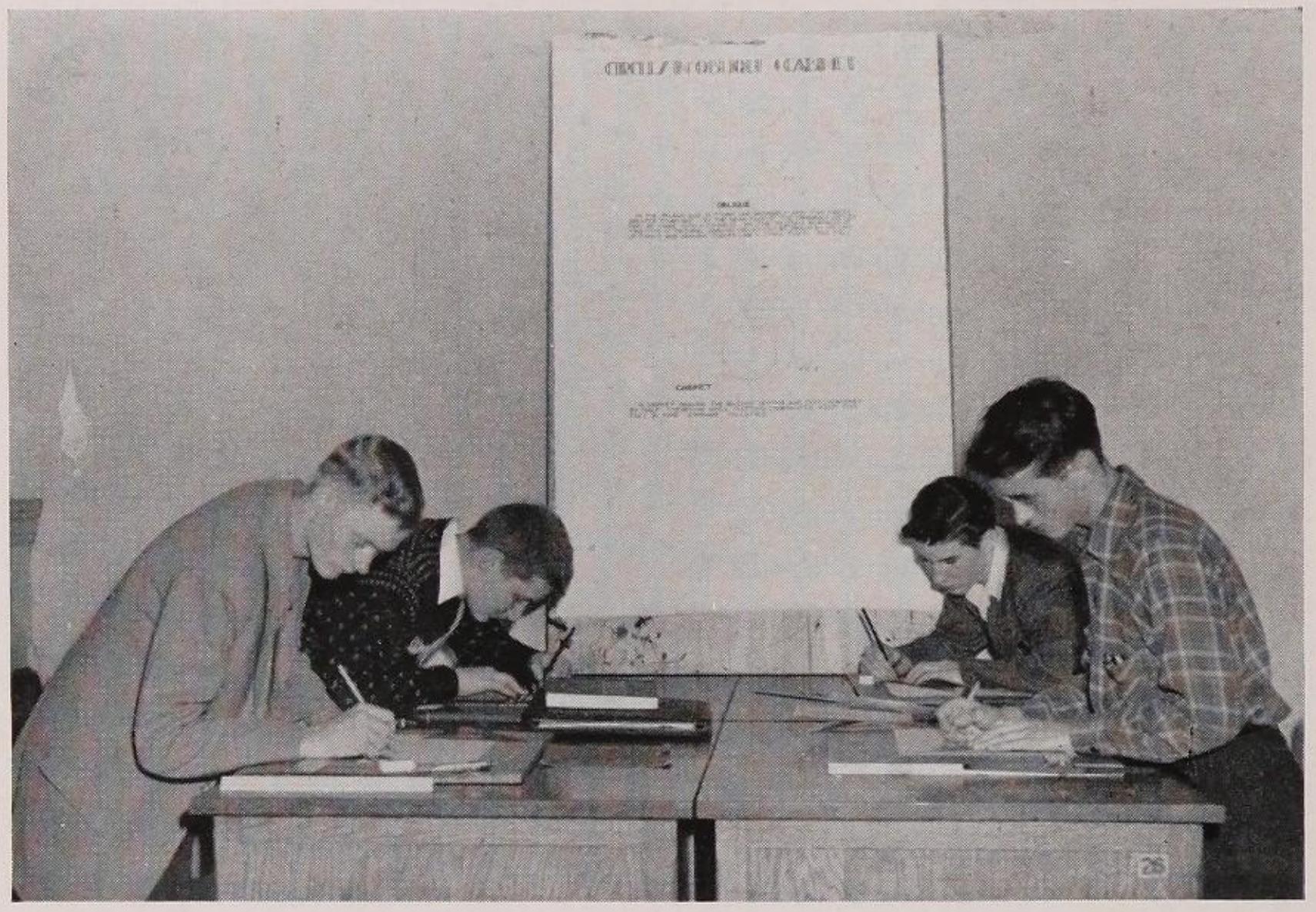
FATAL MISTAKES IN PRINT

Local Girl Is Prize Winner in Swine Show.

Fort Bragg, located near Fayetteville, N. C., is said to be the largest distillery post in the United States.

The young dog bounded down the walk letting out little whelps at every leap.

Girls With Feet Best Dancers Declares Director.



MECHANICAL DRAWING

De Arcy

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This shoe can really "take" it; what's more they are worn with *everything* and that's important today, when you have to be so careful how you spend that precious shoe stamp.

It comes in Black and Brown Alligator calf, Black and Brown calf, also in high and low heels. The price, only $8.95, plus tax.

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QUESTION

Dearest:

You will probably be shocked by my forwardness, but you will, I hope, understand since you know me so very well. I have tried time after time to lead up to this matter but somehow I just never did. Since it has been on my mind for some weeks now, I have at last decided to confide in you.

Ever since I first met you, you have been very nice to me and as the days and weeks passed that feeling grew into something more beautiful and sincere. I never thought that such a problem as this would ever happen to me, but here it is.

I don't know whether it is proper, since I am not in a position to defend myself. However, I know that whatever your reply may be, you are true enough never to tell anyone what I am about to ask you. Some people would never understand at all.

In your reply please be positive, but above all, be sincere and truthful with me and do not spare my feelings. Be honest, please, and tell me, as I respect your intelligence. "Do you think that the Lone Ranger should sell his horse when he is drafted?"

— R —

Early to bed and early to rise makes for a dull life.

— R —

The man with the suitcase chased the train to the end of the platform, but failed to catch it. As he slowly walked back, mopping his brow, an onlooker asked: "Miss the train?"

"Oh, not much," was the reply. "You see, I never got to know it very well!"

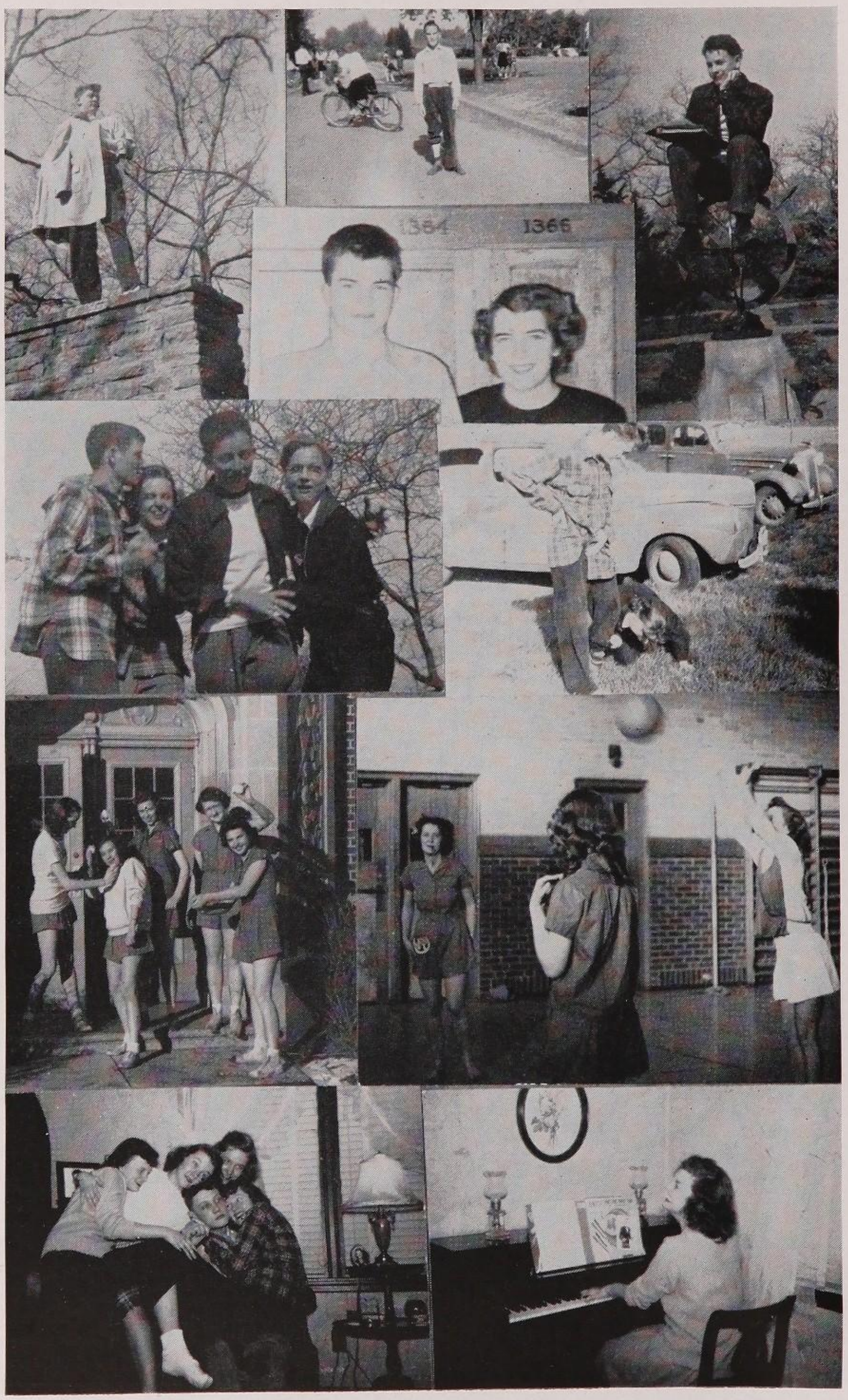
— R —

And then . . . there's the bromo-seltzer that bubbled to the glass of water, "We'll settle somebody's hash."

CONGRATULATIONS to the members of your senior class. May your undying efforts bring forth a world of freedom for generations to follow.

INGERSOLL Theatre **ROOSEVELT Theatre**

YOUR NEARBY TRI-STATES THEATRES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Marky Leachman .....Buddies
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.....The Long and Short of it
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John Schwartz .....Smooth
Calvin Bolton and
Pat Mosely .....Youth
Mr. Kalp and old, dried-up jokes
.....True Love
Jean Cram and
Nancy Trammell ....Sophistication
Jo Ann Hollenbeck and
Janet Pease .....Corn
Frank Weik and
Phil Wright .....Insanity
Deitrich Neuman and
Jeannie Boyd .....Brains
Dick Zirbel and
Don Hays .....Characters
Marjorie Arnold and
Janet Kuben .....Pixies
Bill Becker and Jim
Dickerson ....Professional Wolves
Leo Eveleth and D. G. Henry
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Mr. Hasty ....Juvenile Delinquency
Jack Little and his clarinet
.....Murder, Incorporated
Lou Waters and
Bill Hulling .....Swell Joes
Sally Winter and
Veronica Lake...Double or nothing
Jack Chaffee and
Beverly Hill.....Hmnnnnn—Nice
Lillian Speicher and
Ray Stipp .....Just a pair
Alligator and Prickley
.....The best pears of all

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200 7th Street

DAFFYNITIONS

Soccer—What you do when she gets fresh.

Genteel—A polite eel.

Buzzard—To push the door-bell with great force.

Somersault—Salt which is mined in the summer.

Gong—Past tense of going.

—R—

Have you heard what the lollypop said to the wrapper: "Stick by me or I'll be licked!"

GREEN PENCIL

I sat and looked, thought and stared,
What would be my fate.
For at this very moment,
My masterpiece was late.

While standing at the teacher's desk,
Minutes seemed like years.
I visioned papers marked with 5's,
And the "green pencil" of Miss Meers.

I handed her my paper,
And quickly dashed away.
Why did I take Journalism?
I don't know to this day!!!

—Dick Cass

CLYDE'S HAMBURGERS

Buy them at 1115 W. Grand and 1512 W. Grand

You'll Like Them!

Open Day and Night

Sincere Congratulations to the June Class of 1944

★

SHULER COAL COMPANY

4-5151

One Word Means a Lot

•

Congratulations

Graduation is always a time of joy and best wishes. We wish to join with many others in wishing these young graduates success. Our sincere congratulations to you all.

•

PENNEY'S

5th and Walnut

Des Moines, Iowa

NEVER SAY DROWN, YOU MIGHT DO IT!

Upon being told that I might drown someday if I didn't learn to swim, I donned a moth-eaten suit and strode confidently to the pool. My kind friend had condescended to teach me (condescended, I say as she shoves me towards the water, brutally proclaiming the beauty of swimming). I remained unconvinced. At any rate, in fact, at a rather fast rate, she shoved me gracefully but forcibly into the pool. My what a surprise!! The shallow end! Naturally the water was a trifle cold, I had guessed that when I had seen some of the kids returning from there with ice skates slung over their shoulders. At this point I crawled out and fell to the ground. I lay there in an inert position until my instructor came bouncing gaily along to ask me how I had enjoyed my first dip. Receiving no answer, she tried artificial respiration (she wants to be a lifeguard someday, she'd make a better Gestapo agent in my estimation). She succeeded in reviving me, which was the important thing, she explained to me as I tried to get my vertebrae into the correct places again.

The next dip was in the deep end and much more pleasant. After all, its very picturesque down there nine feet under. I began to tire of the scenery after about ten minutes, though, and was happy to see my worried instructor coming after me. This was the first indication that she could swim that I had seen. It wasn't very convincing, however, and both of us nearly drowned. The lifeguard finished his poker hand and sauntered down to see how we were getting along. On his next trip up, he drug us along and I welcomed the sight of land again. After that I was certain that I would never drown as long as I never tried to learn to swim. And I haven't!! Glub, blub, glub. . . .

—Jean Cram

— R —

Leather makes the best shoes, but bananas make the best slippers.

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NONE BETTER

LIFE

A little bunny rabbit had a bad habit of tying knots in squirrels' tails. He loved to do it; however, the squirrels were perturbed and told the Good Fairy. The Good Fairy realized that little bunnies should not knot tails, so she told the little rabbit that she would turn him into a goon, if she caught him ever doing it again. He took the warning to heart, and stopped knotting squirrels' tails—for a while. But his habit was too well formed, he couldn't keep his vow. One spring day he saw a squirrel and tied a knot in his little tail. In an instant the Good Fairy flew down to him and said, "Now you are a goon!" The little bunny cried and cried, saying to the Good Fairy, "What am I goin' to do?" The Good Fairy merely looked at him and said, "Well, that's life; hare today, goon tomorrow."

—R—

Don't study your books too hard
Don't learn your lessons well
Don't try to pass each test
Heavens no! Be like the rest of us!

—R—

Big: "What do you mean by telling people I'm deaf and dumb?"

Blow: "When did I ever say you were deaf?"

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Have You Tried Our Milk, Cream and Cottage Cheese?

Beaver Avenue at Meredith Drive
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WISHING YOU ALL GOOD LUCK

After graduation . . . as you take your place in the rush of things . . . we hope you'll find recreation and pleasure with us, again and again.

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HALLIBURTON'S

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Congratulations

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GEORGE L. TOWNE

WHY TYPING?

There comes a time in every man's life (to say nothing of young ladies' lives) when it seems that the world is tumbling all around him, that employers are made of galvanized iron, that top sergeants are demons from Hades, and that teachers and studies are forgotten memories, alongside remembrances of whooping cough and traffic fines. This time in every man's life (as well as young ladies') is known to the civilized world at large, and to Roosevelt in particular, as graduation.

Some people begin school careers very early, sometimes as early as four years old. Others, and this includes the majority of students, will wait a long while before indulging in educational activities; even waiting until they are five years old. Now when they attain the twelfth grade in school, they can be easily differentiated between, as the one who began school at four, now acts like a five year old, and the other who launched his career at five, acts like a four year old. This sometimes leads to confusion, especially if they entered school at four and a half. This type is generally shot or otherwise taken care of by the sixth grade.

So now we have to graduate some four year olds and five year olds. Most of my friends are in the latter category because they began school while younger and have gained some type of mental progression.

Whether the school graduates, my friends, in order to make room for some others, or just because they feel 12 years in the same grade is enough for anyone, I can't rightly answer.

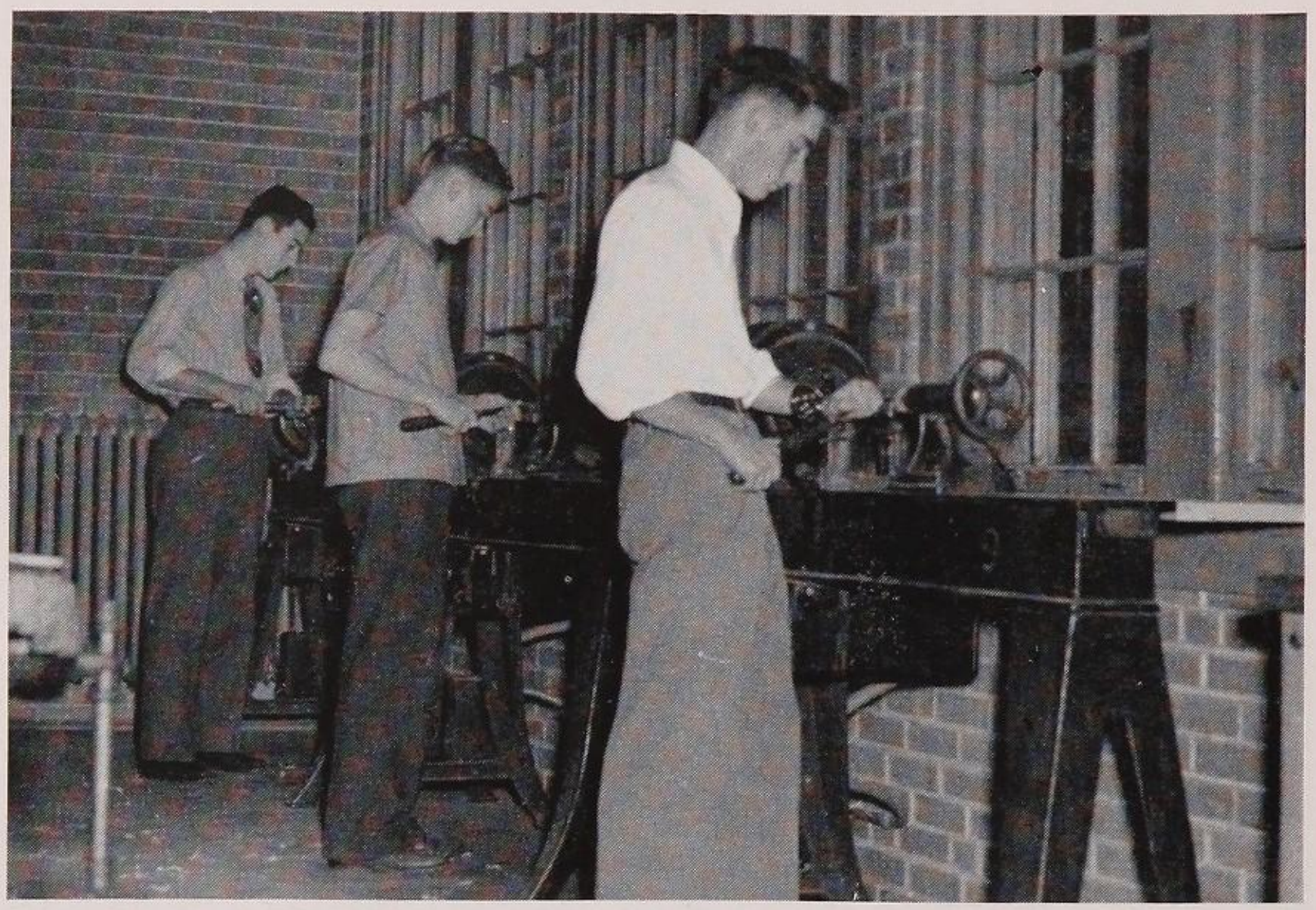
—Rod Gelatt

— R —

Sitting in a crowded bus, a man noticed that the person next to him had closed his eyes.

"What's the matter — sick?" he asked.

"Oh, I'm all right, but I don't like to see ladies standing."



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WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

If you got your ear caught in your girl's fascinator . . . would you

a) wait 'till she turns around, then scare her?
b) cut a hole in the fascinator?
c) cut off your ear?
d) stay close to her all evening pretending to be affectionate?

If you should fall down in the middle of the dance floor . . . would you

a) pretend it's a new step?
b) pull out some dice?
c) tie your shoe?
d) say you are looking for a friend?

If a waiter should drop a bowl of soup on your head (in a restaurant) . . . would you

a) tell him you didn't order that kind?
b) be nonchalant, light a bomb?
c) wait 'til he comes back, then give him a hot foot?
d) pretend it's part of your hair-do?

If you are crossing the street and have to change to the other side of your girl . . . would you

a) run across the street so you can be there first?
b) grab her by the arms and shove her to the other side?
c) push her in the mud if she won't change?
d) sit down on the grass and refuse to move?

If you should find you lost your billfold when you start to pay a bill (on a date) . . . would you

a) hold your hat out for contributions?
b) ask your girl if she feels like working?
c) edge inconspicuously out the the door?
d) say that you have to report to your draft board immediately?

DERBY CAFE

Nice Place . . . Good Food

Fleming Bldg, 6th and Walnut

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You'll find the fashions and fads favored by your crowd.

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DES MOINES

If you mistook someone you'd never seen before, for a good friend, and said, "Hello, Mary," . . . would you

a) look behind you to "see who said it"?
b) pretend you are talking to yourself?
c) yawn and look bored?
d) look at her defiantly and make her say "hello"?

If you should get on the bus and find you have only a ten-dollar bill (am I kidding ? ? ?) . . . would you

a) ask the bus driver if this is the bus to Shangri La?
b) walk by the driver and pretend you've paid?
c) say you put in a dime last week?

If you should go past a stop sign near school and the police were behind you . . . would you

a) pretend you are blind and crash into the nearest telephone pole?
b) tell them it wasn't there the last time you went by?
c) say the brakes fell out of the car the last time you stopped?
d) immediately call up the police chief and invite him to a steak dinner?

— R —

DAY IS DONE

When day is done
And shadows fall
I can hear
My mother's call.

"Do the dishes
And finish this."
Oh, for an hour
Of school's bliss.

When morning comes,
I awaken.
To go to school
But forsaken.

Upon arrival
I recall
How wonderful
Was mother's call.

—Pat Cooper

— R —

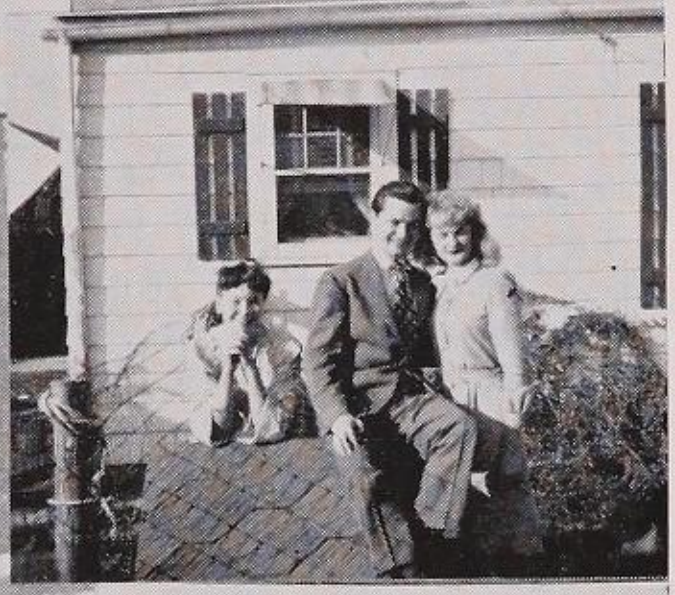
First Moth: "What do you think about the war?"

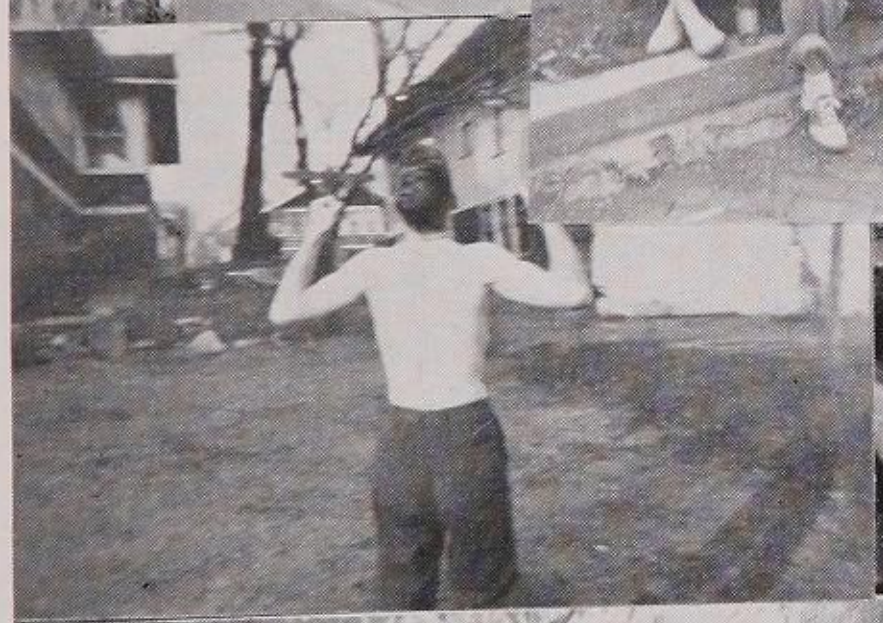
Second Moth: "Oh, it seems pretty nice to be back in uniforms again."

Best Wishes to
the Girls and Boys of Roosevelt

DICK'S GRILL

Beaver and Urbandale Des Moines, Iowa





GAS-MASK PREPARATION

"Ah, that odor!" "What is it?" "It smells like burnt cork or may be rotting rubber." "Naw, it's just like opening a new bottle of Limburger cheese." Now really, fellows, is that a way to talk about your girl friends? After all it is a free country and they can wear what they darn please. If they want to douse themselves in perfumes with names like Surrender, Passion, Heart's Desire, Sinful Soul, Devil's Delight, Opening Night, and Indiscreet, it's their own business. After this instead of telling them where to head in, just come prepared with plenty of handy clothespins.

— R —

He took her gently in his arms
And pressed her to his chest.
The lovely color left her face
And lodged on his fu'l dress.

— R —

I want to be where you is
Instead of where I be,
For when I are where you are not
That ain't no place for me.

I used to think the world was great
But now I know it ain't,
For you have gone where I aren't
And left me where you isn't.

Compliments

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STANDARD OIL CO.
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Quality for Over 50 Years

GRADUATION FOOTWEAR
FOR YOUNG MEN AND YOUNG WOMEN
FIELD SHOE CO.
508 Walnut Street

WHEN WE MET

She's a girl I always remember
She has a face I'll never forget
We were in a pullman sleeper
When by chance we met.

Yes, I know I'll always remember
The girl, the time, the place,
I was coming from an upper berth,
And I stepped upon her face.

— R —

Don't worry if your job is small
And your rewards are few;
Remember that the mighty oak
Was once a nut like you.

— R —

THE LAST ROUNDUP?

This deals with getting out one's first Roundup. It's entirely unbiased, unabridged, and uninteresting. It concerns the terrible personal experiences of a handful of completely unknown humans who consider themselves (in their awake moments) members of the staff of the Roosevelt Roundup. It's a tragic, gory, horrifying epic, absolutely is not recommended for children, or for senior high students with the intelligence of a child.

It accidentally so happened one day, that enough advertising came in to permit the staff to publish a paper. (Each solicitor had armed himself with a club, and thence proceeded to call upon unexpecting firm owners, and people who usually sign checks, contracts, and draft cards.) These are known as "Advertisers," or (second choice) "Angels."

So with the right amount of advertising, all that was needed was a story for the front page. The new editor calmly supplied this by hanging himself by his Paris garters from the second floor rai'ing overlooking the first floor, northwest stairway, north wing, west section. (This gives one a rough idea of where it was the jerk dangled.) The words in such a story were few, so we cut his garters and allowed him to crumble to the floor below. This filled out the column, to say nothing of how it filled the downstairs hall.

Next was a necessary editorial. No holidays, birthdays, armistices or

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QUEAL LUMBER COMPANY
TWO BIG YARDS
Seventh and Keosauqua E. 4th and Grand

Congratulations
Graduates of 1944
☆
Schulze Baking Company
☆
Bakers of
BUTTERNUT BREAD

CONGRATULATIONS
From a Food Merchant of Four Generations
As a youngster of 84—we extend our heartiest congratulations to the Graduation Class of June '44
A&P FOOD STORES

The Pittsburgh Des Moines Steel Company

Celebrates its fifty-first year of

service to the city of

Des Moines

Phone 3-3261 1015 Tuttle Street

such were coming on, so we wrote on the possibilities of floor wax becoming the most important export of the U. S. in 1986. No one knew very much about the subject.

By far the most interesting page was the Sports page. No games were scheduled, so Mr. James Dickerson, of swimming fame, met Mr. Richard Zirbel, of basketball fame, in a ping-pong match of unprecedented skill and daring. Together with what Mr. Dickerson said about Mr. Zirbel's playing, the write-up took approximately half a column.

This then is what takes place when the Roundup staff publishes its first paper. This, then, is why no one is allowed on the paper until twelfth grade. (It's too dangerous for anyone under 17.) This, then, is why we used this article—to fill up space.

—Rod Gelatt

—R—

A little girl of five was entertaining guests while her mother was getting ready.

One of the ladies remarked to the other with a significant look: "Not very p-r-e-t-t-y," spelling the last word.

"No," said the child quickly, "but awfully s-m-a-r-t."

—R—

1st: "How many cigars do you smoke a day?"

2d: "About eight."

1st: "What do they cost apiece?"

2d: "Twenty-five cents apiece."

1st: "My, that's two dollars a day. How long have you been smoking?"

2d: "Thirty years."

1st: "Two dollars a day for 30 years is a lot of money."

2d: "Yes, it is."

1st: "Do you see that office building on that corner?"

2d: "Yes."

1st: "If you had never smoked in your life, you might own that fine building."

2d: "Do you smoke?"

1st: "No, I never did."

2d: "Do you own that building?"

1st: "No."

2d: "Well, I do."

Compliments of
G & L CLOTHING
202 Seventh

CLYDE NUTTALL'S
BEAVERDALE PHARMACY
The Store of Personal Service
DES MOINES, IOWA

C. AMEND & SONS
Wholesale, Retail Meats and Groceries
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Amends Park About Market, 14th and Keo
Down Town, 423 7th 302-304 Walnut

For Better Vision
Gladstone OPTICIANS
516 Walnut Des Moines

Compliments of
IOWA WINDOW CLEANING CO.
714 Mulberry

ENRICHED
CERTAINTY
FLOUR
At Your Grocer's

TWO TO TWO OR WATT'S WATT

"Have you," asked the electrician, "any four-volt, two watt bulbs?"

"For what?" echoed his assistant.

"No, two."

"Two, what?"

"Yes."

"No."

— R —

ENDLESS

A census-taker working in lower New York on the East Side came to a tenement that was literally crowded with children, and observing a woman bending over a washtub he addressed her as follows:

"Madam, I am the census-taker; how many children have you?"

"Well, lemme see," replied the woman, as she straightend up and wiped her hands on her apron. "There's Mary and Ellen and Delia and Susie and Emma and Tommy and Albert and Eddie and Charlie and—"

"Madam, if you just give me the number—"

"Number!" she exclaimed, indignantly, "I want you to know that we ain't got to number 'em. We ain't even run out o' names yet."

Baldwin Pianos

INDORSED BY THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARTISTS

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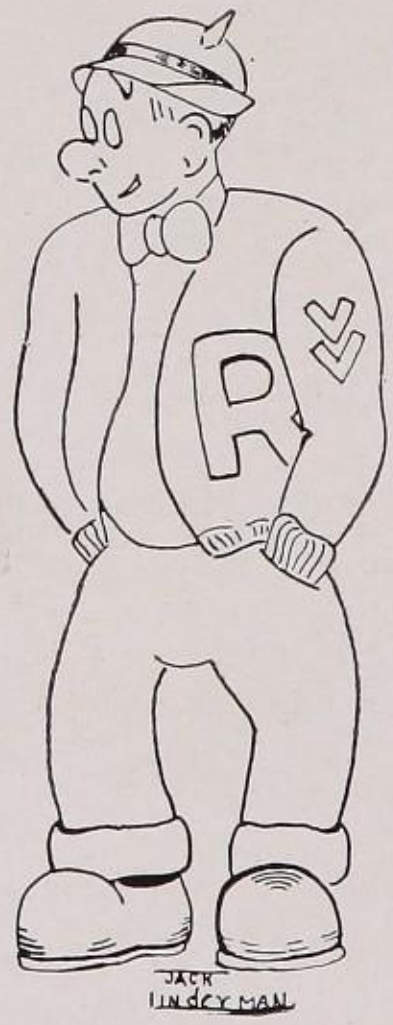

A member of the House of Representatives was one night awakened by his wife, who whispered, "John, John, get up! There are robbers in the house."

"Robbers?" he said. "There may be robbers in the Senate, Mary, but not in the House! It's preposterous."

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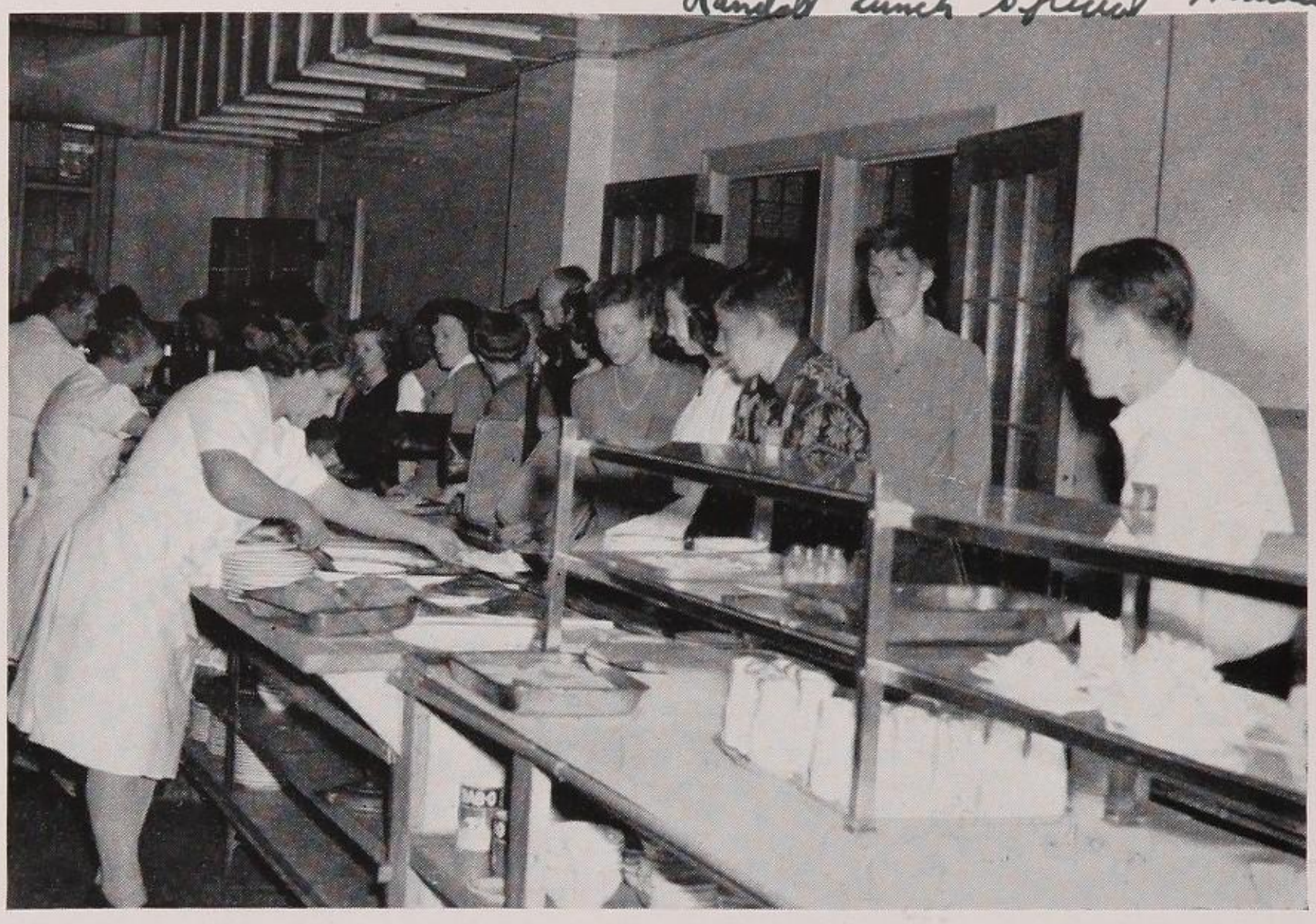

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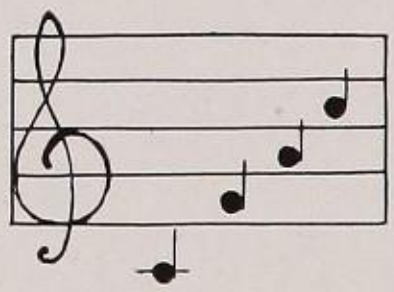

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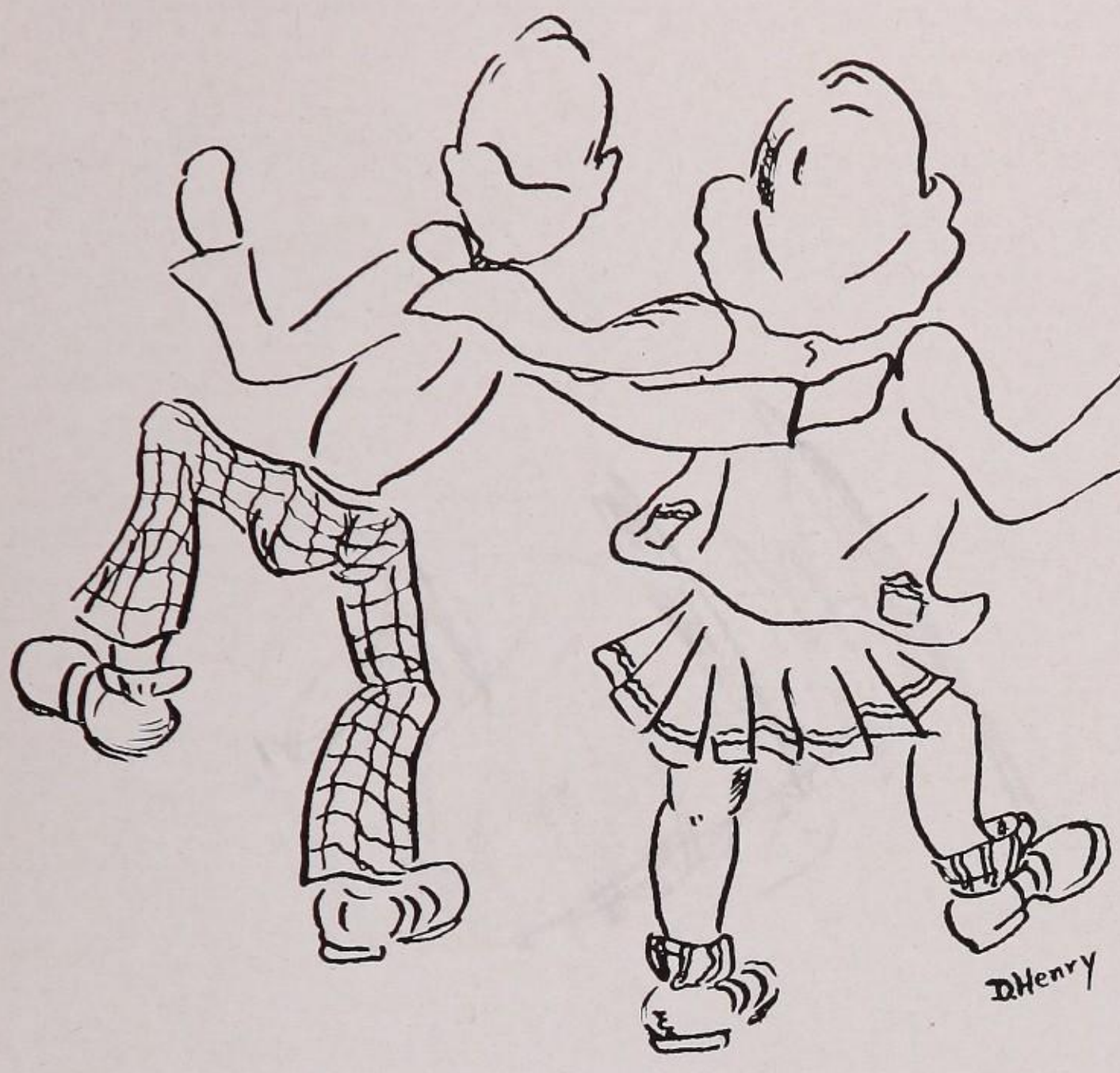
A Symphony of good things to eat



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LIFE ON THE BADMINTON COURT

It was just eighty days ago
That I was bold enough
To see whether I could try to win
Over D. G. Henry's stuff.

This happened during a tournament
Miss Brown's pleasure it was to start
I liked badminton; I said I'd play
One has to do one's part.

No training for it could I do
It had to be played too soon.
My racket trembling, my birdie wrecked—
I could have waited 'til June.

The game began—how sad but true
That Time can march right on.
Midst fleeting, flashing streaks of white
I stood, wishing only to run

Why didn't I know that she had won
Tennis championships galore?
Why **didn't I know!**—but then—
Ah yes—why don't I just know more.

The game ended quite fast, you see
I felt we'd only begun.
But the score was reckoned, and I was floored,
Eleven to one, eleven to one.

— R —

The Commanding Officer was having a hard time with the troops and he said angrily: "No man in the regiment will be given liberty today."

Somewhere a voice rang out: "Give me liberty or give me death."

The C. O. turned red and barked: "Who said that?"

The answer was brief, "Patrick Henry."

— R —

Patt: "Well, that's life!"
Calvin: "What's life?"
Patt: "A magazine."
Calvin: "Where do you buy it?"
Patt: "At the corner drug store."
Calvin: "How much?"
Patt: "A dime."
Calvin: "That's too bad, I only have a nickel. Well, that's life!"

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remember . . .

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PORTRAIT PHOTOGRAPHER

317 Sixth Avenue

GOING TO THE DOGS

My father, with his modern cogs
Said "This world is going to the dogs."
His father in his house of logs
Said "This world is going to the dogs."
His father in his coonskin togs
Said "This world is going to the dogs."
Now this is what I have to state:
"The dogs have had an awful wait."

— R —

"There is a great difference between vision and sight," one Roosevelt student could be heard saying to one of his friends. But as a clincher, the first student was heard to say, "No need to tell me there ain't no difference. Take last Saturday night when we went trolley ridin', the girl I was with was a vision and the one you were with was a sight."

— R —

Traffic Sign—"Slow down before you become a statistic."

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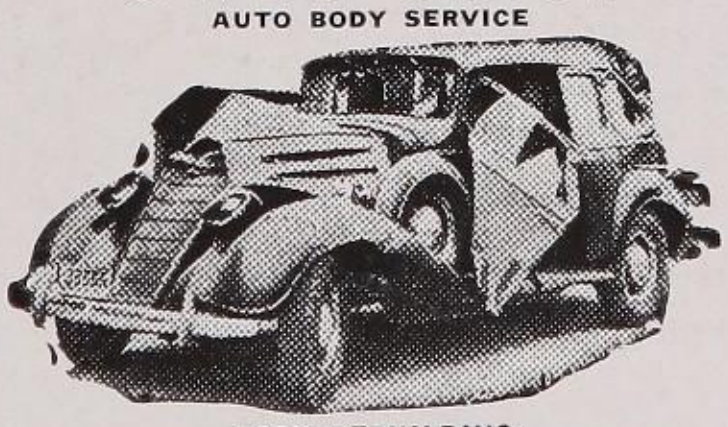

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Fender Work—Frame and Axle Alignment
Painting—Glass—Towing—Upholstering
Keo and 14th Place 4-5259

MORE MORON

Did you hear about the little moron who . . .

—Thought a mushroom was a place to neck?

—Pulled out his teeth so he could chew gum?

—Took his bicycle to bed with him so he wouldn't have to walk in his sleep?

—Moved to the city because he heard that the country was at war?

—Took the street car home but his mother made him take it back?

—Ran along the top of a box of Wheaties because it read "tear along the dotted edge"?

—Pushed the cow over the cliff so he could hear the "Jersey Bounce"?

—Went to the tailor to have his epileptic fit?

—Put a fence around his knees to keep the calves out of the corn?

—Backed off the bus to keep the lady from grabbing his seat?

—Made her son three socks because she heard that he'd grown another foot in the navy?

— R —

A boy
his girl
they walk
they talk
the talk
get hot
no talk
they walk
a girl
a boy

— R —

A woman walked into a store and said happily, "Here is the last installment on our baby carriage."

"And how is the baby?" asked the clerk.

"Fine," she replied. "He was drafted last month."

2 ENLARGEMENTS
1 Folding Folio Album—6 to 16 PRINTS
Any size 6 to 16 exposure Kodak roll developed and printed with beautiful guaranteed never-fade prints plus 2 brilliant glossy **ENLARGEMENTS** and **FOLDING FOLIO ALBUM** to frame your prints only **25c** with this ad. Reprints 3c each. 100 or more 2c each.
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SWIMMING 10¢ per person

WANTED

Wanted: A group of brave, ambitious students to introduce a bill to Student Congress. The bill provides the following improvements for cafeteria of Roosevelt High School:

1. The floor to be done in black tile squares.
2. The tables to be removed and replaced with modernistic booths with red leather upholstering.
3. The booths to be placed in two rows on both sides of the cafeteria.
4. A large space to be clear in the center of the room for dancing.
5. A huge nickelodeon to be placed at a convenient position near the door.
6. The walls to be painted a suitable color. (Preferably the latest pastel favorite.)
7. A coke machine to be put near the booths, and 'phones at every alternate booth.
8. The food to be served by Power's models and the menu to consist of hamburgers, French fries, banana splits and sundaes of all kinds.

— R —

A bird in hand is worth eight points for tomorrow's dinner.

"There goes another pupil," said the professor as his glass eye rolled along the floor.

THANKS,
ROOSEVELT "HI"!

Your cooperation during the war emergency has been wonderful. The little things like having your exact fare ready, using rear exit, moving to the rear of the car, sharing your seat, riding off-peak hours have helped our trainmen tremendously.

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RANDOM THOUGHTS

Aren't you glad you aren't a farmer, with some old hen laying for you?

— R —

Once upon a time there were two janitors. They broomed together, swept together, and got along dust fine.

— R —

Rip, Rop,
Flip, Flop,
F. D. R.
Can't stop
Eleanor.

— R —

Rudeness is the readiest road to ruin.

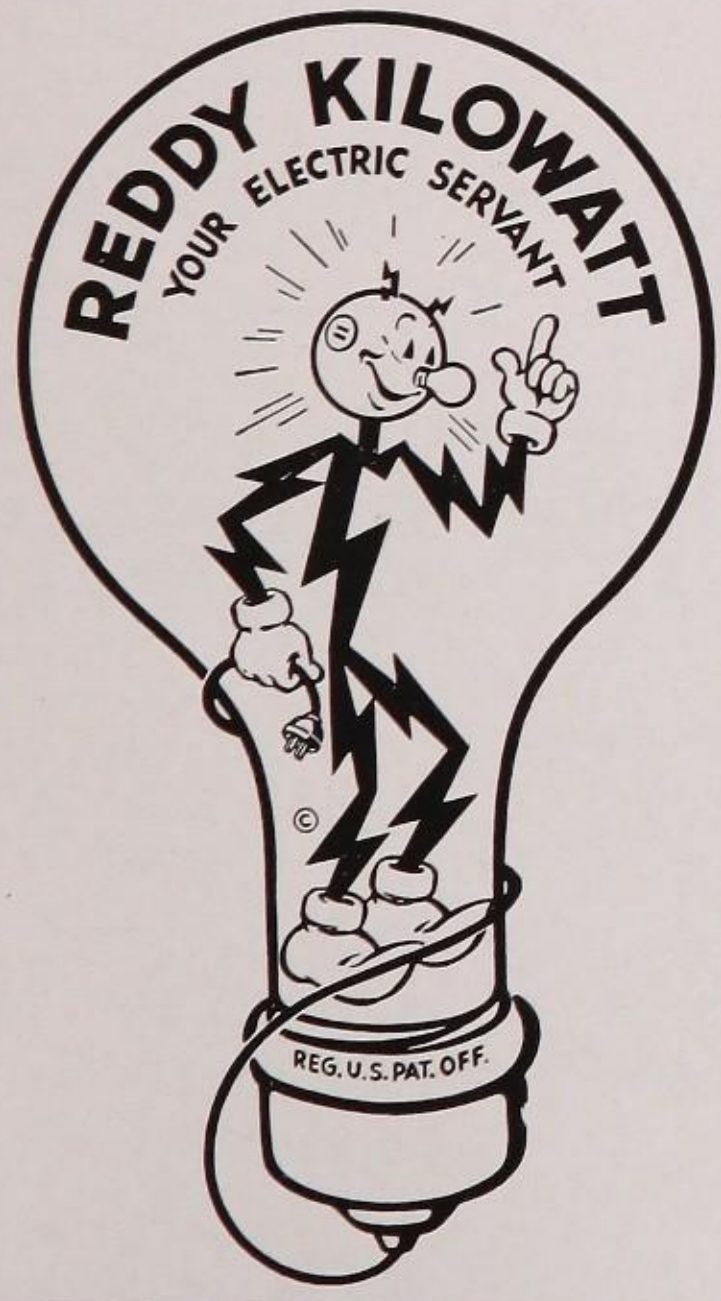
How inconsistent is a woman,
A tangle of hope and regret;
Her birthday she'd have you remember,
And her age she'd have you forget.

— R —

The head of a high school is the principal. The principal is a large amount of money. A large amount of money is an extraordinarily lucky parlay. People who play parlays are jerks. Therefore the head of a high school is a jerk.

— R —

Keep 'em waiting
That's his habit,
Brains he has
Just like a rabbit!



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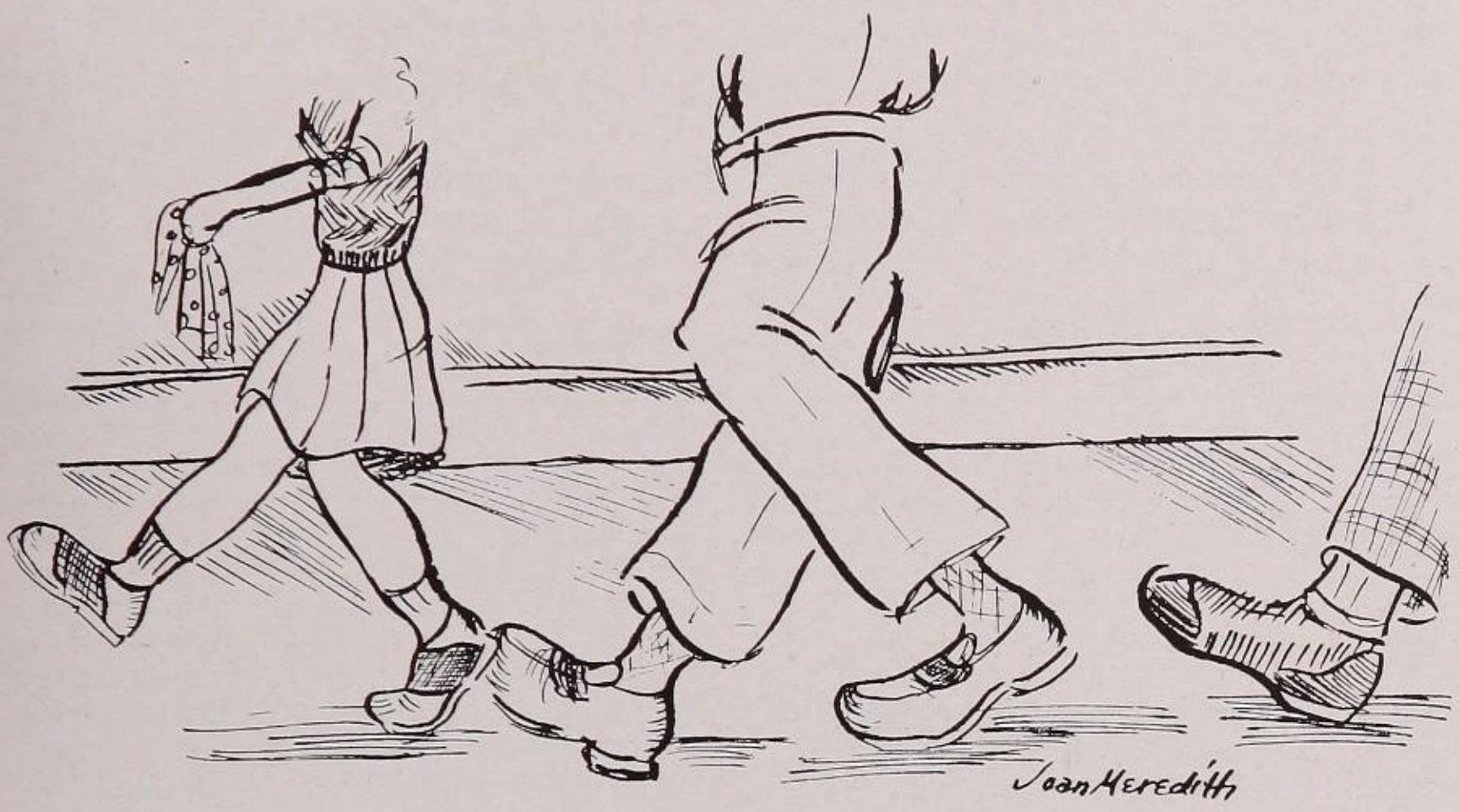

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OF COURSE

Down in the meadow near a ittie bittie pool
Sat a boy and a girl and chaperone too.
Along came a fourth, and what did they do,
Is a story that concerns neither me nor you.
But being the person you are
I'll let you know that they played Cards.

— R —

Did you hear about the moron who thought Western Union was a cowboy's underwear?"

A wealthy American girl was attending a social at a country house in England.

"You American girls haven't such healthy complexions as we English women have," said an English duchess to the girl. "I always wonder why our noblemen take a fancy to your white faces."

"It isn't our white faces that attract," responded the deb, "It's our greenbacks."

— R —

"Did the new play have a happy ending?"

"Oh, sure, everybody was glad when it was over."

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BIG MOMENT

With a roar, crashing of drums and horns, the expectant crowd watched in silence. The big moment was here. The ferns on the stage waved slightly and parted. A tall, handsome lad with perfect, even teeth showing in a carefully styled smile, his robe hanging at a perfect length, his trousers perfectly creased, his hair with just the right wave in it, stepped through, beside him a sweet girl with the right smile, correctly dressed, and perfectly balanced. They walked together down the center, parted at the side, smiled to the adoring parents and friends, and walked with ease to their seats. That was the couple before me.

My big moment started with the ripping of the hem on my dragging gown as we stepped to the platform. My partner's head brushed the drapes hanging down from the top and he helped me down the hugely spaced steps. As we passed the ferns they grabbed at me. I tripped and my helpful partner picked me up. But the heel on my shoe came off just at this moment.

Walking down the center in my stockinged feet, the tassel on that so-called cap deliberately poked its fringes in my eyes. I was blinded, but pretended not to notice. Sneaking up on it, I grabbed the offending thing and threw it off with vehemence. Then I saw instead of adoring friends and parents, a sea of red lobsters. This was too much. I screamed, fell down the side stairs and disappeared into the pillow on my bed. What a dream!

—Ruth Hackett.

— R —

Freshie loves sister and ma very much
But papa's the king that he loves to touch.

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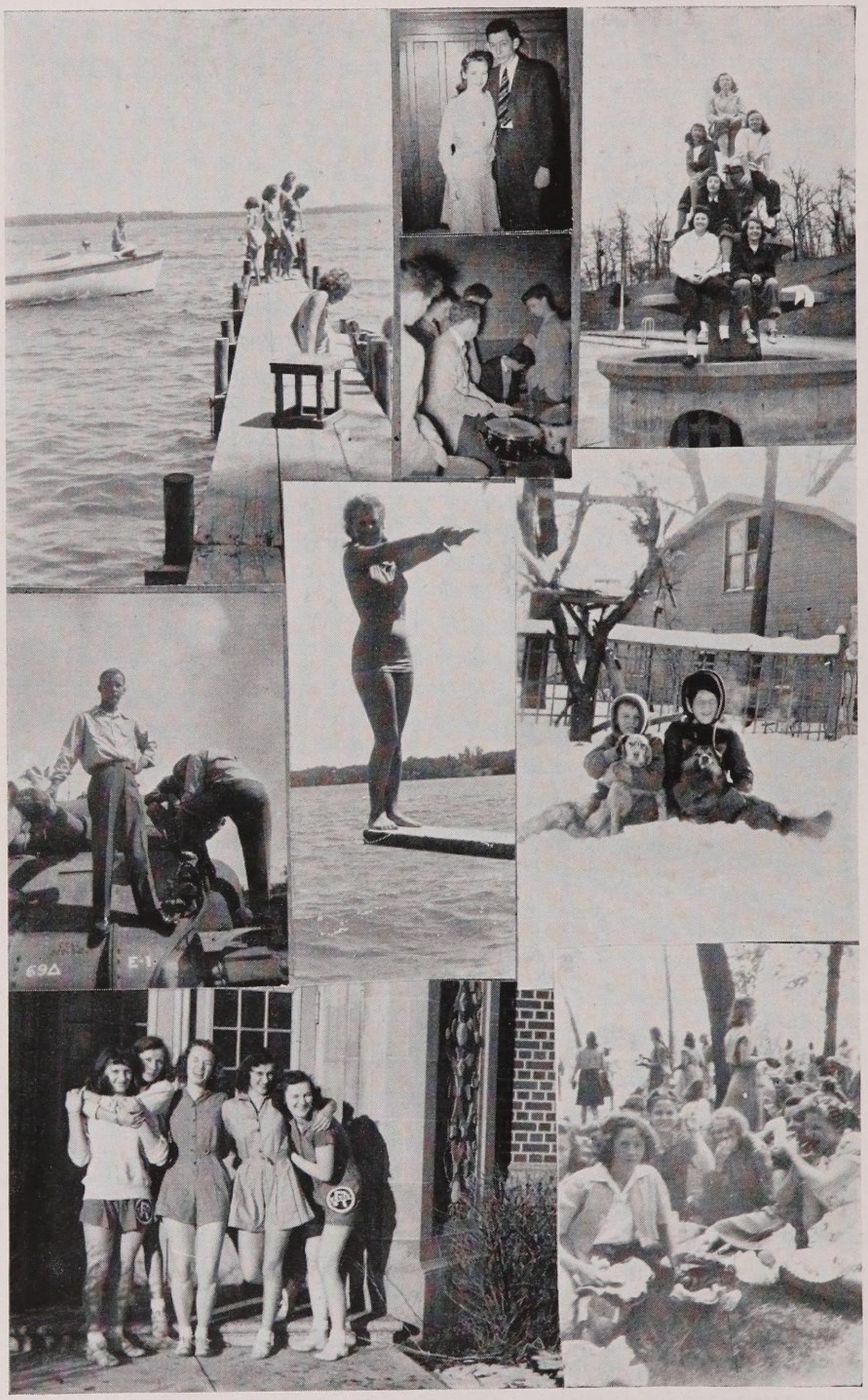

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GREETINGS. . .
TO ALL MY FRIENDS
ROSE LORENZ

FIVE WAYS NOT TO BE POPULAR AT A DANCE

I—When the boy asks you if you would like to dance, look over at some big, handsome brute and say, "Well, I suppose so since I'm not busy at the time." This makes him feel as though you really wanted to dance with him.

II—While you're dancing keep looking at the handsome guy and say how much you would like to be dancing with him. This will make your partner feel like he is the only one you wanted to dance with. (On a desert island.)

III—After you have stepped all over his feet, tell him you don't dance his style and then start leading him. Making him feel as though he is a very good dancer in your estimation.

IV—Then when the band plays a soft number start singing in his ear but be sure to sing off key. This encourages him to dance closer and see how very talented you are in the music field. Well, field, anyway.

V—After the dance is over and when he thanks you (which he probably won't), don't say anything but turn your back and walk away. Be sure this is done in a nonchalant manner so as to not create a disturbance. Then wait for him on the other side of the room to ask for another dance. You can imagine he will, but "Imagination is funny."

—Doris Shaw

— R —

Violinist (in London music shop): "I want an E string."

Clerk (handing him a box of strings): "Would you mind picking it out yourself? I'm a new 'and 'ere, and I can't tell the 'es from the shes."

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DES MOINES, IOWA

REVENGE

Gwendolyn tossed "Jiggs" aside
For a smoother number than he.
He owned a car, had lots of cash
And always a repartee.

Jiggs had no car, not even cash
And never a repartee.
He said that he'd show Gwendolyn
Quothe he "just wait and see!!"

Twenty years have now passed
Jiggs, our friend has stopped her
'Cause he flies over every day
In his shiny Helicopter.

— R —

PROSPERITY

A man who couldn't read or write went into business. He signed checks with two x's. The business prospered and one day the cashier of the bank noticed a check with three x's signed to it. Not knowing whether to honor the check he called the man and said: "I have a check here signed with three x's, it looks like your check, but I'm not sure."

"Yes, it's mine," said the businessman.

"But tell me what's the idea of the extra x?"

"Well," said the businessman, "I'm doing real well now and my wife thought I should take a middle name."

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A man, in his carefree bachelor days, had been very fond of a California restaurant which specialized in waffles with honey. Year after year, he had journeyed to the place to get the delectable viand; so, when he finally married, he decided to take his bride there, in order to share the pleasure with her. He didn't tell her what was coming; merely ordered an excellent meal with two orders of waffles.

The meal came, the waffles came, but there were two small pitchers of near maple syrup and no honey. He called the waitress over and whispered, loud enough for his wife to hear, "Where's my honey?"

The waitress beamed intelligently, "She's on her vacation, sir."

— R —

AH, YES

"Hello."

"Hello."

"That you Jake?"

"Yes, this is Jake."

"It doesn't sound like Jake."

"Well, this is Jake speaking all right."

"Are you sure this is Jake?"

"Sure, this is Jake!"

"Well, listen, Jake, this is Henry. Lend me fifty bucks."

"All right, I'll tell him when he comes in."

— R —

Then there was the guy who called his girl "Catsup" because she was pure but artificially colored.

Compliments of

W. B. HILL

To the Class of '44

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S. E. 30th Maury or S. W. 18th Raccoon

C. O. BROWN, Owner

YES, THAT'S TRUE

The gum-chewing girl
And the cud-chewing cow
Are somewhat alike
Yet different somehow.
And what is the difference?
I think I know now—
It's the clear, thoughtful look
On the face of the cow.

— R —

THIS IS WAR

Two men working side by side in the War Production Board in Washington, never spoke, but watched the other. One man quit work daily at four o'clock, while the other always worked till six or later. Finally the harder worker approached the other. "I beg your pardon," he said, "do you mind telling me how you clean up all your work every day at four o'clock?" "Not at all," said the other worker, "when I come to a tough piece of detail, I mark it 'Refer to Commander Smith.' I figure that in an outfit as large as this there is sure to be a Commander Smith and I must be right because none of the papers come back to me."

"Brother," said the hard worker, removing his coat, "prepare for action. I'm Commander Smith!"

— R —

"Waiter, this ham isn't any good."

"Oh, sir, it must be. It was only cured last week."

"Well, it's had a relapse."

— R —

A new sergeant was drilling a bunch of rookies. He had just about worn himself out and his patience was running low. He tried for about five minutes to get a presentable line, but finally gave it up in disgust. "That's the durndest line I ever saw," he bellowed, "all of you fall out and take a look at it for yourself."

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"And that, fellow leaders in the crime wave of the century, (the permanent wave), is just about what the whole gripe amounts to. Johnny comes marching up the walk about twenty minutes early (that is, if your Johnny is good enough not to sit out in his modified Jeep and simply lean belligerently upon the horn when he rattles up to your parking—that is, too, if Johnny can walk), and you have just finished with the delicate job of spreading mom's new jar of cold cream all over your modern miss person. Mom goes to the door, lets in the caged animal (our hero) and retires to the kitchen to let papa and handsome indulge in man talk. A dead silence reigns supreme as you, from your roost in front of your magic mirror, listen to numerous harrumphs and raucous throat clearings that issue from the living room. Oh, dear, no more perfume left in the bottle. Brother Bobby and his little fellow friends had field day with it yesterday. Mom thought he'd become the new inside man at the skonk works.

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Sis Jane won't mind lending some of her new $50 an ounce to a good cause (you try to tell yourself as you crawl on hands and knees to sister's room). The object of fear—sister Jane—is nowhere in sight. Completely encouraged and fortifying yourself with a hairbrush to use in case of any hasty retreats, you stealthily climb over all the furniture Jane has piled in front of the door, your eye suddenly catching sight of her new dress with the spangles. "Sighted dress, wore same."

You're back in your room quick like a bunny. Hmmmnnn. Must be putting on a little weight. Jane's dress doesn't zip right and hangs funny. But such is the life of a refugee.

At last you're prepared for a motor trip to the stars with Dream Boy No. 14. You slink down the stairs to the landing, pause for an effective entrance, catch a glimpse of Johnny and get so excited you forget Bobby's new rocket gun which is lazily reclining beneath your foot and go crash, banging down the full length of the stairs, eventually scraping yourself off the hall rug after feeling begins to surge back into your nervous system. Graceful entrance, to say the least!

Just then Jane gallops in, eyes you with a "haven't I seen that dress somewhere before," and dashes upstairs yelling to mom en route that she's got a heavy date tonight over at the college. You grab your coat and drag your would-be Romeo out the door fast on your heels as you hear Jane's furious shrieks of "Who's been in my room? Where's my red number?" and then your name punctuated as only a female in extreme rage can do.

Small wonder that you sigh, lean back in Gertie, the threadbare, horn blasting green and blue jallopy and think to the tune of her soft rattle, "Ah, peace." Boy friend noisily strips the gears, runs his hand along the inside of his collar and pipes, "You women! No worries, no nothin', and never able to make an appointment on time." You glare icily ahead, draw back in your shell and frost over. Oh, men, what bothers they are.

—Joan Beard

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A MOVIE

"Well," said Mom, as she shoved the last few dishes into the cupboard, "I guess Dad and I will go to a movie tonight. How's that picture at the Roosevelt?"

"It smells," said I, with an appropriate gesture. "It's got more Nazi agents than the whole Berlin Gestapo and less sense than something I'd write in a column!"

"No!" she exclaimed, throwing father's mustache-cup into the flour bin in her excitement. "Is it really that bad?"

"Worse than a Chinese puzzle written up-side-down in Russian," I affirmed. "The plot is absolutely a military secret! As far as I could guess, it went something like this:

"On a lonely beach somewhere along the Atlantic coast, a man stands looking out to sea. All is darkness except the glistening stars and the glow of the cigar butt he is holding daintily on a little ivory toothpick.

"Suddenly there is a light from across the water and the man becomes a veritable tornado of action. He races up a nearby cliff, whips out his powerful glow-in-the-dark gardenia, and waves it above his head in wide circles.

"Out of the surf, a German U-boat rises. 'Ach!' screams the Captain, 'There is the signal! Hoist the bilge! Haul out the barnacle! Drop the mainsail! Throw out the crew!'

"Having received an answering signal, the man on the shore dashes down the cliff again, and leaps into a rowboat, pulling on a clean pair of socks as he runs, and pinning seven or eight medals and the gardenia to his shirtfront. After two minutes of violent rowing he reaches the sub and is hauled aboard by a grappling hook.

" 'Heil!' roars the crew. 'Heil! Heil!'

"In typical Nazi fashion, they all stand around waving their arms in the air, and drawing little swastikas on one another's bald heads with eyebrow pencils.

"The Captain and the man from the shore bow to each other. The Captain, in a comradely fashion, strikes

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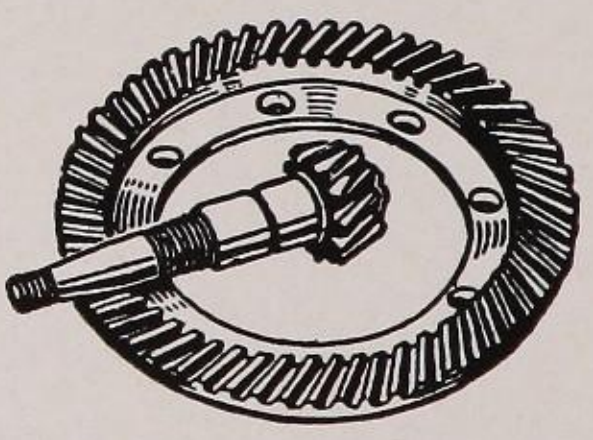

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the man a blow on the head with a roll of liverwurst and shouts, 'Ach, Schmidt, you have done a good job!'

" 'It's nothing,' laughs Schmidt, cracking the Captain in the shin with a piece of oar.

" 'Ah, but der Feuher will be proud,' he booms, jovially lashing Schmidt's face with his raw-hide whip.

" 'It was my duty,' boasts the German, and to display the magnificent culture his Nazi upbringing gave him, Schmidt wraps half a length of lead pipe around the Captain's neck and pounds him respectfully on the side of the head with a wet mackerel.

"Having thus exchanged the usual military courtesies, Schmidt and the Captain get down to the business at hand.

" 'No doubt you've mapped out the territory surrounding the factory,' says the Captain.

" 'Yes,' says Schmidt, handing him a roll of wallpaper and a red checked table cloth. 'I did these calculations during lunch today, at Joe's place.'

"The Captain inspects the carefully folded cloth and immediately turns purple with rage.

" 'Schmidt!' he roars, 'There's catsup on the ammunition dump and raspberry jam on the railroad line! Consider yourself court-martialed!' Whereupon the crew hangs poor Schmidt from the flag-pole, and the Captain assumes full authority.

"Much to his dismay, however, he finds that all the instructions are written in code, and in a fit of fury he breaks a blood vessel and collapses. With nothing more to live for, the loyal crew wave their arms, scream 'Heil, Heil!' and leap overboard, and the picture comes to a welcome end."

The JOLIET HI JOURNAL
Joliet, Illinois

— R —

Now it's time to worry,
It's report card time, you see.
Will I get a "1" or "2",
Maybe a "4" or "3".

But now the suspense is over,
For you see the "die was cast".
'Cause I found out in Home Room,
That I just barely passed.

—Dick Cass

— R —

During a discussion on girls, one soldier remarked: "I like the shy, demure type myself. You know, the kind you have to whistle at twice."

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"A NIGHT IN RISING SUN"

Our henpecked hero has finally reached Rising Sun. Naturally, they had a most joyous time looking for the depot. They searched the entire southern end of the town. (Searching the entire southern end of Rising Sun should take about as long as a brisk stroll to the garbage can and back.) Of course, the depot is, was, and undoubtedly will always be on the northern end of the town. Now from South Rising Sun to North Rising Sun—as the vulture flies—one should spend approximately five minutes en transit, unless a cow chances to cross your path. Then if you hit him, which you invariably will, the owner of the bovine would shoot up from nowhere, screaming that "you feriners can't never derive strait."

"Why in heaven's name don't you keep walking hamburgers off the street? Can't you see this is a main thoroughfare?"

Mr. Mc. left him ranting and raving thusly as he drove on, nicking the cow's south tenderloin as it backed into his path. This set off a new outburst, even worse than the first, and he headed straight for the depot. (Here I must admit that Rising Sun isn't quite as bad as here depicted. It's really quite a civilized town. One never finds cows in even the side streets. Maybe chickens, but never cows.)

As Algonquin had driven slow, and as they hadn't left What Cheer until about 8:00, they got to Rising Sun about 11:00 p. m., with very few casualties. They hadn't even had a flat tire, but the gas had run out once. (This is a pre-rationing story.)

Arriving at the depot they questioned a fellow with an official's cap.

"You work here?"

"Yep."

"Could you tell us when the train for San Diego arrives, please?"

"Yep, I could tell you." But he wouldn't.

"Well?"

"Well, what?" quoth he.

"Well, what time does it get in, if I may be so bold?"

"One a. m."

"Thank you very much. Is it on time, or shouldn't I ask?"

"It's not on time, and you shouldn't ask." (A short pause on the part of Mr. McGuillicouty.)

"If I could trouble you just once more, what time is the train coming in? In other words, how late is it?"

"One question at a time, bud, one

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at a time. It's supposed to be in at 1:00 a. m., and I ain't got no idea what time it'll be in."

Feeling he had uncorked vital information, Algonquin, brood in tow, went into the business section—ten gas stations, a grocery store, one second-run movie, a drug store, and the Rising Sun branch of the Iowa Liquor Commission—and decided on seeing this week's cinema. Showing was "It Happened One Night," "Life Begins at 40," "Birth of a Nation," bank night, bingo, a drawing for free retreads, inquiring mike, auction and prayer meeting. All for 25 cents before 11. A. walked up to the ticket window.

"How many?" inquired the girl.

"How many what?"

"How many tickets?"

"Tickets? Oh—oh—tickets—three please."

"Three?"

"Yes—no—that is, two and a half."

"How old?"

"I beg your pardon, miss."

"How old is the kid?"

"Oh—ten, I think—it seems like 30!"

"O. K. — 42 please." Algonquin shelled out a 50-cent piece, took 7 cents change—never counted his change—gave Junior a nickel for the stale candy machine, and they walked in.

Of course the show was half over. The theatre, they discovered when they grew accustomed to it, was virtually empty. Nevertheless, some native of Rising Sun and his fat fraulin and two brats strutted in, picking out a seat behind them. Each of the little darlings had popcorn. Each chewed his popcorn far beyond the normal digestive period. One—the one way in—had to leave. Papa had to go with him to find the way.

Having viewed his watch, which said 8 p. m. because he hadn't wound

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it and which probably would still say 8 p. m. if he had wound it, Algonquin collected his family and they dragged out into the lobby. The lobby was more of a quick stop over to the outside metropolis. The clock there said 12:45 so they hurried down to catch the train. Still standing around looking official was the guy in the red cap.

As the train pulled out, two figures were seen struggling on the platform —But Junior managed to stay on.— "Geronimo."

—R—

Native: "What do you think of our town?"

Don Arends: "Well, it certainly is unique."

Native: "What do you mean by unique?"

D. A.: "Well, it comes from two Latin words—"unus", meaning "one" and "equs", meaning "horse".

—R—

LOST ART

Cooking once was called an art.
Until the food came home in cans
And gas stoves got a start;
But metal drives and butter bans
And stamps that come in books,
Reinstated on the throne our nation's
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If it wouldn't inconvenience the Great Iowa and Northwestern Railroad—if such a r.r. exists—I, for one, would certainly appreciate a sane answer to something. Said problem is: "Why do you, the Great Iowa and Northwestern Railroad Company, go to so much trouble to arrange train schedules for such ungodly hours as you do? Is it necessary to run trains at the unheard of hour of 3:00 a. m. only? And what do you do with your trains in the day time? Hide them under the tracks? At 3:00 a. m., if everything is on schedule, the fire in the depot stove is out and the train approximately 15 minutes late. If one cares for added enjoyment, a snow storm, hail and/or rain conveniently converges on the leaking station roof.

Algonquin Q. McGuillicouty was planning a little trip. He had the greatest desire to see California, so he picked out San Diego for his goal. Algonquin Q. was under the false impression that he might go alone. Mrs. McGuiliicouty and little Algonquin Jr. also wanted to see California, particularly at this time, particularly San Diego.

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Algonquin Sr. had previously taken trips and had only one hatred against them, namely creeping from his bunk before dawn, feeling for his shoes and knocking over the lamp, phone and aspirin bottle in his tired wakening moments.

To get to San Diego he was willing to go by way of Chicago, as long as he didn't have to get up at 2:00 a. m. But no such luck. The railroad got wind of his intention despite his every attempt to hush up this news, and the entire national railroad schedule was rerouted. The Rocket, the train usually passing through Des Moines at 7:15 a. m., was shipped to Baton Rouge, Louisiana, for the sole purpose of arising Algonquin Q. McGuillicouty before the sun peeked over the East.

Just the same, the train for San Diego left Rising Sun, Iowa, at about 1:00 a. m. Therefore, the McGillicoutys left What Cheer around 7:00 p. m. They wanted to be sure they caught the train. Having left What Cheer, Junior discovered, much to his dismay, to say nothing of the profanity being muttered by his old man, that he had packed his suitcase and brought it to the front door, expecting papa to carry it out. It was still at

the front door, waiting for papa to carry it out. Therefore, they turned around, dented a fender against a parked car, and started home.

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"Why? I don't know him!"

"But you dented his fender?"

"He dented mine, too."

This shut up the old goat. Having left the note—signed F.D.R.—he once more regained his driver's seat and started back for What Cheer.

"You stay here, Junior, and let daddy get the bag."

But junior just had to go in. Once inside, Algonquin thought he might be able to throw him away, or something.

However, Junior was heavily armed and went his direction while his pater picked up the bag. Now, as little boys go, Junior went too far. The suitcase hadn't been locked. The lock was broken. That's why Junior had gotten it. A maze of broken stones, stamps and other junk flowed onto the carpet.

While Junior was still upstairs—thought papa—he'd just heave this stuff into the incinerator. He went into the basement, tripping over some of "that darned kid's roller skates" and bounced on his dignity, squarely. Junior stood up at the head of the stairs, laughingly saying, "What are you doing?"

"Whatever in the world are you doing on the floor?" Again he dirtied-looked her. "What are you doing in the basement?"

"I came down to see if the furnace draft was off—nothing important, I guess." But Junior notices everything. Sneaking around to catch the poor "master of the family" in a pincer's move, he spied his trash in the old boy's mit.

"You were going to burn my rocks," he screamed. "How could any one burn your rocks?" "You'd find a way," the kid yelled.

The poor Mr. Mc. admitted that he had intentions of incarcerating the crazy stamps, and throw away the fugitives from a gravel pit. "I certainly hope you're asleep when we go through the mountains or you'll have ten Indians and the top of Pike's Peak in the pullman!"

With Junior crying at the thought of losing his most valuable possession, Mrs. Mc. by this time calling up a friend she had forgotten to say goodbye to, and Algonquin Q, arising from the mouldy basement floor, we now see why people called it "Home, Sweet Home."—"Geronimo."

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PLOT

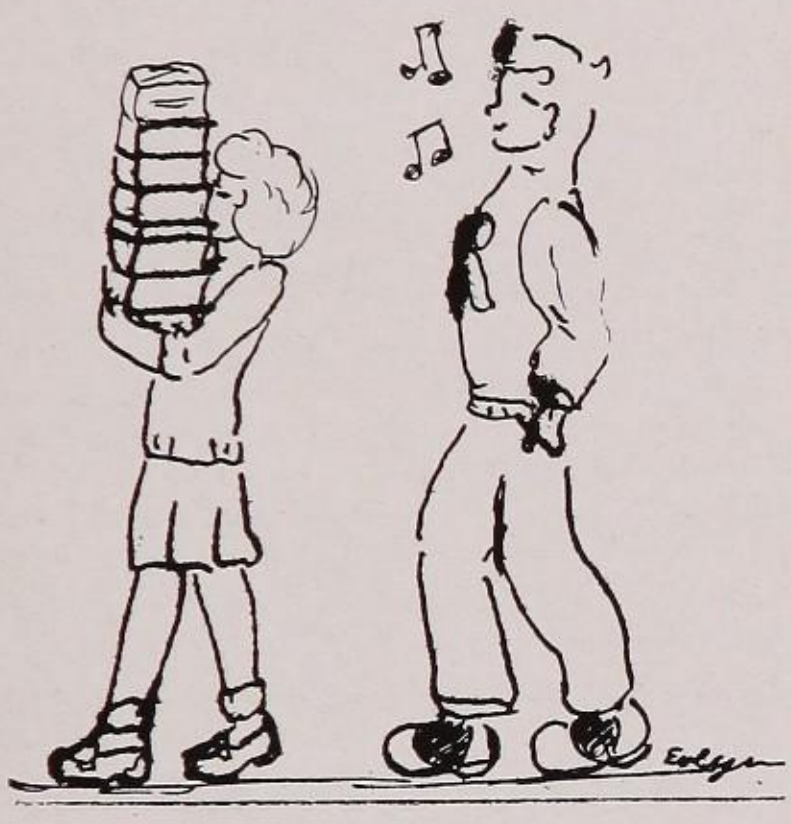
Three Scotchmen were in church one Sunday morning when the minister made a strong appeal for some worthy cause, hoping that everyone in the congregation would give at least one dollar or more. The three Scots became very nervous as the collection plate neared them. Finally one of them fainted and the other two carried him out.

— R —

Refugee: "Yes, she was hanged in China."

Reporter: "Shanghai?"

Refugee: "Not very."



Overheard from the next booth while sipping a soda: "Of course I had to tell her she looked like a million—and I meant every day of it."

— R —

Old Gentleman: "You're an honest lad, but it was a $10 bill I lost, not ten ones."

Louis Raul: "I know, mister, it was a $10 bill I picked up. But the last time I found one the man didn't have any change."

— R —

Teacher: "Jim, give me a sentence with a direct object."

Jim: "You are pretty."

Teacher: "What is the object in that sentence?"

Jim: "A good grade."

— R —

Mr. Kalp: "Did you ever hear of Wilson?"

Janet Pease: "No."

Mr. Kalp: "Taft?"

Janet: "No."

Mr. Kalp: "Cleveland?"

Janet: "Was his last name Ohio?"

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Mr. Schlampp doesn't invite a few boys down to his office for a conference and some advice.

Miss Meers doesn't ask her students where her red pencils are.

Janet Pease doesn't cause a riot.

G. Robert Ludwig isn't asked why he puts that "G" in front of his name.

Mr. Kalp doesn't tell one of his decrepit jokes in class.

Jeannie Boyd doesn't tell a joke and laugh louder than anyone else.

Lee Tebo doesn't walk down the hall wearing one of his "zoot" suits.

Dorothy Polsky doesn't flash those big beautiful eyes at you.

Mr. Hasty doesn't go for a second cup of coffee at lunch.

Pat Gorman doesn't write a poem.

Jim Langridge doesn't try to get some advertising for the Roundup.

Pat Cooper doesn't skip a class.

Betty Howell doesn't call her mother at noon to see if she got any mail. (Wishful thinking.)

Bob Kamber's shoes don't squeak.

Jim Dickerson isn't called "Red Dog."

Marian Kirk doesn't comb her beautiful blond curly-locks.

The radiator doesn't whistle in Miss Johnson's room.

Nancy Branton doesn't eat doughnuts in English class.

Mr. Hildreth doesn't blush.

Jim Hill isn't sent out of band.

Anne Dillon doesn't visit the office.

Clifford Gibson doesn't give himself the honor of being the best looking boy in school.

Norma Jean Gordon doesn't wink at the boys.

Nancy Trammell doesn't keep her specs (glasses, to you) on top of her head.

Jean Cram doesn't invite the guys and gals over to her house. (Mostly the guys.)

Ted Fein doesn't say "You make me so mad!"

Wayne Humphry doesn't laugh and shake the building at the same time.

The females don't fight with the males over chairs in the lunchroom.

Phyllis Sherman doesn't giggle.

Some student doesn't threaten to toss a hand-grenade into the Roundup office.

— R —

A girl in the car is worth two on the sidewalk.

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A SCARE

As I sat there and shook and quavered in my seat, I couldn't help but think how silly I was being. After all how could a little thing like that hurt me. All I had to do was to walk a few steps and I'd be there. Yes, only a few steps but those few were more than I could bear. And once again a cold sweat broke out on my face and chills chased themselves up and down my spine. No, no I couldn't do it. I wasn't brave enough. I simply hadn't the nerve to do such a thing. And yet, I knew it had to be done and soon, too. So, trembling and quivering with fright, I got up and walked behind Miss Johnson and sharpened my pencil.

— R —

First Lady: "Do you always look under the bed?"

Second Lady—"Always."

First Lady: "Do you ever find anything?"

Second Lady: "Only in old fashioned hotels!"

— R —

The company cook brought in some extremely thin slices of bread and butter.

"Did you cut these, Sergeant?" asked one hungry soldier.

"Yes, I cut 'em," came the stern reply.

"Oh," replied the soldier. "All right! I'll shuffle and you deal."

— R —

Johnny applied for a job as a grocery boy. The grocer wanted a serious-minded helper, so he put Johnny to a little test. "Well, son, what would you do with a million dollars?" he asked.

"Oh my, I don't know—I wasn't expecting so much at the start."

— R —

How about the lazy man who wouldn't fix the leaky roof? When his wife asked him for about the thirtieth time he exclaimed: "When it's raining it's too wet up there and when it's dry, what's the use?"

— R —

Jim Dickerson (walking into clothing store): "I'd like to try that suit on in the window."

Clerk: "I'm sorry, young man, but you'll have to use the dressing room."

— R —

Japan wants to buy our glass bottom boats at Catalina so that Hirohito can review his fleet.

And then there's the one about the two old ladies sitting in their hotel room. One of the ladies, with a puzzled look on her face, said to the other lady—"I can't understand it. I picked up the telephone and asked for room service and all I could hear was wild hysterical laughter." [Editor's note: Room service? She ought to feel fortunate about having a room, let alone the service.]

— R —

A Scotchman, observing a friend of his, shedding tears inquired: "What's the matter, Jawn?"

"Oh, Sandy, mon! Ma mither's deed!" sobbed the man.

"Is that all—I was afeared it had bee 'er horse!"

— R —

Doctor (before operation): "Nine out of every ten patients die during the operation. Can I do anything for you before we start?"

Patient: "Yes, just help me on with my hat and coat."

— R —

We sweep the floors and mop the floors
As neat as any pin,
And then we all go out of doors
To track the dirt back in.

— R —

Freshman: "Can I go out tonight?"
Sophomore: "I'll be home at ten."
Junior: "I'm going out tonight."
Senior: "I'll bring in the milk."

— R —

First Poilceman: "Say, what are those two fellows over there doing?"

Second Policeman: "Oh, they're two crystal gazers celebrating the surrender of Germany and Japan next year."

— R —

I once had a classmate named Gunn,
Whose knowledge grew lesser and lesser,
It at last grew so small,
He knew nothing at all—
And now he's a college professor.

— R —

"Well, Pat, what are you doing? Sweepin' out the shop?"

Pat looked at his employer disgustedly, "No, sir, Oi'm sweepin' out the dirt, an' lavin' the shop."

— R —

As one soldier said to another as they were flying through the air in their jeep, "Put down the wheels Joe —comin' in for a landing."

He (with hands over her eyes): "If you can't guess who it is in three guesses, I'm going to kiss you."
She: "Jack Frost, Davy Jones, Santa Claus."

— R —

Officer: "Lady, you were driving 80 miles per hour. Don't you know that you were exceeding the speed limit?"
Lady: "Isn't that funny and I just learned to drive yesterday."

— R —

The bicarbonate kid — "Wild Bill Hiccup."

Teacher: "What's a cannibal?"
Ted Trammell: "I don't know."
Teacher: "Well, if you ate your mother and father, what would you be?"
Ted: "An orphan, teacher."

— R —

"Now," said the professor, "pass all your papers to the end of the row. Have a sheet of carbon paper under each one so that I can correct all of the mistakes at once."

— R —

Smith: "Sir, I want your daughter for my wife."
Slugenheimer: "Young man, you go home and tell your wife she can't have my daughter."

— R —

"How was your vegetable garden last summer?"
"Fine! We had it for lunch one day."

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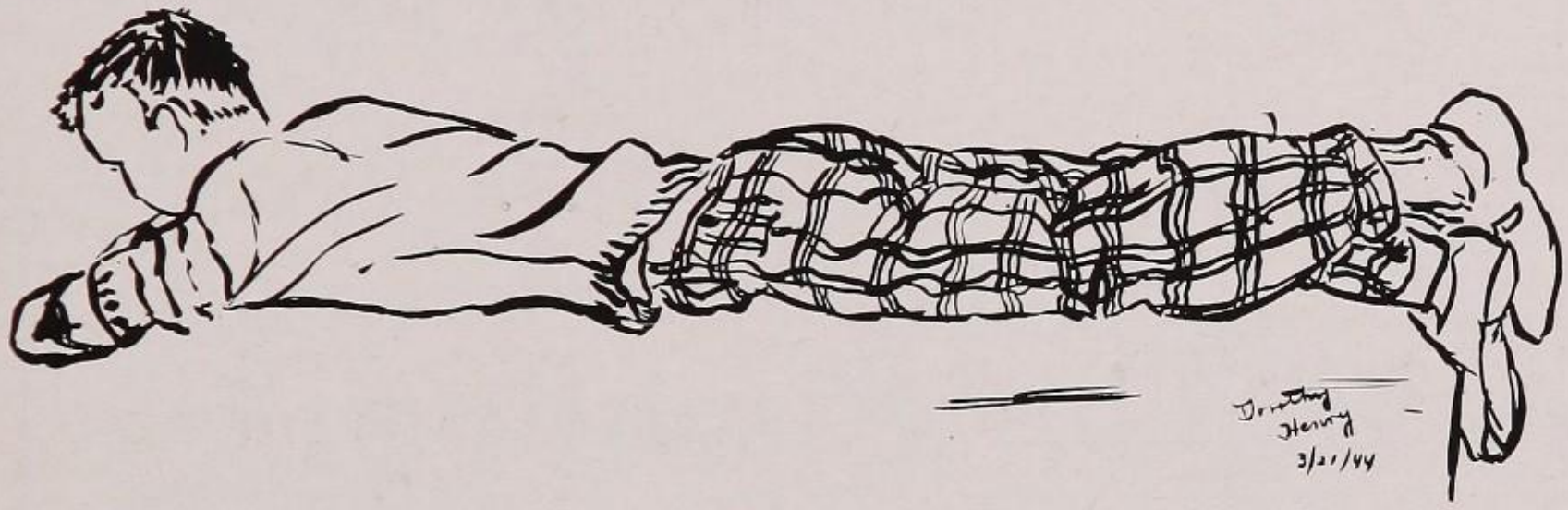

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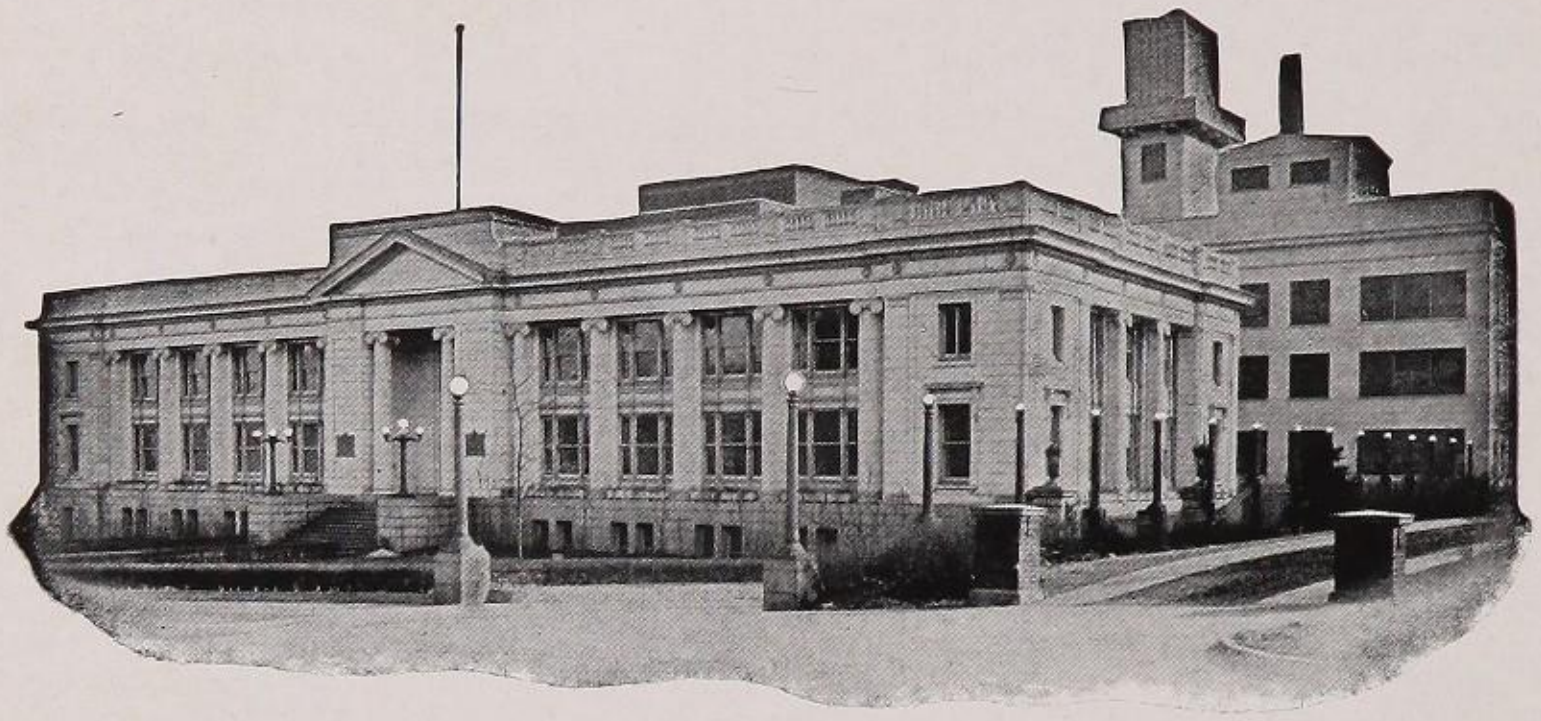

This is the Fourteenth issue of . . .

The Roundup

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Thanks for This and Past Business - Come Again Next Year

Then there is the story about the moron who wanted to play quarterback on the football team because he thought he got a twenty-five-cent refund.

— R —

The girl was talking to her father and said, "Can Henry stay later tonight, Dad? He's brought his own fuel oil."

— R —

Mother Nature is a wonderful woman but still can't jump from summer to winter without a fall, and from winter to summer without a spring.

— R —

Traffic Cop: 'Use your noodle, lady; use your noodle!"

Lady: "My goodness! Where is it? I've pushed and pulled everything in the car."

— R —

"One thing you must say about boxers is that they are considerate?"

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well, they must always look out for the rights of others."

— R —

Joe: "Does she have her own way?"

Blow: "Does she? She has her way so much that she writes in her diary a week ahead of time."

— R —

And then there's the one about the moron who always wore pumps because she had water on the knee!

— R —

"Who is that man over there snapping his fingers?"

"That's a deaf mute with the hiccoughs."

— R —

A recruit upon asking a Private First Class what "P.F.C." meant, received the reply—"Praying for Corporal."

— R —

"Does this package belong to you? The name is obliterated."

"It can't be mine. My name is O'Brien."

— R —

"Why, sometimes I'm taken for my own daughter."

"Nonsense! You don't look old enough to have a daughter that old."

— R —

I saw a girl the other day who was mourning the loss of her last pair of nylons. I knew she was mourning because she was wearing her slip at half-mast.

Blind Man: "See that fly walking on the church steeple across the water there?"

Deaf Companion: "No—but I hear him picking his teeth."

— R —

They were walking in the woods when they suddenly realized that they were lost. "I wish Emily Post were here," said one of the people, "I think we took the wrong fork."

— R —

"You can't fiddle with my daughter," said the pussy-cat, as she rescued her offspring from the violin factory.

— R —

Sign recently seen on a shoe repair shop: "If you have to wait, it is because two former employees have gone to get rid of a heel to save your soles."

— R —

Two Roosevelt girls were walking down the hall when one of them shrieked, "Look at that!" "Don't worry," said the other girl, "They are only midgets." "Oh," the answer came, "I thought they were rationing men."

— R —

Bob Walker—Confound you, Harsher, you almost hit my car.

Art Harsher—Sorry Bob, have a try at mine.

SONG OF GRADUATION, 1944

I'm through taking orders,
From now on my life is mine,
No one can tell me what to do—
Oh, excuse me, Draft Board!

— R —

Little man to big man: "Them's fighting words where I come from mister!—ER—How do you feel about it in your section?"

— R —

What's in a name?
Plenty I'd say.
You can't go around
Calling everyone "Hey!"

— R —

Waitress: "Do you want a roll with your coffee?"

Mabel: "No thank you, I'll just sit here to drink mine."

— R —

Lady: (In a movie to a man in back of her): "Should I remove my hat?"

Man: "Please don't! It's funnier than anything I've seen on the screen."

— R —

The barber takes the red hot towel
As though he were just learning,
And drops it quickly on your face
To keep his hands from burning.

Chad Jefferson: "I left my car here a few minutes ago and now it's gone."

Clare Hickerson: "It must have been stolen."

Chad: "Oh, no, it couldn't be that. It was insured against theft."

— R —

There was a little boy
He is no more, for
What he thought was H_2O
Was H_2SO_4

— R —

In 1905 when girls did swim,
They dressed like Mother Hubbard;
But now they have a different whim,
They dress more like her cupboard.

— R —

First Stude: "Let's cut history today."

Second Stude: "Can't; I need the sleep."

— R —

1st Student: "The picture of the horse is cute but where is the wagon?"

2d Student: "Oh, the horse will draw that."

— R —

A speaker who does not strike ground in the first ten minutes of his speech should stop boring.

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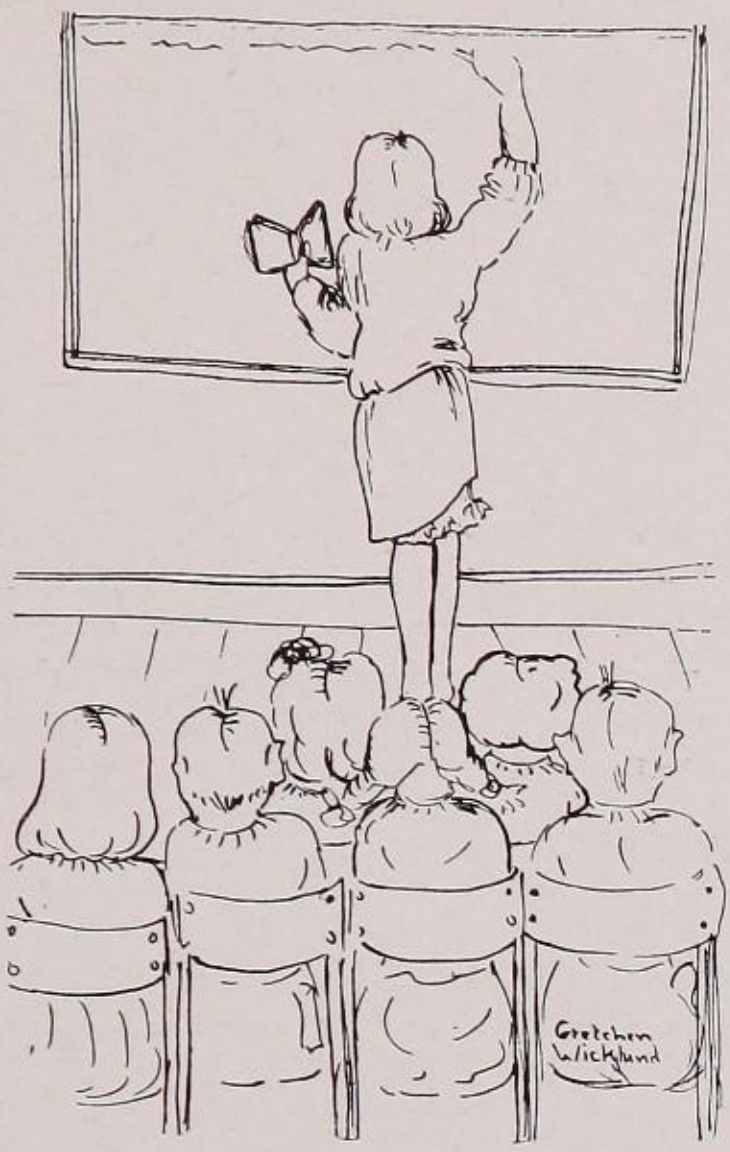

Did you ever see a post—graduate?

Mary had a little lamb,
Her father shot it dead.
Now she lugs that lamb to school,
Between two slabs of bread.

— R —

What a war—The men go out and fight to reach Sumatra while the girls at home go out and fight to reach Sinatra.

— R —

First Mosquito: "Why are you making such a fuss?"
Second Mosquito: "Whoopee! I just passed my screen test!"

— R —

Love is like an onion
We eat it with delight.
But when it's gone we wonder,
What ever made us bite.

— R —

"You told me you had a three-room apartment, but I only saw two rooms."
"Ah, but you didn't see the room for improvement."

— R —

A tardy lad ran down the hall
As fast as could be, he flew.
He slid into a thick hard wall
And met his "Waterloo."

— R —

Fellas who call you "Little Pal"
Are anglin' for some other gal!

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Joe Robinson

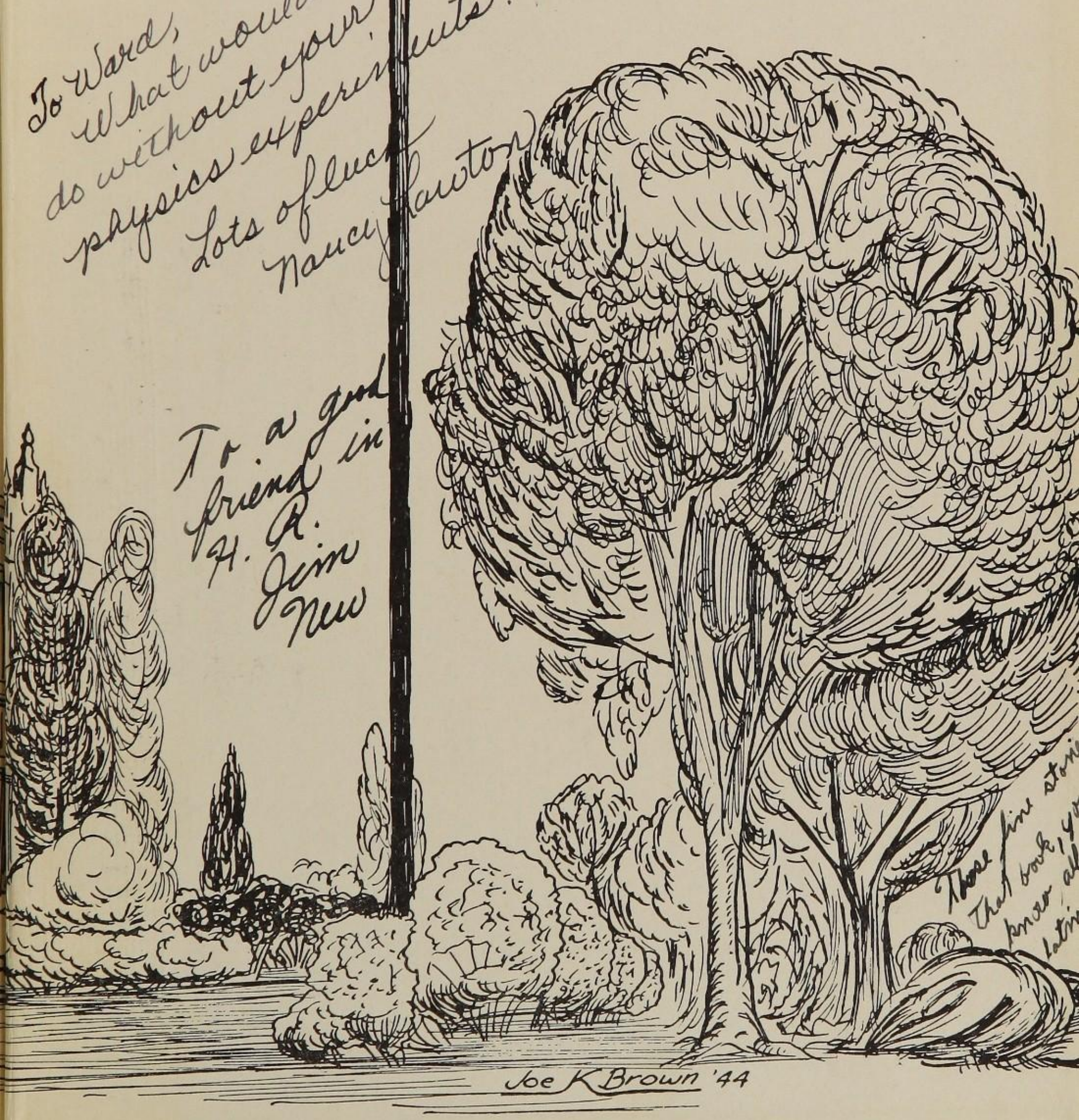
Mi amigo, mucho buena suerte. Usted no es un tonto!
Sita. "Jinny" Barlow

a very much buena estudiante de español.
Señorita Zorn
Lennie Jackson

I like you little,
I like you big
I like you like
a little pig.
Jack Parsons

To Ward,
What would I
do without your
physics experiments?
Lots of luck
Nancy Lawton

To a good
friend in
H. R.
Jim
Nee



Joe K Brown '44